FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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BIRDS AND THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IN response to a demand for Miss Florence A Merriam's paper, "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," we have reprinted it in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and it is now for sale at this office. Price, 5 cents per copy, postpaid; but with special prices to individuals or bird protection societies who may wish it in quantities for distribution.

OSMOND O. SMITH.

We are deeply pained to record the passing away of O. O. S.—Osmond O. Smith, of Fredonia, New York—who died at Dewatto, Washington, in the first week of September. A vague report of his death came to us shortly after that date, but confirmation of the unwelcome intelligence has only just now been received.

For many years, from 1876 to the present, Mr. Smith was a contributor to our columns over the signature O. O. S., which had become familiar to thousands of readers. His sketches covered outing experiences in fields so widely separated as Florida and New Jersey, Missouri, Oregon and Washington. They were permeated through and through with appreciative recognition of all that nature has to give to her children. His was the eye to recognize the majesty of the mountain range, to catch the beauty of the humblest wild flower growing in the shadow of the wood, and to study the sea mosses of the shore; and his was the pen so to picture these and all the manifold charms and delights of the outdoor world that others might share with him something of the joy of beholding them. Whatever he wrote was marked by never-failing vivacity and cheeriness; there was in it the spirit of looking on the bright side of things and making the best of the situation. We used to think, as successive papers were received from his pen, and we think now as we sum them up, that O. O. S. came as nearly as did any one we ever knew to the actual winning of what is best in field sportsmanship.

If it was a privilege to read what he wrote for publication, it was a privilege richer still to know him and to enjoy his friendship. "Noble and kind-hearted Mr. Smith" is the simple tribute of the letter which brings to us the announcement of his death. The unaffected grief which has filled the little cabin in the Northwest where his last days were spent among strangers will be shared by all who knew him.

SOME QUEER WAYS OF GAME BIRDS.

THERE are certain of our birds which have a well-defined migratory instinct which finds expression in a manner useful to them, for it impels them to leave the cheerless habitat of the North, with its inclement weather and dearth of food, for the warmth and abundance of the South. This annual migration has a well-defined purpose and is a matter of common knowledge.

The non-migratory game birds, notwithstanding their abundance and the wider opportunity afforded for studying them, have certain erratic habits and instincts, exhibited at certain times in the fall, which are quite as far from being definitely explained and settled as they were at the time when first noted.

The ruffed grouse in particular is subject in the autumn to a violent disarrangement of instinct and habits. For a few days it seems to lose its cunning, and its fears and shyness of man are much lessened. It leaves its old haunts, and shows no preference for open or cover. At all other times it is rare indeed when it will voluntarily go further than a short flight from its accustomed haunts. Its senses too seem to be dulled, for it is reckless in flight and will dash against obstacles which it ordinarily would avoid with ease.

Quail, too, show a decided uneasiness and change of habits at a certain time in the fall, often seeking a new habitat, so much so that many sportsmen believe that they migrate. What might serve as excellent summer quarters for the quail might be worthless to it in winter, hence it is necessary for it to seek a new range when winter approaches, one that comprises both shelter and food. To secure such it may be necessary for it to travel, which has by some been confounded with migration. Quail do not migrate in the sense that the term is understood, there being an obvious distinction between readjusting the habitat from summer to winter, and leaving one climate for another by continuous flight of all the species. Quail can be found throughout the North in winter as in summer, but not in the same haunts.

Prairie chickens exhibit changed habits of life when the frosts and high winds of fall set in. They grow wilder and the coveys of a certain district come together, forming what is called a pack. Then instead of having well-defined ways, as when they were in bevies, they seem to have no fixed habits. Their flights are much longer, and tameness is superseded by excessive wildness.

The ruffed grouse exhibits the most unaccountable traits of all. It seems to have no migratory sense of direction. It has a sort of crazy impulse to go somewhere, with but little heed of consequences.

Whether it is the fragments of an instinct which was ages ago once strong at a time when all contemporary bird life on the continent was forced to migrate, and which migration was rendered unnecessary as the world changed and earth became better organized, or whether it is some physical or mental aberration peculiar to the bird itself, no one can say.

It is in the realm of speculation, and while the impulse of the ruffed grouse to move about for a brief time with disorganized habits and instincts is commonly noted, it hardly explains the phenomenon by terming it migration. It may be that some new light can be shed on this hazy subject by more recent observers.

SUNDAY SHOOTING.

THE first arrest made by the agent of the newly-established Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts was of a Sunday shooter. The record of the protective work in New Jersey for September shows a long list of arrests of Sunday gunners; and the month of October has opened with more notable work in the same line. On Monday of this week Deputy Game Wardens Ten Eyck and Squires, of Plainfield, arrested Otto Wagner, a farmer, and Fred Domeyer, a hide dealer, for shooting on Sunday at Warrenville. They were fined, and paid $20 apiece for their Sunday sport, and $20 each for three birds had in possession out of season, fines and costs aggregating $107.80.

In Massachusetts and in New Jersey the Sunday gunner is a nuisance, and one of the worst pests the authorities have to deal with. As a rule the man who shoots on Sunday in violation of law is quite as defiant of all other provisions of the game law; and as in this New Jersey instance kills game out of season. The Sunday gunner robs other gunners who respect the law; he is on a level with the man who shoots out of season; and it is quite as essential to suppress the one as the other. We are speaking now purely from the standpoint of game protection. There once came to us a plaint from a trap-shooting club whose members were indignant because the congregation of a church near their shooting grounds complained that the racket of the shooting disturbed the services on Sunday; and the club appeared to think that the preacher should talk louder or that the services should be postponed until after the shooting.

"MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH."

MR. FRED MATHER is making a hit with those reminiscent sketches of angling associates. "Men I Have Fished With" he puts it; but he began with boys and boyhood days. Whether he was conscious of it or not, there was art in this. If you would make sure your welcome as a story teller among the men of the rod and gun, begin with boyhood times. For where on earth will you find men who fished or hunted in their youth who do not love to be reminded of those happy days, and to live them over again in memory? They may have given up both pursuits years—ages—ago, and yet you shall not recall for them the youthful experiences of field or stream without winning their sympathetic attention. Fortunate indeed are the boys who have this privilege of going afield with rod and gun. Doubly fortunate are the grown men whose privilege it is to recall in reverie such experiences of former days. Thrice fortunate they who, amid the responsibilities and exactions of mature life, may renew their youth by actual active participation in field sports.

The boy who cultivates his taste for fishing or shooting is acquiring thereby something that may be of lifelong benefit. He is not only so storing up material for pleasant recollections in the years to come, but is providing means of recreation when recreation most urgently shall be needed. The man who enjoys fishing or shooting well enough to take a day or a week off now and then to indulge in it has in that very taste a valuable element of business equipment; for he will be induced by the gratification of that taste to renew his strength, clear the cobwebs from his brain, preserve his health, and keep himself mentally and physically in condition to do his best work. This is not theory, nor is it said here for the first time. It has been practically demonstrated over and over again in the observations of all men; and we have been preaching the doctrine for many years. Here is a specific instance in illustration: Some four years ago on this page was cited the case of a New York business man who once said in effect, "I don't care anything about fishing. I have tried it and can find no interest in it; moreover, I have no time to waste on it." That was four years ago. Since then he has found time—not to go fishing, but to be prostrated for months with illness brought on by too much confinement to business and not enough play—no time to go fishing. We do not cite this as a horrible example of a man who tried to do business without going fishing; and whose business in consequence went to the dogs. While he was undergoing this protracted siege of sickness his business interests were not wrecked. As a matter of fact the business went right on. For, you see, he had a partner who did go fishing; and by reason of the relaxation found in that pursuit gained strength to do the work of two men. Moral: If you don't like to fish yourself, do the next best thing, make choice of a partner who does. This is a business axiom second in importance only to that other rule, that if you are chained to business and can't go fishing or shooting, you should do the next best thing and read FOREST AND STREAM. Next to fishing is just now reading Fred Mather's stories of the men and boys he has fished with.

TECHNICALITIES.

OBSERVERS in the field of court procedure tell us that there is a growing tendency to increase the difficulty of securing convictions, in cases of unquestionable guilt, by the interposition of technicalities. Thieves rob the widow and go free, and murderers go unhanged, because of a flaw in an indictment, a missing word in a warrant of arrest. The tendency is manifested in causes big and little, from capital crimes to violations of the game laws. We reported last week the arrest of a Rhode Island grouse smarer who was captured red-handed with nineteen snared grouse in possession. When the case came to trial last Friday his counsel interposed a motion for its dismissal on the ground that the constable who had made the arrest had not been qualified to act, since he had not been elected to his office in due form. This was the turn given to the trial, as we find the proceedings reported in the Providence *Journal:*

Lawyer Thompson called Town Clerk Gough to read a certified copy of the Council records of the town of Johnston. They showed that on the 12th of last June Philip Randall, J. V. Barnes, Hiram Kimball, George Naylor and W. L. Plaisted were elected special constables under the game law; that on the 13th of August George Naylor resigned and William L. Plaisted was elected to fill the vacancy, qualifying on the 15th before Joseph Gough, Notary Public.

On these records Mr. Thompson contended that his client should be discharged. He quoted from the General Laws, Chap. 112, which provides that "annually, in the month of April, the Town or City Councils shall elect not less than one nor more than four special officers." The records did not show that any were elected in the month prescribed. None were elected until June. Mr. Thompson argued that the present administration followed their predecessors, who have elected previously in the month of June. The Council not only elected when they had no right to elect, but they elected five when the statutes provide for but four. After five were elected, what four were to say they constituted the legal number, even if they had been chosen in the month provided? He contended that Naylor's resignation did not create a vacancy, and consequently Plaisted's election in August was invalid, and there was no one elected in April, the only month during which the General Laws provide for the election of special game officers.

Attorney Lee urged that Plaisted was properly and legally appointed and qualified to serve warrants, upon which the defendant was brought into court.

Judge Phillips took the case for advisement, and will announce his decision Oct. 9.

MARYLAND

AN interesting work in black bass stocking is to be undertaken by the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association this fall. They propose to transfer to the Potomac River, from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, when its waters shall have been drawn off, some of the black bass which are left in the pools, and which under usual conditions are left to perish or are scooped out by net fishermen. By planting the bass in the Potomac the Association hopes to increase the resources of a stream already offering rich reward for the angler. The system of transferring fish from the pools left by the receding waters of the Mississippi and other rivers in the West has long been prosecuted with decided advantage, and there is every reason to believe that the work will be equally successful in the Potomac. The Maryland Association has made an excellent beginning in protection activity Something of what has already been accomplished is outlined in another column and the record appears to giv abundant promise of a yet more vigorous campaign.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP ALABAMA.

We had spent a month in the little town of Citronelle, Alabama, before we could learn anything definite as to the camping resources in that vicinity.

We had heard many alluring stories of wild turkey, deer and smaller game, to say nothing of alligators and crocodiles basking in the sun, but whether east, west, north or south, we were unable to discover. Some "reckoned fifteen miles south," others "five or ten miles ovah yondah," accompanied by a wave of the hand taking in half of the horizon, so after repeated efforts to gain information we had about given up our hopes in that direction and used to look ruefully at our carefully packed tent, boxes and duck boat sent all the way from Michigan and only awaiting an opportunity to become the snuggest of little homes.

Although apparently tired of the subject, we each kept our eyes and ears open and were at last rewarded by hearing of a place called by the natives Dog River, from eight to twelve miles out a certain road. A place with a name and a distinct way of approach was not to be despised, and without much hesitation we decided, game or no game, to try our fortunes there. Very easy to decide, but difficult to carry out.

The natives of Citronelle, though sadly in need of money, are uncommonly superior to its seductions. The few men with horses "reckoned they might accommodate us next week perhaps," and continued to pursue their usual occupation of loafing about the post office or station plentifully supplied with tobacco.

It was two weeks after we had made up our minds to go camping that a big farm wagon with two strong horses driven by a Northern man pulled up at our gate to transport us to Dog River. The tent, fly, stove and provision box we put in first, and surmounting all was the duck boat containing the breakables, and in which Mr. H. sat to keep a better watch on everything. I had the best seat, with the driver, and was supplied with a cushion which became very hard before the twelve miles were over. The roughest road that can well be imagined, winding through an interminable pine forest, over fallen trees, corduroy bridges sunken into marshes and creeks, frequently branching into two or three forks, and the fork we chose always losing itself in a tiny footpath, where our horses would have to be backed around and our steps retraced.

Dog River being some twenty or thirty miles long, emptying after hundreds of twists and turns into the Gulf of Mexico, we made for the nearest point. On the way we passed several ox carts with three and four yoke of oxen, their drivers with their long whips plodding sturdily beside them. These people come to Citronelle for their supplies for fifty miles around, often taking several days for the journey. During the last five miles we passed one house, a log structure with shutters and surrounded by a sort of stockade made of young pines, which inclosed a hard dirt yard containing an umbrella tree.

The place was deserted, but we stopped to rest and eat a lunch, and finding the water in the well good watered our horses and refreshed ourselves.

After this it was entirely a matter of chance. By the lay of the land we knew we were approaching the river and made our way for a mile in and out, uphill and down, removing fallen pines to make a road, crashing over others, until at a sudden turn we found ourselves on a high bank with the rushing, twisting river beneath.

After a cursory inspection, during which I held the horses, Mr. H. decided to unload where we were. The bank was high and level, the beach shelving and of firm white sand, while directly below us was a spring bubbling quietly up, and keeping a pool of clear, cold water.

Our guide and driver stayed until the young pines had been chopped down and made into tent poles, the tent and fly stretched over and made fast at the four corners, and the duck boat had been carried to the beach below; then he "'lowed he'd try and get home by dark," and promising to come for us in a week he made his crashing way back to the road. It had begun to rain, and as I sat on a camp stool surrounded by pails, hatchets, lanterns, etc., I experienced a rather dismal sensation as the rattling of his wagon gradually ceased.

Mr. H. had no time for such feelings. Before night he must have the tent intact, stove up, bed made, besides all the minor considerations. He worked as he never had worked before, and by the time the darkness settled down and the lanterns and lamps were lighted we had the coziest, most comfortable tent imaginable. The tent itself was 8ft. 6in. by 11ft. 6in., with a fly which extended 7ft. in the front and 2ft. 3in. in the rear.

In one corner of the tent near the front was the stove (an invention of Mr. H.'s), the side walls of which set down in the ground 1ft.; the earth from the middle being dug out, giving a large fire box; two lids on top gave plenty of room for cooking. In another corner was the bed; the four posts were young pines driven into the ground, while long boards were nailed on lengthwise and crosswise; on these rested pine strips about 2in. wide, making a sort of a spring; on top was a tick filled with pine needles. In another corner were shelves, on which we kept the ammunition, tackle box, clock, books, etc.; and in the fourth the table flanked by the provision box, which served as a seat. These with two stools and a rug, and out under the fly a table and wash-stand, constituted our furniture.

We had a very good supper of bacon, eggs, potatoes, bread, butter and tea, and after getting everything well under cover and ourselves snugly tied in, went to bed with a revolver under the pillow and the shotgun near at hand. Though very tired, we did not sleep much. The wind in the tops of the pines sounded like a gathering storm, the hooting of some night birds over our heads, and the cracking and crashing through the underbrush of the "piney woods" pigs, which are allowed to run wild through all that country, made us feel very far from civilisation, and to crown it all we were awakened in the middle of the night by the weird song and cracking whip of some belated ox driver, where we did not know.

Next morning, however, we had forgotten our fears and were eager to be out exploring the river and woods. Mr. H. went down to the spring for water, but came back almost immediately in a very curious, stealthy manner, and getting his gun, crept quietly down the bank. I followed to the top of the steep incline and was rewarded by seeing a covey of quail fly up with a whir from the underbrush and out toward the opposite shore; but before they had gotten over the water there was a loud report, a flurry of feathers and down on the white sand two quivering heaps; another report and another bird fell in the water, but was borne away by the current before we could get it.

This was beginning our camping propitiously, and Mr. H. came to breakfast with a good appetite for his oat meal, coffee and condensed milk.

That day we stayed around camp, principally doing odd jobs and making more complete arrangements; but the next morning, after the camp work was done, wood collected, dishes washed and everything made right, we launched the little boat in the stream with oars and paddle, took with us two split-bamboo rods, with a box full of delicate flies such as the most epicurean fish might jump for, and with the gun and a basket of lunch prepared for a day on the river.

Directly in front of our camp was a turn, and we discovered that these were many, sometimes sharp, sometimes describing the most graceful curves. It was difficult paddling on account of the strong current, the rocks and the fallen trees; but a wilder, more picturesque scene we had never seen. The white, sandy banks, shelving down to the water or rising abruptly out of it, were covered with old forest trees of gum, bay, pine and oak, with a thick underbrush of blooming mountain laurel, while beneath the ground was sprinkled with white violets; the swift current swept in eddies into the curves of the bank, leaving the sand in well-defined strata; here and there a great pine had pitched headlong into the water, causing rills and rapids, while all along were little springs bubbling up through the sand or trickling down through the clay; overhead was a constant chatter of woodpeckers and the mellow notes of many birds, while little lizards sunned themselves on the logs, and an occasional long blacksnake slid into the water. We passed several creeks from 8 to 15ft. wide, and followed one for a mile or more. It was quite deep and limpid, and looked to be the home of many fish; but though we tried our most tempting flies, and finally resorted to angleworms, we caught no fish that day.

This was the beginning of a week of quiet pleasure, varied by shooting, fishing, paddling up and down the river, which we explored for many miles, or tramping through the woods with the gun, scaring the little lizards into their holes, watching the big turtles like traveling hassocks make their unwieldly way through the grass, or simply enjoying the splendid foliage, the balmy air and the clear blue sky.

We saw no wild turkeys, alligators or deer, though firmly persuaded of deer tracks on the shore of one of the creeks, but we did see and shoot many quail, and caught some fish, which added the dainties to our otherwise common fare.

We spent some time too in taking photographs, and at night it was enough to sit in our warm, light tent, with papers and books, and hear the strange sounds without, which soon ceased to alarm us and but made our camp seem more cheerful and bright.

At first we had felt some misgivings as to our guide returning at the proper time, but these gradually changed to fears that he would, and it was with considerable reluctance that we began the work of demolition, which left on the river bank only a rustic bed, some tent poles and a blackened hole in the ground. E. S. H.

CAMP SAINTS' REST.

Camp Saints' Rest was named by the sinners who occupied it this season, and who gave a sanctity to the place by the burning of incense (at $1 per pound) and the pouring forth of certain libations. It is a substantial little structure of logs and bark, with a somewhat ambitious covered porch, and possesses two windows with real glass in them. It is located on the eastern slope of a little valley leading down to the shore of Lake McCavanaugh, and through this valley there tinkles over its pebbly bed a cold spring brook whose sparkling waters follow every point of the compass before they ultimately mingle with the great St. Lawrence.

From this charming spot, carpeted with ferns and brooded over by mighty hemlocks and birches, half a score of rugged, unnamed mountains can be seen, and at their feet nestles the beautiful lake like a diamond in a setting of emerald. Here, indeed, is the "lodge in some vast wilderness" for which the poet sighed, and here the "boundless contiguity of shade" for which his spirit yearned.

The long, brown, winding streak of trail had been traversed, the heavy pack-baskets thrown off, and the camp-fire started. The slanting beams of the setting sun sifted down through the trees, the fragrance of Dill's best mingled with the aroma of the balsams and spruces, while the pungent odors from the coffee-pot and frying-pan enhanced the pleasures of anticipation. Such was our introduction to Camp Saints' Rest, and I doubt not that there are thousands of the readers of Forest and Stream who will recall with delight similar scenes and surroundings.

There were four of us, all told, including my wife, my friend Luques, and the guide, Will Martin, who may properly be described as "guide, philosopher and friend." And right here just a word in regard to him. Made up of cast iron and whiplash, experienced in all the ways of the woods, patient, good-natured and intelligent, a splendid shot and an equally good cook, he came pretty near being the ideal guide, and such men are exceedingly rare. It is a pleasure to put such a man on record, because the comfort and successful results of a forest outing depend so largely on the character and ability of the guide. Speaking of Martin's skill as a cook, there is a well-grounded belief in the St. Regis region that he can throw a flapjack up the chimney and catch it right side up in his pan outside the house when it comes down.

If the next occupants of Camp Saints' Rest will study the bill of fare tacked upon the wall they will be convinced that grim-visaged famine did not camp with us. Ah! those meals of blessed memory! How sweet and crisp the trout! how juicy the partridge! how brown and tender the frogs' legs! and how sweet and satisfying that grosser but wholesome fare, the cornbread, the salt pork and the fried onions! The gastronomic feats performed at that rough-hewn table will be long remembered, for in camp, as on shipboard, eating is a very important feature of each day's programme.

The Diana of our party had drawn first blood and had gotten her deer. She had never hunted at night nor worn a jack, but the noiseless paddle of Martin had brought her within range of the "two stars" shining from the bank, and with commendable coolness and accuracy she had put the lead squarely between the eyes of a big dry doe, whereupon there were congratulations on her second annual success, and she was crowned Queen of the Hunt; so it behooved the men to look after their laurels.

I had come into the woods to still-hunt because I believe this to be the most manly and sportsmanlike way to kill a deer. Certainly we were in a country well adapted to this style of sport. On every side of us rose high mountains, and an examination of the "signs" led us to believe that the fresh and well-worn deer trails leading up from the water promised well for our success. I had long since evolved the theory that the place to find the big deer is on the tops of the mountains, whither their natural cunning and wariness would prompt them to seek safe seclusion. A dozen deer had been killed by parties at the hotel near by, but as yet no big buck had been brought in, and a big buck was what we wanted. The average guide does not encourage this sort of still-hunting, because it involves a good deal of work and hard climbing, but Martin corroborated my notion, and we speedily made plans to seek the deer on grounds of their own choosing.

A high, round-topped mountain back of our camp was selected, and my legal friend was located on a big runway halfway to the summit. It was arranged that I should go around and climb the back side of the mountain, stopping just before I reached the top. Martin was to ascend from the opposite side and come over the top to meet me. It was well planned. After a hard climb I took a position where I could cover considerable ground with my eye, and waited for developments. They came in the shape of a crashing in the brush, and a magnificent buck, started by Martin from the crest above me, came tearing down the mountain side. He was a beautiful sight as he bounded past, with his big antlers laid close back on his shoulders, and it occurred to me that that shapely head was going to look well when mounted over my dining room mantel. The .44 Marlin in my hand had four notches on its stock, commemorative of similar occasions, and it was with considerable confidence that I "unhitched" on this flying target. With a big leap and a sudden acceleration of speed in another direction, the buck disappeared in the underbrush, but not until I had seen his tail drop and had pumped two more shots after him. Martin quickly joined me and we soon found blood enough to enable us to follow the trail easily. Within less than 200yds. we found where he had lain down, and then Martin said, "That's our meat, sure!" We sat down and took a smoke, waiting perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, in the knowledge that a badly wounded deer if not followed too closely will usually lie down to stay. Then taking up the trail again, we followed it down the mountain straight toward Mud Pond, a mile away. But the blood stains were becoming smaller and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Then Martin slowly but surely followed the tracks until they led into many others near the shore of the pond, and could not be distinguished from them. And so, to my infinite chagrin, we lost him after all. It will be many a day before I get a chance at another deer like that, for, as Martin said when he saw his tracks, "He's a regular old horse!"

But it is not all of shooting to shoot, and, as he stopped bleeding, I suppose the noble animal is still alive and on the mend. Furthermore, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had hunted him the right way, and also of demonstrating the truth of my theory that the best deer are not to be found in the daytime hanging around the clearings and wood roads, but rather on the most inaccessible mountains.

Encouraged by this day's experience, we hunted over five other mountains, finding everywhere abundant evidences of deer and numerous bear signs. It was glorious work in a glorious country and the views from the mountain tops repaid us for our efforts. Hitherto I had felt an apprehension of getting lost if I went alone into this trackless country, but a few days of this sort of work gave me confidence, and with the aid of a compass I found I could safely agree to meet my guide, at something near a stated time, on the side or top of a distant mountain, and also that once a man gets to feeling at home in the woods his mind is free to observe details more closely, so that he gets more pleasure and profit from his hunting trips.

Jacking is all right when there is no meat in camp, or one's time is limited, and it is all right for lazy men or cripples to sit all day on the runway waiting for the hounds to drive the deer, but I wish to go on record as being thoroughly converted to still-hunting.

All too soon the time arrived when we were to leave Lake McCavanaugh, to occupy another camp on the St. Regis River. It was a beautiful morning and everything about us invited a longer stay. Regretfully we went down to the shore of the lake and took a last look over its mirror-like surface to the blue mountains beyond, and as we shouldered our duffle and struck the trail we involuntarily looked back at the camp itself. A thin column of smoke arose from the dying fire, we heard the little brook lisping in the ferns, and as a turn in the path hid the cosy cabin of brown logs from our sight, I think we all wondered whether another year would find us in this same spot and with the same capacity for enjoying its charms. May the woodland fairies and the forest gods occupy it in our absence!

In another paper I shall try to tell you of more tangible success than I have thus far chronicled, but I am inclined to think that the most pungent and lasting recollections of my trip to the North Woods this season will be those associated with Camp Saints' Rest.

Arthur F. Rice.

"Foreshoulder."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Forest and Stream of Sept. 26 Siam's article on the vitality of moose speaks about breaking the spinal column just above the foreshoulder. Is foreshoulder a proper word to use? I have been a reader of the Forest and Stream for several years, and old hunters all use the word. As it seems to me, in saying foreshoulder would indicate that there were shoulders behind, and to avoid any mistake use the word foreshoulder; but as there are not shoulders behind, would not "breaking the spinal column just above the shoulders" be the proper way of writing it?

Dentist.

Natural History.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few things in woodcraft are hard to explain. In the "Trapper's Guide," page 176, I find: "It has been said by somebody that people generally step a little further with the right foot than they do with the left, so that when they have nothing to guide them the tendency is to bear to the left; thus in time they make a circle." In "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk, page 20, I find: "Carry the compass in your hand and look at it every few minutes; for the tendency to swerve from a straight course when a man is lost—and nearly always to the right—is a thing past understanding." So much for the opinion of a real woodsman regarding a matter of fact.

Something like a year ago I mentioned a matter of conversation that I had with two of the most successful and observing hunters and trappers and practical woodsmen that Michigan ever produced, regarding deer eating lilypads. These men had spent a lifetime in the woods, had killed hundreds of deer and had unlimited opportunities for observation, and neither of them had ever seen a deer eat lilypads, or ever found a fragment of a lily leaf or stem in the throat or stomach of a deer; yet they had killed scores of deer while feeding among the lilypads, and examined a great many deer with a special object of getting at the actual facts in the case.

Not satisfied with this statement from two of the most competent woodsmen in Michigan, I called upon a gentleman who has for many years had quite an extensive deer park, and in the park was a small, shallow lake well stocked with lilies. In this lake, among the lilies, he had watched them feeding for hours and hours for a period extending over ten years at least. And yet this gentleman, a close student of nature and with opportunities seldom equaled by any man, never saw a deer eat a lilypad, or a lily leaf, or a lily stem. He had often seen them pick a stem, chew it for a while, and strip off the tender outer stem and leaf coating; but they never swallow the leaf or stem or any part of the lily.

In FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago I noticed some lady who was out with a guide had settled the question, and knows positively all about deer and that they did eat lilypads. She had seen acres of stems sticking out of the water, and her guide had told her that the pads had all been eaten off by the deer. If the guide had been a good observer he might have explained to her that the lilypads might have been picked by some other animal, or in some other way than by the deer; and that because a stem is seen sticking out of the mouth of a deer is no more evidence that the deer swallowed any part of the lily plant than that the observing lady herself would swallow every fish bone that she chanced to take in her mouth.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19, W. L. S., of Township No. 2, Maine, writes: "She was standing among the pads, and would bury her head in the water up to her ears, bringing up each time a mouthful of stems." Now W. L. S. is on the right track, only he must give the matter a great deal more of close observation, when he will find, I am very sure, that the observation of my friends is correct. Deer do feed with their heads almost under the water, and when they are feeding in that way they are feeding on the tender weed growth that is so very abundant among the lily plants. They do sometimes pull off a stem perhaps, but not often, and when they do pull off a stem or leaf it is by accident, and the leaf or stem always comes up with a mouthful of other tender water weeds that they feed upon. They never swallow a lily leaf or lilypad or a stem of a lily plant. They sometimes take them into the mouth with other food, but they spit them out, and never swallow the pads or any part of the lily plant. JULIAN.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I frequently read your publication and derive much pleasure from it. The naturalist frequently sees curious statements in print about the habits of game. In your columns it has been said that deer do not eat lilypads. Of course, such a statement is ridiculous. In Maine and the Adirondacks I have literally seen miles of water with the stalks of the lilies sticking up out of the water minus the pads. I have also seen the deer eating them in water where they had to swim as they snipped off the pads. In some of the bogs of Maine you will often see more cropped stalks in the water than pads, and this in districts where moose are not plentiful, and in the Adirondacks it can hardly be said that moose account for the stalk ends minus the pads. Also where deer are much hunted they are nocturnal in habit, but are naturally diurnals.

In the mountains of Virginia, where I was this winter, deer had migrated in search of mast, as the dry weather had made it very scarce. This was in Craig county, in the Alleghany Mountains. DR. HENRY SKINNER.

Quail Adopted by Domestic Turkey.

MARYLAND, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A neighbor called my attention to a peculiar occurrence a few days ago. A turkey hatched a brood of young ones, she having stolen her nest, and brought them to the barn to be fed. He observed a small chick with the young turkeys which he thought was a young guinea, but upon closer inspection he found to be a young partridge (quail). It has now been with the turkeys for two months, and comes and goes regularly with them to be fed night and morning, and if he feeds them in the barn the partridge goes and eats with them. He also roosts with them on a fence near the house. The bird is now nearly full grown. AL. HILL.

A Cow Moose.

LAST August, while camping on Ripogenus Lake, in Maine, we paddled out one evening with our two guides to catch a few trout for the next morning's breakfast. As we were about to turn into the stream at the head of the lake our guide suddenly pointed across the water to a small black object surrounded by foamy waves. It was undoubtedly a moose, and a big one, we judged, from the size of the waves.

We turned about and paddled with all our strength till, on nearer approach, the object proved to be a cow moose swimming some distance from the shore. Soon she caught sight of us and stared, shaking her enormous ears most comically, then laid them back and swam furiously for land. We paddled fast, in the hope of heading her off and chasing her across the lake, but she reached the shore a few yards ahead of us. Once on the bank, her ugly figure looked like an ill-shapen mule. She started at an easy trot across the marshy log-filled lagoon between the lake and the woods, swimming through the patches of water and climbing over the logs with little apparent labor. Then she disappeared in the woods, and calling to her calf, stamped off. R. K. THORNDIKE,
J. C. GREW.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 13 and 27, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 13.—J. A. Allen, "Notes of a Visit to Some of the Natural History Museums of Europe."

Oct. 27.—Edwin I. Haines, "Birds of the Vicinity of Stamford, Delaware County, N. Y., with Remarks on the Summer Residents."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.*

II.—The Ruffed Grouse.

FROM the time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary in matters of shooting for sport, the ruffed grouse, by common consent, has been classed with the most difficult of game birds which the sportsman endeavors to bring to bag under the approved conditions of sportsmanship, if indeed it be not the most difficult of all. For it taxes the sportsman's nerve, patience, skill, woodcraft and endurance as no other bird taxes them and as no other bird can tax them; and all these requirements are necessarily supplemented by a gun of good killing powers, one selected with special reference to cover shooting; and last, but not least, a dog of more than ordinary intelligence and good intent and good training, if the sport is to have any successful results and a pleasing finish in its action. If any element of the sportsman's craft be missing, success is marred accordingly.

The ruffed grouse in every art and article is a bird to fill the sportsman's ideal—its habitat is in nature's most picturesque setting; the bird is beautiful in its delicate tracings and markings, and rich and varied in its colorings; racy of form and faultless in symmetry; wild, dashing, daring, alert and infinitely resourceful in its crafty devices when pursued; exclusive in its habits and withal a bird of rare excellence for the table, its flesh being of delicate texture and pleasing flavor, so palatable, indeed, that it is by many epicures more highly prized than is the flesh of any other game bird. With those who may vaunt the excellence of the woodcock, the snipe, the prairie chicken, the duck, the turkey, etc., it also holds a high place in their esteem; and the exceptional man, whose fancy for one particular kind of bird prejudices him against all others, will not speak unkindly of it. And yet, delicious as it is when properly prepared for the table, it can easily be spoiled by ill cooking, and of bad cooks there is no end. The art of cooking it properly is quite as rare as is the skill of killing it properly. If it be cooked too much or if it be cooked improperly, it loses much of its rich delicacy of flavor and texture and becomes dry and unpalatable; and in that unfortunate condition it probably was when that eminent authority, Wilson, partook of it, and thereafter, in his "American Ornithology," wrote of it: "At these inclement seasons, however, they are generally lean and dry, and indeed at all times their flesh is far inferior to that of the quail or of the pinnated grouse." Yet, as tastes are not all alike, the superlative will probably be placed according to individual fancy in matters of food as in all other matters, and it is well that it is so. If all fancied alike, all would be monotony. Nevertheless, a man who cannot have a culinary spell cast over him by a skillfully cooked ruffed grouse, it having been kept a proper length of time after killing—not too long—has no music in his soul and may not be even fit for treason and spoils.

For its home the ruffed grouse prefers the country above the snow line, in its rough and timbered sections, for it is strictly a bird of the woods and thickets, preferring the roughest parts of a rough, hilly or mountainous country, and of these it many times selects the densest recesses; or the timber of seamy and rocky hillsides; or where ledges, fallen tree trunks and tree tops in the woods secluded from man guard against intrusion; and even the timbered swamps are not obnoxious to it when it seeks a habitat free from the incursions of man. For the latter it has the most uncompromising aversion. It selects its habitat in the places least frequented by him, though once the habitat is determined upon it holds to it with dauntless persistency, let the gunner disturb it as often as he may.

In choosing its habitat it prefers that it be near a supply of good water and an abundance of good food, for it is a good feeder, whortleberries, blackberries, beechnuts, acorns, chestnuts, partridge berries and buds being readily accepted as food in their proper season. The bud of the laurel is said to render the flesh poisonous for food purposes, though the belief seems to rest more on tradition than on any direct evidence.

The habitat of the ruffed grouse is in the timbered country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bounded on the south in an irregular way by suitable habitat and the snow belt; and on the north into British America to a line not definitely determined, though, as a matter of course, all timbered or rough country within the region mentioned is not necessarily good ruffed grouse country. Some parts have been shot too much; some suffered from the worst of all despoilers, the snarer; while others, to all appearances favorable, are not frequented by it. Unlike the quail, which loves to make its home near the homes of man, and the prairie chicken, which sticks closely to the grain fields, the ruffed grouse is ever intent on making its home and haunts distinctly apart from those of man. In the East it is called "partridge;" in the section of Pennsylvania, "pheasant."

In the breeding season, when it has been free from pursuit and harassing alarms, it sometimes strays a short distance from cover into the adjacent fields, where grow huckleberries and blackberries, though rarely venturing further than a short flight from cover, and often but a few yards from it.

Though always a wary bird and ever avoiding man, it is not so wild and quick to take wing before the frost and unsettled weather of fall set in as it is afterward, and if the gunner disturb it once or twice the full wildness of its nature and its constant alertness to avoid man are fully set in action. Then man and the places he frequents are shunned as much as possible. Indeed it is not a social bird with its own kind. After the young birds have matured they separate, and in the fall the gunner will find them in ones and twos, and at rare times in threes.

Given to the sportsman the conditions of an open field and therein a ruffed grouse on the wing within range, the difficulties of killing it then are but little if any greater than those which obtain in the killing of a prairie chicken on the open prairie, though whether in open or cover the former is always swift and decisive in its flight; but in the open, whether it be on field or prairie, there is an even light and an unobstructed view wherein for safety the bird can rely only on its swiftness of wing, all too slow when pitted against the sportsman who can under those circumstances with quickness or deliberation command a large circle around him. Thus the ruffed grouse is at a fatal disadvantage when shot at in the open field, as is also every other bird when shot at under the same conditions; but these conditions are rare indeed in ruffed grouse shooting, for, as mentioned before, it ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man and where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit. To this there seems to be an exception for a short period in the fall, when it is subject to a crazy waywardness.

While in the open field it is strong and swift of wing, in cover it is at its best. It will on occasion dash through the densest thickets with apparent ease, with no diminution of its swiftest speed, having seemingly a charmed manner of flying through tree tops and thickets as if they were but phantom trees of the woodland, or shadows offering no obstruction to its onward flight.

And in its favorite haunts it is a master of the art of self-defense in so far as it can utilize thickets, trees, old fences, ledges, stone walls, swift wings and endless cunning to evade its pursuer. Be the position of the shooter what it may in reference to this bird in cover, it, when flushed, takes instant advantage of the nearby thicket, or the trunk of the tree, or the old fence, keeping one or the other between itself and the gunner in its line of flight, thus in a great measure blocking all opportunity to shoot at it, or at least hampering the shooter greatly and thereby causing many a miss.

The bird, in most instances, times its rise so as to have the advantage of some nearby object as a shield to its flight. On occasion it will display a courage bordering on audacity, permitting the shooter to pass close by it and flushing after he is some yards further onward. This wile is oftenest practiced after it has been flushed and pursued. Both man and dog are apt to pass it then, though they may follow in the exact line of flight, and the shooter may hear the irritating roar of the bird's wings behind him, on the ground but a moment before passed over, or catch a shadowy glimpse as it dashes away from some tree top.

Owing to its short flights and its proneness to take a straight or nearly straight line, the persistent shooter may be able to flush the bird again and again; it sometimes in repeated flights returning to near the place where it was first found, and nearly always taking the flights so that ground and cover are to its advantage in avoiding danger. Once in a while a fool bird will be found, which will do the very thing it ought not to do, commonly paying for the lapse with its life; so that if there is anything in

* The first paper in this series, the Woodcock, was printed in issue of Sept. 12. Others to follow will be devoted to the Quail and the Snipe.

the theory of heredity, the ruffed grouse should be uniformly of high capabilities, the fool birds being killed so promptly and thus never breeding; and indeed such capabilities they have.

By far the greater part of the shooting is at close range, as it needs must be in thicket or woods, where the longest views are short and obstructed by trees, or ledges, or the hilly nature of the ground, or the undergrowth, and where in the early season the view may not be greater than a few yards or feet if the leaves have not fallen. It then is not an infrequent occurrence that the shooter will hear the startling whir of wings close by him, and yet be unable either to shoot or to mark the bird's course from inability to see the bird at all. The broken light of the woods, broken and broken again as it is through the irregular openings in the tree tops and branches and leaves interposing, with here and there shafts of clear light with masses of shadows interspersed everywhere, add a difficulty to quick and clear vision and therefore to the shooting, differing in this from shooting in the open.

The successful ruffed grouse shooter must be ever promptly ready to shoot, and further must be quick of eye and motion. He must instantly decide on the manner of making the shot, taking advantage of all the few opportunities offered, and avoiding the obstructions which interpose. No studied effort at aiming is possible. Cover shooting of all kinds requires quick action, but ruffed grouse shooting requires the quickest, for of all snap shooting ruffed grouse shooting is the snappiest; and the successful shooter of that bird must excel in that kind of shooting, since in most cases he will have but an instantaneous glimpse of the bird in the unfavorable mixed lights and shadows, with a view obstructed by the cover.

For this shooting the gun should be light, short of barrel—26 to 28in.—and a true cylinder bore, for a choked gun is entirely out of place in such cover shooting, equally unsatisfactory when it doesn't or when it does kill, it being a miss in the first instance and often a badly mutilated bird in the second. The average shooter will find that he has success far below his opportunities even when equipped with the gun most fitting for the work. In this shooting there is no waiting for opportunities to fit the gun. The successful shooter must take the shots that are offered and take them as they are offered, it matters not how difficult they appear or how brief the opportunities may be. He may catch but a momentary, shadowy glimpse of the bird as it crosses some diminutive opening, or he may see it for an instant in a maze of leaves and branches, or he may get only a partial glimpse of it and some moving leaves in the course of its flight, yet those are the opportunities which are the most numerous and which must be relied on for the bulk of the shooting; in short, that is ruffed grouse shooting.

If he be too indolent or apathetic to be ever ready to shoot, or if he be too slow to take advantage of the opportunities, his success will be but meager so far as material results are concerned, though he may be greatly encouraged by the belief that his last ill success was due to faults in the bird, and if he can have another opportunity he will acquit himself nicely. The opportunity comes and bears more excuses. Once in rare whiles the shooter will have a good opportunity, catching the bird in some corner so open that the advantage is with the shooter, but such instances are rare indeed, and by themselves would make but little sport.

To be ready for the opportunities the sportsman must be quiet and never relax his vigilance, and his gun must be so held that it can instantly be brought into position to shoot, and the nerves of the shooter must be constantly at a high tension, in readiness for the rise of the bird and the instantaneous shot. Every quality must be at a high key. The very moment that the shooter relaxes his attention will seem to be the moment that the bird will rise, and before the sportsman can get ready the opportunity is gone. Thus it will be seen that no man who dawdles with his gun, or who is slow in the handling of it, or who is noisy, can hope for any satisfactory success in shooting the bird of game birds, the ruffed grouse. On the other hand, one can be keyed up to too high a pitch, over-ready when the bird rises, and he giving a nervous start thereat, thereby does nearly as much to disarrange the desired results as does the more indolent brother who is but half ready. There are those who can never overcome this nervous start at the roar of this bird's wings, though they may be perfectly undisturbed in any other bird shooting.

And the skill of the shooter, be it ever so high in degree, must be supplemented by the work of a quiet, well-trained, intelligent dog, for the shooter is much better off without any dog at all than with one that is riotous, or one that ranges too far, or that is heedless of his work. Loud orders to the dog have no place in ruffed grouse shooting. The sportsman himself cannot observe too great a silence. Noise, the human voice in particular, alarms and puts the birds to flight.

The work required of the dog in this shooting is distinctly different from that required in any other kind of bird shooting, except perhaps woodcock shooting, which in a way it resembles, though a higher degree of dog intelligence and obedience are required, as the ruffed grouse is far more cunning and wary.

The "partridge dog" should not work far from the gun in cover, and he should be silent and diligent in his quest. Many experienced shooters highly commend the use of a small bell tied to the dog's collar, the low tinkling made by it constantly indicating the dog's whereabouts in the thick cover, and generally, when the bell stops, it indicates that the dog is not moving, and it is to be taken as an indication that he is on point, thus in a way keeping the shooter posted by ear as to his dog's doings when out of sight and supplementing his sight thereby.

The rattle-headed, highly nervous dog, or the one which gallops swiftly and merrily about, is distinctly out of place in this kind of shooting. The æsthetic shooter, whose dog must carry a high head and a tail lashing his sides merrily as he gallops and bounds about in the ecstacy of his enjoyment, as the dogs many times do in stirring tales of great work afield, would better take his fiery dog into the open where he can better disport himself unhampered, and where his pretty ways may be admired without any unpleasant interposition of the ruffed grouse. Such manner of the dog's seeking is incompatible with ruffed grouse shooting, for the shooting should be the dominant feature, not the joyousness of the dog.

I have been told of dogs which galloped with apparent recklessness in their quest of the ruffed grouse, going through the brush and dead leaves with all the noise which comes from such manner of going, and I have been assured that they were in some mystic manner very successful in securing points and avoiding flushes. I have seen many such dogs which filled all the specifications to a nicety save the one of pointing the birds. Their success was chiefly in spoiling the shooting. There may be such reckless and useful dogs, and if so they are the exception, one too rare to consider as a factor in the sport. Moreover, the range being close, an extremely fast dog is not needed. One of fair gait and persistent industry can easily beat out the necessary range, and the one which makes his quest patiently and soberly and quietly, working with judgment and honesty to the gun, will bring the shooter far more success in the results, to say nothing of the incomparable comfort and pleasure in shooting over him.

Nine out of every ten dogs which are running with high head and merry action are running because they are in high spirits and for their own pleasure, with no thought of the birds or of work to the gun. When they come on birds, such is often a matter of chance and their point work is marked by constant and detrimental errors. This kind of dog leads his partial master to believe that when he wears off the wildness and wire edge he will steady down to a useful grade of work; but often when such dog has worn off his exuberance he has worn off all there is of field performance in him, and he either loafs or does his work in the same slovenly manner, though, loafing, he does less of it.

In shooting for sport, the shooter takes his birds on the wing. Of course, in shooting for market, the market shooter has no thought of sport or its practices. His is the one object to kill the bird and bring it to bag. The manner of it is of the least importance. His theory and practice are founded on commercial principles, therefore he shoots his birds as he can, whether they be on the limb of a tree, on the ground, or flying. Some hunters have dogs trained to seek for the birds, and finding them, they flush and follow them. When flushed by the dog, the birds generally take to the trees, and the dog, barking, so engages their attention that they fall an easy prey to the hunter, he often bagging every bird in the covey under such circumstances. Often when flushed by the dog they fly to the tree tops immediately overhead, where they in fancied security calmly watch the dog. The shooter then drops them one by one, taking the lowest birds first, the falling of the lowest not disturbing the ones above, though if a top bird is dropped the others fly away forthwith.

As to the number a shooter can kill in a day, so much depends on the shooter's skill, the bird supply, and the local shooting conditions, that they alone determine it.

In some sections of New England two or three birds at the end of a day of diligent effort is considered a highly successful result, and it is not an infrequent occurrence in that section that a diligent day may have no birds at all at its ending. In certain favored sections of New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, etc., and in the mountain sections where the ruffed grouse abound, such a bag would be considered an absurdity if held forth as an index to good shooting, industry and superior results.

While in North Dakota recently I heard of one bag made to one gun in a day which was something extraordinary, it being eighty birds. They were shot at the air holes along the banks of the Red River after it had frozen over, the birds coming to those places for water. This was not recounted to me as a matter of sport, nor is it so set forth here, but it will give an idea of the abundance of the ruffed grouse in the sections where it is in the greatest abundance.

But the sportsman who seeks the ruffed grouse for the true sport of it, and who brings his birds to bag in the manner approved by sportsmanship, has a more exalted pleasure than comes from shooting any other game bird; for, first of all, he must be skillful with the gun, and when he shoots at the ruffed grouse, be he ever so skillful, he can only apply such skill as he can muster in a moment, the opportunities of ruffed grouse shooting being but mere fragments of the opportunities accorded to shooting in the open, and when the bird is brought to bag it represents a toiling through brush and bramble, wooded hill and dale, scrambling over ledges and floundering through swamps, all colored by constant expectancy, unavoidably lost opportunities and seeking to circumvent the birds by cunning woodcraft, supplemented by the wonderful powers of the dog, a degree of cunning, skill and persistent effort, greater than that required in the shooting of any other bird.

It is shooting pitched in the highest key, and that is why I think the shooter can justly feel a greater glow of pleasure when he makes a successful shot at a ruffed grouse, and why he loves this sport above all others, since it tests to the utmost his skill, his woodcraft, his patience, his endurance and his dog; and of the dogs, if he own a good one, he owns one of a thousand. B. Waters.

DEER IN THE BLACK FOREST.

New York, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to an article in Forest and Stream of Aug. 29 last, signed "Armin Tenner." In justice to my old and good friend Joe, I will give an account of an experience I had in Germany.

Some years ago I was invited to join a party of gentlemen for a few days' shooting in the Black Forest. Our party was made up of English, French, Swiss, German and one American—your humble servant. On the morning of the hunt, my good friend Mr. S., who was one of the principals of this particular preserve and my host, took me aside and said: "Now, on no account must you shoot a doe, as it would be considered a disgrace." This was all news to me, but I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for his kind warning, as up to that moment I did not know there even was an unwritten law against shooting a doe deer.

The occasion was what they call their annual shooting. We had, I believe, twenty guns in all and fifty beaters; I know the party seemed quite a small army to me as we gathered together before starting out; and I began to wonder what would be left for another year's sport after we had got through.

The beaters were sent out some miles away and were to beat toward us. We were stationed on runs where the game was most likely to break cover. For fear I might make a mistake, Mr. S. stationed one of the gamekeepers by my side to prevent any such accident. We had been at our posts but a few moments when the fun began. I could hear the crack of my neighbors' guns all around me, but not a sign of a deer as yet had I seen. The moments passed, which seemed like hours, and I became very restless and impatient, and all at once from the thicket bounded a deer. My gun was at my shoulder as quickly as possible, but before I could cover the object my friend the gamekeeper was whispering something, which in the excitement of the moment I did not hear; I only saw that a beautiful graceful creature, with head erect, standing some thirty paces from me, had come to a full stop, seemingly unconscious of our presence. As I said before, I could cover my object, and was about to shoot, when suddenly the point of my gun was thrown into the air, and away bounded the deer. My feelings can be better imagined than described. My pent-up wrath was showered upon my attendant, but it was all lost, as he did not speak or understand one word of English.

When the round up came several beautiful deer were brought in and laid side by side on the grass, two beautiful does being among them; but, thanks to my good friend Mr. S., I was spared the humiliation which was heaped upon two unfortunate Frenchmen who had slain the two innocent does.

I have related this experience, as I felt Mr. Armin Tenner was a trifle unjust—perhaps not from his standpoint, as he did not know the circumstances.

Does should be protected in any country. E. A. P.

TEXAS QUAIL, TURKEYS AND DOVES.

Marlin, Texas, Sept. 27.—I have no doubt most of us enjoy everything we read in dear old Forest and Stream, but frequently there is an article published which strikes a sounding chord in our hearts more than others.

"Sharptail Grouse Shooting," by O. H. Hampton, in the current issue, is one of these, in my case. It brought up "childhood's happy hours." Some of the first shooting I ever did was at chickens in Sauk county, Wis., seven miles from the same Wisconsin River mentioned by Mr. Hampton. I remember the first chicken killed by me as though it were yesterday. I was about ten or twelve years old, and the proud owner of a light, long, single-barreled gun, which I had "swapped" for.

My companion, T. M. Warren, had a double-barreled muzzleloader which cost his father $30. We were hunting out a strip of stubble on his father's hay marsh when two chickens flushed from under my feet. I shot from the hip, and mashed one at about 30ft., and then watched T. M. feather the other at about 40yds. There was good shooting there in those days, and the law was religiously observed by the local sportsmen.

Owing to a propitious season this year quail are more plentiful in this section—near the center of the State—than ever known before.

A number of wild turkeys have been killed about fifteen or twenty miles from here. It has been very dry for several months, and little water for game to drink except in small pools along the creeks. The natives would watch these places and when the turkeys would come to drink they would fire into the bunch. I know of one man who killed five at one shot.

Doves have been very numerous indeed, and have offered some fine sport. Our method is to drive to a tank about 6 o'clock in the evening, and shoot as the doves fly in to drink. We usually get enough to broil for break-

fast and make a pot-pie for dinner after missing half we shoot at.

One afternoon recently there were two doves sitting on the ground when I walked up to the tank. I walked them up at about 30yds., killing the first neatly and missing the second. Then one came flying in pretty well up, and I dropped him. While Hector, my pointer, was retrieving it, I killed another. I began to think I had caught the sleight and couldn't miss them, but about that time they came in as fast as I could load, and I would be ashamed to say exactly how many I missed in succession. At this stage of the game I read myself a lecture about getting rattled, and firmly vowed I would lead the next bird 6ft. at least. In a few minutes here came one up high. I followed it with the gun until as near as it would be, then pulled ahead anywhere from 4 to 8ft., and down he came, without a flutter, at about 50 or 60yds. The next two were killed and then it was dark.

E. R. E.

MEN I HAVE HUNTED WITH.

It is impossible to refrain any longer keeping pen from paper or withholding the manuscript in which I was compelled to relieve my desire to acknowledge the enjoyment of your (our) contributors. But our boy Fred has upset all my balance. I find that I knew Fred many, many years, although I never saw him or his name until it appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. But just as truly he has been with me on stream, in forest and field for more than half a century; and no doubt with a host of fishermen, hunters and nature's noblemen, who were just as unconscious of his identity as myself.

His gentle description of old-time friends, I fear, is unique, but a contrast, a moral and conclusion may be permissible, possibly instructive.

Upon one occasion a gunner, going a few feet away through an open wood, put up a quail, which circled in front and around me. While I was holding, until the bird passed a big tree, the report of my companion's gun seemed to have destroyed the drum of my ear, upon which I placed my hand, almost discharging and dropping my own gun. When I had recovered from the shock, I said, as quietly as possible: "Never do that again, for you will more probably kill your companion than the bird, which would be his shot both from courtesy and safety. Never forget either rule."

On another occasion I had out a young, partly trained setter, which started and ran after a rabbit past my companion, placing the three in line. Up went the gun. I yelled: "Don't shoot! don't! don't!" The gun and rabbit went off, the dog howled, and both men made an end of the hunt and my comradeship. They had no self-restraint, and something else, in the field at least. Thank heaven, they were exceptions also.

Moral: Hunt, shoot, fish and boat only with sportsmen.

Conclusion: That the definition of "A True Sportsman" was not made very lucid in the discussion of the FOREST AND STREAM fraternity; also, that our Fred, boy and man, has delineated the true sportsman so distinctly that every boy and man who has the elements in his soul recognizes the ideal and living picture. From Old Port up, every one of Fred's friends—our friends now—have stamped all over them gentle boy or man.

No doubt Gen. Miller would have captured that giant negro quietly if he could have done so; but as the giant was neither born nor schooled to gentle ways, and Mat had to capture, he took him "on the wing, on the ground (mostly, I suppose) or any way." The giant appears quite gentle when Fred introduces him to the company of FOREST AND STREAM. He had one schooling from a master.

The deduction is, that a gentleman is not necessarily a sportsman. That a true sportsman must be a gentleman, unpolished as Old Port or refined to the utmost delicacy in courtly manners. The gentle manhood permeates every descendant of the gentle Izaak, and every good hunter was certainly a fisherman before "Johnny got his gun."

PENNSYLVANIA. JUNIATA.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 1.—Never has the opening of the big game season in Maine started off with so much enthusiasm as it has to-day. The old hunters are about all going, and the novices all want to go. Every man I have met on the streets to-day at all interested in shooting has remarked, "Thought you were down in Maine; when are you going? I want to go; shall go on the first snow," etc., etc. The railways are all making great calculations on the shooting travel, and they are likely to realize much. The newspapers are full of hunting reports and reports of game. Many of these reports are unreasonable and absurd in the extreme. A dispatch from Bangor the day before the open season gave an account of a big bull moose that tackled the engine on the Bangor & Aroostook road and was killed. The trains frequently kill deer, if these reports are to be believed.

In one day this week the Boston & Maine sold twenty-five tickets to sportsmen at its office on Washington street, and other days the sales have been very large. The sportsmen seem generally to expect tracking snows, which sometimes come in October. In the region of the White Mountains snows have already fallen, but it is too early to count on snow for tracking. Mr. R. D. Jones, of the Boston & Maine office, starts Friday for the Penobscott region on a hunting trip. His wife will go with him. A deer and a moose or two are expected. Mr. A. H. Proctor has recently returned from his fall fishing trip to the Rangeleys.

Oct. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Talcott have just returned from a fishing trip to Eustis, Me., where they visited Big Spencer and other lakes and ponds. They had good luck with trout while the season lasted. Mr. A. F. Breed was at the Rangeleys in company with Mr. Abel H. Proctor, mentioned in my former letter. Senator W. P. Frye and Mrs. Frye have paid their beautiful camp on Cupsuptic Lake their usual fall visit. The Senator tells a friend that the fishing at the Rangeleys is doomed. He finds it especially hard to get even a few trout, where in former years they were abundant. The fishing cannot stand the strain of the past three or four years, especially the last year. "Whoever lives ten years will see the Rangeleys worse played out for trout fishing than are the Adirondacks to-day." Such are the ideas of a man who has visited the same camp in the Rangeleys almost every season for twenty or thirty years. Legislation should take a strong hand before it is too late.

I have it from undeniable sources that partridges are positively scarce in Androscoggin and Oxford counties in Maine. Lewiston and Auburn gunners, even with the help of some of the best dogs in the country, have had very little success with partridges, while as for woodcock the season was a failure. Reports also indicate a scarcity of partridges in Penobscot county.

The Maine woods are full of hunters, and therein lies the terror. A gentleman remarked in the office of the Boston & Maine Railroad the other day, as he purchased his ticket for a hunting trip: "If I had not arranged with a party to go, I would not go one inch. I am positively afraid of my life. There are too many green gunners in the woods; they shoot at everything that moves. I dread some terrible accident. Our party is made up of men who will not shoot till they are sure of what they are firing at; but not so with the greenhorns that are rushing to the Maine woods." I learn that more Maine people will hunt moose, deer and caribou this year than ever before, and hence the sportsmen from outside the State will meet with greater competition.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Times Now.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—There are good times now. The jacksnipe have come in all over this country in good numbers, and the weather is such that it is likely they will stay and offer two or three weeks of good shooting. All the wet sloughs just west of the city are offering good fun, and the wet ground near Auburn Park has held a lot of birds lately, though this fact is not widely known. In the Fox Lake region of upper Illinois the birds have come in a very good flight. But it is along the good old Kankakee that they are most abundant, and there the boys have been having great sport for two weeks, and will have for two weeks more. This is the best year on the Kankakee there has been for a long time, both for ducks and snipe. The water is extremely high, and this has drawn the birds in something like the old numbers. Water Valley, Koutts, Momence, Davis, and other points on the river have yielded fine bags. Last week the Crown Point, Ind., shooters, among them Mr. Morton, county clerk for that county, had very nice sport on the marsh below Fuller's Island, above Water Valley and Shelby. Here there was a large section of the marsh burned out, so that a series of pond holes and mud banks were formed, at which the birds came in regularly, so that bags of a couple of dozen to the gun daily was about a fair size. On last Wednesday, however, there came a very heavy rain which lasted two days and completely flooded the entire country. Acting on Mr. Morton's advice, I ran down to Shelby to have a look at this Fuller's Island country, but found it all afloat and out of the question for shooting anything but ducks or snipe with legs 8ft. long. I therefore went on north to the edge of the marsh, and here blundered into a little patch where there were about fifty snipe monkeying around, biting the dust. Here I had a bit of good shooting, and killed a dozen in as many minutes, the bag netting up about twenty-five fine jacks for the day to my own gun, though the shooting did not last long. At one time I had five birds down before I had time to pick up any of them. This little bit of high ground was almost the only place where I could find any number of birds, though they were widely scattered over a strip of country three miles across, a few here and there. The wet weather had entirely unsettled them, and it was too soon after the rain to get them located anywhere satisfactorily.

Billy Mussey has been having very fine jack shooting at the old reliable Maksawba Club. In two trips to that ground (near Davis, Ind.) he brought back ninety-seven birds, averaging I presume a couple of dozen on each day of actual shooting. Billy had solemnly promised to go shooting with me next week, but sneaked off the day I had sneaked off. I am sorry he proved untrue to me, and shall rebuke him when he comes back, but I don't believe he will have any more birds than I got on my little lonesome shoot. We have got plenty of meat hung up in this office for a while now, anyhow till next week, and by that time Billy will want to go again. Billy tells me that John Watson, Roll Organ, L. R. Brown, Mike Petrie and others shooting at Maksawba the past week have had fine fun, killing all the birds they cared to get. Mr. Mussey himself was lucky enough to kill a fine specimen of a bird rarely seen in this country, the robin-breasted snipe.

The heavy rains of this week will not hurt the snipe shooting, for though the marsh is very wet, the bulk of the surface water will soon run down and the feeding grounds will be in great shape. I would advise a look at Momence this week, and can say that Water Valley country, especially around Fuller's Island and the edge of the marsh near the Monon tracks, will in all probability be good, at least they were good this week. It is not desirable to hunt near the town of Shelby, as that region has had too much water over it lately and will not soon be dry enough to make feeding grounds. The famous strip of marsh near Koutts should be in good shape this week. There are a great many rail (the lesser rail) all over the wet marsh of the Kankakee, these birds being away out half a mile into the country further than they have been seen for years, and over jacksnipe ground, which of course is no longer good jacksnipe ground when it is wet enough for rail. The shooters of Chicago are lucky just now.

In Dakota.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has gone to Dakota for a long shooting trip. Mr. Bissell is the kind of man everyone wishes to have a good time when he goes shooting.

From Cincinnati.

I missed a visit I did not willingly let go this week when I failed to meet two friends who called on their way from Cincinnati, none less than Col. Bill Peabody and Bob Barton, whom I have tried to tell people all about in the story of a certain trip to Texas a couple of years ago. The city of Cincinnati, I must critically admit, may not be able to furnish quite as high a grade of choice breakfast bacon as Chicago, but she does raise some mighty nice men.

Squirrels Ate the Cow.

I am grieved to see in the daily dispatches the news that the squirrels are so thick in the neighborhood of Vanceburg, Ky., that they are killing off the cattle. The dispatch in this case is as below, and I have no doubt it is true if the facts are stated correctly. But methinks this story would sit more seemly did it come from the weird region of the Maksawba Club grounds, where white blackbirds, pink muskrats and the like are betimes discovered in the act of unusual and extraordinary performance. The details read as follows:

"VANCEBURG, Ky., Sept. 27.—[Special.]—John S. Parks, of Triplet, heard a piteous lowing of his fine Jersey cow in the field near his house this morning. He went out and found it literally covered with squirrels, which were biting and gashing it. The cow died an hour later from loss of blood."

Preserved.

Mr. Ferd W. Peck, of Chicago, is reported as adding largely to his already extensive holdings of shore property on Lake Koshkonong, Wis., where he has for some years had a fine summer home. Lake Koshkonong is justly famous for its canvasback ducks, than which none of the United States are more delicate of flavor. It is a wild celery lake and will hold these birds so long as any continue to cross on this line of migration.

E. HOUGH.

1906 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Reed Birds and Mud Hens in New Jersey.

THE reed bird, which is the bobolink of the North and the rice bird of the South, comes to the tide meadows of New Jersey about Sept. 1, clad in his yellow and brown livery, to fatten on the seeds of the wild oats which ripen at that season. The bird is of the size and general appearance of the English sparrow, and takes on fat at a wonderful rate, and is considered a great table delicacy. There is no sport in shooting it. Now and then a rail bird shooter will waste a load on a passing reed bird, but it is the prey of the market gunner only. It is never found on salt marshes. It is most abundant in Salem county, there are a few in Cumberland, none in Cape May. In Salem, the shooter during the summer builds a blind near the tide meadows and plants lines of millet radiating outward like a star. When the season begins the shooter enters his blind and waits until a line of millet is covered with reed birds, when he fires a big gun loaded with dust shot, and then picks up a hundred or more birds, brings them to his blind, cleans them, ties them in bunches of a dozen each, and waits for his millet to attract more birds, and so continues during the day until he has made $10 to $15.

This scientific destruction of the reed bird is confined to Salem county. Cumberland county is where the rail are most abundant.

The mud hen, clapper rail (*Rallus crepitans*) or salt-water marsh hen, is as large as a small chicken; in countless numbers it covers the salt marshes along the coast; nests in May and June, and has its young full grown and ready for autumn migration when the first hard frost comes.

There are always high tides late in September which are taken advantage of by numerous shooters. The mud hens are driven up upon sandbanks and drift stuff and the gunner is pushed up to them. If shot on the wing they are taken singly, but often a half dozen or more are killed sitting on the drifting dead reeds. It is contemptible "sport." The young birds are good to eat, and securing them is on a level with reed bird shooting, but the old birds are sedgy and worthless. I don't think any tears should be shed over the demise of the mud hen. He is not a game bird, he is not good to eat, and he can be secured with an oar or stick almost as well as with a gun; he is not pretty nor musical.

There were very large bags made a day or two this season. At Anglesea more than 1,000 were killed at a single tide. One gentleman got 147 and ran out of cartridges.

F. S. J. C.

Uniform Game Seasons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading an article relative to the New Jersey game law in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, my attention was directed to that which I have always held to be the keynote of the whole business of preserving a reasonable game supply, viz., prohibit the killing of game of any kind except from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 of each year; this done, you will have to a great extent solved the problem of game preservation in this State. Within the limits named, open seasons for the several sorts of game may be fixed, as for instance: deer, from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1; quail, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 25; grouse, from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31, and so on; but have all close on or before Dec. 31.

So long as the open seasons lap over each other, as under the provisions of the existing law, we have practically for the law breakers a season of "excuse for hunting" extending from Aug. 15, and in some localities even from July 1, to May 1 following. While it is possible that no special harm would arise from extending the duck season on Long Island to March 1, there is certainly no excuse for any provision of law that permits any kind of upland shooting except from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31.

While the law of excuse continues to exist game will be illegally killed by the pot-hunter and the amateur sportsman, honest perhaps under ordinary circumstances, but whose desire to kill something gets the better of his judgment when prohibited game gets in the line of sight.

There is no possible sense in having a series of open seasons slipping over one another like the points of a telescope and extending through the entire year; three months is an amply sufficient season for any and all legitimate shooting, and ought to be long enough to satisfy even the game hog.

In conclusion permit me to add a plank to the platform: "Prohibit the killing of any sort of game in the Northern States except between Sept. 1 and Dec. 31."

S.

TROY, N. Y.

Mississippi Game Notes.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss.—We have not had enough rain in this immediate section to run in a ditch since the middle of May, consequently our crops are very short, not a half crop of cotton, something over a half crop of corn, sweet potatoes almost a failure, peas no good, and hay one-fifth of a crop. I do not know of anything that is plentiful but quail. The dry season just suited them. There are some squirrels, but there will be less in two weeks, for there is but little mast, and in that time they will have eaten up all there is. There are but few wild turkeys here, and the few there are get killed before they are well feathered. There are no ducks.

S. N. R.

St. Mary's Mountain Goats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Rocky Mountain goat is generally considered such a trophy by those lucky hunters who have been so fortunate as to secure one, that I am tempted to tell your readers where they are sure to get it.

In August of this year I joined a party of cavalry officers at Fort Assiniboine, Mont., and we made up a party at that post with the avowed intention of getting goats and sheep if they were to be had.

We went 150 miles west from Fort Assiniboine by rail to Blackfoot Station on the Great Northern R. R., and from there struck out northwest to Norris Cabin in the St. Mary's Lake country, about forty miles from Blackfoot.

Here we made our permanent camp. From this point we made short hunting trips of two or three days' duration into the surrounding country, having good success every time. The "lick" on Kootenai Mountain, four hours' climb from our permanent camp, yielded one or more sheep every time any of our party went up, and we went frequently. There were no goats on this mountain.

No finer trout fishing is found in the Rockies than that in St. Mary's Lake and river. Speckled trout run up to 4lbs., and lake trout certainly over 10lbs., and in almost limitless quantities.

There appear to be very few deer in this country, but grizzly bears are very plentiful. They tell me that May is the best bear month, as they will then come to a bait (usually a horse killed for the purpose, near a platform blind).

This country is on the Blackfoot reservation, and as it will be thrown open to settlement within a year, and the best hunting will then be a thing of the past, I would advise those who want to try for a goat to move quickly.

Outfits can be had at Blackfoot Station, and wagons can go as far as Norris's cabin, on St. Mary's Lake. Beyond the lake pack animals must be used.

I have hunted big game in many sections of the West, but have never seen a more attractive country than the St. Mary's Lake region. H. E. HAYWARD.

[Our correspondent mentions Billy Jackson as a good guide, and we add the name of Jack Monroe. They may be addressed at Kipp, Mont.]

Barnegat Shooting.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. J., Oct. 1.—There has been a great flight of snipe of all kinds at North Point of Beach, Sea Dog Shoals and Sedge Islands during the past few days; the yellow-legs making the air resound with their plaintive whistling. I learn that a nice lot of golden plover and large yellow-legs were killed by a gentleman while standing on the porch of Sedge Island Lodge.

Last Saturday I caught some very fine bluefish just over the bar, at the inlet, some weighing over 7lbs. Captains report good sport with large weakfish and croakers outside the bar. They use a cabin yacht and when the fish are located the sheet is "eased off" and they drift; using hard clams for bait, and a No. 6.0 snelled hook with a 2oz. sinker. The fish average from 4 to 8lbs. Each yacht taking from twenty to forty in a day.

The bass have been biting very well during the past week in Mud and Sedge channels; the sportsmen using a spoon and trolling from a rowboat, also still-fishing, using crab for bait. I saw some weighing 6lbs. each which were caught in Sedge Channel, near Buster Island.

SEA DOG.

Kentucky Game Abundant.

FULTON COUNTY, Ky., Sept. 29.—On the sandbars of the Mississippi River, below Cairo, Ill., wild geese have already made their appearance in goodly flocks. This is not usual so early in the season.

Mallards are also coming into the lakes and bayous, and as there is splendid feed and a much better supply of water than for years past, it is likely that the shooting will be exceptionally fine this season.

I have never seen such flocks of doves as we have this year. They fly in droves like wild pigeons use to do. Some of our shooters have been having fine sport in shooting them.

The quail are also very abundant, and there has not been so many squirrels for many years as during the summer, and fall sportsmen in this section will have good sport this season. J. N. HALL.

Abundance of Snipe.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 29.—We are having a spell of Indian summer which will delay the aquatic birds in leaving us for a more congenial clime. It, however, lengthens our sport with them. Mr. Hough may look forward to the best snipe shooting of years. I never saw them so plentiful. I had a party of friends out last Saturday afternoon and they made a hole in a thousand cartridges, but the bag was not so large as it might have been.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

Duck Shooting from Launches on Long Island Waters.

THE New York law permits duck shooting from boats propelled by hand and from sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays; but it does not permit shooting from naphtha nor steam launches, which is reported to be practiced extensively.

Maine Big Game Hunters.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. John J. Sullivan and John W. Phillips, of the New York Health Department, leave for Greenville Oct. 10 for a hunting trip of two or three weeks in the Moosehead region. Mr. A. H. Isbell, who is a crack rifleman and pistol expert, went into Darling Camps on Sebois last week.

Dogs Deadheaded in Virginia.

DURING the hunting season, i. e., from Oct. 1, 1896, to March 31, 1897, the Norfolk & Western Railroad Company will take free in baggage cars, when accompanied by owner, and at their risk, one dogs of sportsmen or hunting parties, not exceeding one dog to each man.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent.

New Hampshire Small Game.

BRISTOL, N. H., Sept. 28.—I have been having a few days of fine sport with the grouse and the grays in this vicinity, and find both very plenty. J. W. B.

Game and Fish Protection.

MARYLAND ASSOCIATION WORK.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking that it might be interesting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know of the work that is being done by the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association and the State game warden, I will encroach upon the columns of your valuable paper for a little space.

At the last session of the General Assembly of Maryland the Game and Fish Protective Association obtained some valuable additions to the game and fish laws. The enactment of a law providing for the appointment of a game warden with power to appoint deputies *ad libitum* was the most important legislation enacted in the interests of sportsmen. The game warden's department and the Game and Fish Protective Association are practically one and the same, they go hand in hand and are in perfect harmony. Mr. J. Olney Norris is the game warden, and has appointed over 100 deputies. Since the organization of the department last June a great many offenders have been arrested, and in every instance the guilty ones were convicted. Several interesting cases are now pending trial. The most important case to be tried is the one which which will come up during the present term of the Circuit Court of Baltimore county, in which James F. Butler and Robert Smith are charged with having perpetrated the dastardly crime of poisoning 3,000 English pheasants at the Bowley's Quarter game preserve, a full account of which was given in the FOREST AND STREAM last week.

The preservation and propagation of black bass in the Potomac River is a matter in which the Association is deeply interested. No stream in this country is better adapted to bass than the Potomac, and with proper restrictions and enforcement of the fish laws it will be utterly impossible to exhaust the supply of bass in the Potomac by legitimate angling. According to a tri-party agreement on the part of representative sportsmen from Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, who met at the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club, near Harper's Ferry, last November, recommending a uniform law for the three States, prohibiting the taking of bass in the Potomac in any manner save only with hook and line, the time is near at hand when the Potomac River will become the best bass stream in this country. The Legislatures of Maryland and Virginia passed the law last winter, and West Virginia will do likewise at the approaching session of its Legislature. This law will do away with all fish traps, outlines, seining, etc., which have been very destructive agents in depleting the Potomac for years.

Bass are abundant and fishing is very fine at this time. My friend Dr. W. S. Harban, of Washington, and a number of the Blue Ridge Club caught twenty-three fine fish one day last week and twenty-two the day following, the largest weighing 4½lbs. It was my good fortune to catch a fine string myself during a recent visit to the Blue Ridge Club as Dr. Harban's guest.

I have just returned from a tour of inspection in my official capacity, consulting the deputy wardens along the Potomac and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, from Harper's Ferry to Williamsport, with a view to carrying out a scheme that will put at least 1,000,000 bass into the Potomac. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal contains great quantities of bass. At the close of the season in December the water is drawn from the canal, but there are large and small pools all along the canal which hold considerable water; in these the fish congregate by the thousand, and it is the determination of the Association to seine these pools, putting all the bass into the Potomac, and to destroy all the German carp, for they are regarded as the worst nuisance ever dumped into American waters. Thousands upon thousands of small bass die in these pools every year, and barrels upon barrels of large bass have been taken from them with seines for years; but, thanks to Col. G. L. Nicholson, general superintendent of the canal, this has been stopped. Col. Nicholson has issued orders prohibiting any one from seining in the canal. We have the assurance that Col. Nicholson will assist the Association in every way he possibly can in consummating our plans. The Blue Ridge and Woodmont clubs and sportsmen in general will also lend a helping hand.

Deputy Game Wardens Armstrong, Bowers and Webb, of Hagerstown, were particularly attentive to me, and I am under many obligations to them for much assistance and good advice, and the Association will find them ready to coöperate with us in every way they possibly can. The same may be said of all the deputy game wardens in western Maryland along the Potomac. These facts are mentioned to show how harmoniously the Game and Fish Protective Association and the game warden's department fraternize.

GEORGE W. MASSAMORE,
Sec'y-Treas. and Assistant Game Warden.

War Begun in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find a clipping from the Boston *Herald* in reference to the war which has commenced on poachers in this locality. The Rod and Gun Club is a new club which has been recently formed, and they propose to take care of the game in New England and see that the game laws are strictly adhered to. ROBERT SMITH.

The Rod and Gun Club is taking active measures to enforce the fish and game laws of the State in behalf of legitimate sport, and a war has been begun on poachers which will be kept up, it is said, until the treasury of the club is exhausted. As its membership includes some of the wealthiest men in the State, this will not be for some time to come.

Game commissioners, appointed by the State, are on the pay rolls of the club, and for the past three weeks they have been actively engaged in looking over the ground.

The first arrest was made Sunday, when Clarence Hattenburg was caught at Easton with two partridges. He was taken before Judge Fox, of Taunton, yesterday morning. He pleaded guilty, and, it being a first offense, a fine of $20 was imposed.

Commissioner Wm. O. Quggle, who made the arrest, said to a reporter of the *Herald:* "Since I started out three weeks ago to enforce the game laws, I have found plenty of evidence of law breaking. At Easton and North Easton particularly men have been going out day after day, and if this sort of thing is kept up it would not be long before there would be no game in the State worth talking about.

"As it is now, sportsmen who go out find very little, while the trappers simply set their snares during the day, go home for the night and in the morning come for the game.

"The case to-day was the first of many I expect to have in court before long, for I have already secured evidence enough to secure convictions. It is the determination of the Rod and Gun Club to push every case to the full extent of the law." BOSTON.

A New Jersey Month.

IN his report to the Fish and Game Commissioners for the month of September, Protector Charles A. Shriner says of the game law and its working:

The past month has added materially to the ever increasing volume of evidence that the laws regarding game passed by the last Legislature are wholly inefficient for the purposes for which they were enacted and that a continuation of these laws cannot but result in the total extermination of game in this State. With the yearly increase in the number of gunners has come a material elongation of the periods in which game of different kinds may be lawfully taken; in only one instance was the period made shorter, being the season for the killing of reed and rail birds, this being fixed so as to prohibit the killing at a time when the birds are the most numerous and in the best condition for the table. But the extending of the seasons for the lawful killing of game is not the worst feature of the present game laws; the most obnoxious feature is that the law permits the killing of some kind of game during many months, thus giving pothunters and poachers a warrant for being seen with guns in the woods and fields at almost all times of the year. Temptations to violate the game laws were thus afforded by statutes intended to secure an observance of the laws.

As the past month afforded opportunities for the killing of song and insectivorous birds and other violations of the game laws to a greater extent than during the summer months, the wardens were instructed to be more vigilant than ever, and if possible to secure the punishment of every violator of the law. To apprehend all the offenders would be a manifest impossibility, but the result of the work of the wardens has been gratifying as far as their vigilance is concerned.

The record of prosecutions during September comprises not less than seventy-two cases, most of them for the illegal killing of insectivorous birds, many for Sunday gunning, others for taking bass of unlawful size and use of set lines.

Pennsylvania Game Law.

THE Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association met Sept. 30 at Harrisburg. The attendance was small and the chairman of the committee, in calling the meeting to order, said that the showing made by the members of the committee was decidedly disappointing.

The business transacted was of a preliminary nature. The meeting passed a motion that a committee be appointed to draft a bill for presentation at the next meeting of the Legislature, fixing the open season for all game from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31. There was quite a difference of opinion upon this point, and it is more than probable that when the committee finally acts upon such a bill its contents will be much modified.

The questions of the sale of game and also of the non-exportation of the same were discussed, and a committee appointed to look into such questions.

J. F. O'Neill was elected secretary of the Legislative Committee, and will act in that capacity at all meetings of the committee. The meeting adjourned to meet again at the call of the chair.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XV.—Charles Guyon.

THE little mining town of Potosi lies in the southwest corner of Wisconsin. It has three streets in the only possible places for streets; the three narrow valleys which meet in the center of the village afford outlets for travel. Some two miles to the west one valley leads to the Grant River, near its mouth, and here a Mississippi steamer came for freight occasionally. A stage came from Galena down another valley, and thus Potosi was connected with the outside world. Here I drifted in the spring, and found good fishing and shooting. My friend Loeser had gone a few miles further north to Fennimore Grove, near Lancaster, where he settled down into a farmer's life.

Charley Guyon was one of the French-Canadian colony which formed the largest portion of the village. There was a settlement of Cornish miners in one of the outskirts called British Hollow, but the two peoples mixed very little except in the way of trade and in the gambling rooms, which were then run wide open. Charley was a strong young fellow about my age, and he proposed that we should go jacking for fish some night.

"I don't know the first thing about jacking, Charley. I'll go and try it. Tell me all about it."

"Well, it's this way," said he (very few of the French-Canadians spoke anything like a dialect). "We have a jack light on one side of the bow and it hangs over the water, so that no fire drops into the boat. One man paddles and the other stands in the bow, and when he sees a fish he gigs it."

The jack was a cresset made of strap iron—a 12in. ring to which half a dozen strips were riveted to form the bowl, which was fastened to an iron staff long enough to bring the bowl above a man's eyes as he stood in the boat. Charley had gathered a lot of bark from the shell-bark hickory, which he said made the best of all lights, and we got a ride to the landing with our traps. The "gig" was a spear of some six or eight prongs, with a wooden handle about 8ft. long, to which a small cord was attached to the upper end to recover it by.

As soon as it was dark enough we lighted the jack and started. The boat was a light-bottomed scow and I used the paddle. Guyon stood in the bow and gave orders; he did not use nautical terms, but said "right" or "left" as

he required the boat to go. Soon he said, "Steady, left, hold up," and then after a pause, "Go on slow, there's a big pike about here, but he was shy and I couldn't get a crack at him. Hold on, right a little," and he poised his gig and sent it buzzing into the water. "A clean miss. I didn't strike low enough. Go toward that tree top out there, there may be some buffalo near it."

Surely I must have misunderstood; he could not mean that buffalo might be grazing in that tree top, but I was in a strange land, and my new friend might be having a little fun at my expense, so I kept still. Soon the orders came, and as the spear left his hand it struck and gave a little tremble, and my companion yelled out: "I got him!" and taking hold of the string which was tied to the gunwale he pulled the gig staff to him and then landed in the boat a huge fish of about 20lbs.—huge to me. "There's your buffalo," said he.

I looked at the great ungainly fish, with a hump on its back and a mouth like a sucker, and asked if it was good to eat.

"Oh, yes, it's better than red-horse, but not as good as bass and pike. Here, you take the gig and I'll paddle. Now you've got to put the gig into the fish and not in the place he looks to be at. If he's nearly under you throw right at him, always with the gig across his body and not in line with him. The further he is away the more you must throw under him, because he's deeper than he looks to be. You know how a board appears to be bent when half of it is in the water, the lower end seems to be higher than it is. Well, it's just so with a fish; unless he's right under you he's deeper than he looks, and the further off he is the deeper under him you must strike."

I took the gig, with some doubt of my ability to gauge the depth of a fish and judge his true position, for I knew what Guyon said was true, only I had never thought of it before. I did think of his names of fishes; we had a buffalo and he spoke of red-horse. I had seen dogfish and catfish, but where was this kind of nomenclature to end? Soon I saw several large fish. There had been plenty of small ones seen, but with a 20lb. fish in the boat as a pattern my ideas were no doubt enlarged. Soon I said: "Steady, stop!" and plunge went the gig and missed.

"I knew you wouldn't touch that fish," said Guyon; "you threw too far from the boat, and it went clean over him by two feet. Next time aim two feet below where he looks to be at and you may get him. It's very seldom that a man throws the gig under a fish that lies ten feet away from the boat. Try it again."

At the next chance I was bound to miss the fish by throwing under it, if I missed it at all, and I plunged the gig in the water at what seemed an absurd low point and struck a pike of some 5lbs.

"There," said the man at the paddle, "I knew you could do it if you could only believe the fish was a foot or two below where he looked to be at." This use of the word "at" was new to me then, but I found it common in the West and South. Lately it has had attention called to it by its use in Congress. It sounds odd to those who hear it for the first time.

And so we passed the first half of the night, and returned to the warehouse and slept in it, for Charley had the key; but we took the precaution to take our fish inside too, for he said: "The moon will be up in an hour and she'll spoil the fish, and then we don't want minks and wildcats carryin' 'em off or chewing them up. We'll get a ride up in the morning, for Joe Hall's going to bring down some potatoes and there'll be teams down with lead."

Morning came and we went back with the first empty wagon, taking over 200lbs. of fish—bass, pike, buffalo and big red-finned suckers, which proved to be the "red-horse;" and I had been initiated into the mysteries of jacking for fish, handling a gig, had received a lesson in practical optics, and knew positively that a fish in the water was not always in the place which it appeared to be "at."

Somewhere in an omnivorous course of reading I remember a statement that "Man shall not live by bread alone," and in the practical every-day life it began to be painfully evident that no matter how desirable it might be to hunt and fish forever, there were needs other than what the chase afforded. There was a man who really demanded pay for letting me live in his house. Of course the house was built, and I did not hurt it by living in it; but he had put a man out because he did not pay. Then there came a day when a really serious bit of thinking over the sordid spirit of man had been indulged in for fully ten minutes, when Charley Guyon came along.

"Say," he began, "you ain't doin' anything, an' I want a pardner to sink a shaft. I think I know where we can make a strike, an' I've got all the tools. What d'ye say, will you jine me?"

"Well, Charley, I was just thinking that it was about time that I went at something; but I don't know the first thing about lead mining. Tell me all about it; how do you do it?"

"It's just like this: A man owns a piece of land and he throws it open for mining or he keeps it for other purposes. Suppose he throws it open; then any one can dig and he takes one-tenth of the mineral for rent. A windlass, rope, bucket, pick and spade are all the tools we use. Mineral may be struck at ten feet, or it may be at sixty, but we go down until we come to hard pan; it never lies below that. You may get some "drift" that will pay or may not; it's all chance. You may work a week and not get a dollar, and you may strike a lead*, and then you drift in and follow it. You see there are lots of abandoned shafts which were sunk ten years ago, when mineral was worth only ten dollars per thousand. Now it is worth thirty dollars and two men can make wages if they get a thousand pounds per week."

"And a fellow has to work down there under ground like a mole to do this?"

"Yes, but pardners take turns, one in the shaft and one at the windlass, and of a hot day you'll prefer to be below. There's men here who hire other men to 'tend windlass, and they take the chances—make it all if they strike it big, or lose their time and the man's wages. It's all chance, just the same as when you go into Coons's and sit in a keno game; you may win or you may not. But all business is chance anyway, just like gambling; the only man who's got a sure thing is the man who works for wages, and he gets left sometimes."

* This is pronounced leed in the mines, and is a corruption of lode.

Behold the mighty hunter, with a band and candle socket on his hat, grubbing away like a well-digger, and assorting an occasional lump of "drift," with its white coating, from the earth and clay, and depositing it in a "hen's nest" until there was a bucketful—always hoping that the next stroke of the pick would cut into a bright bit of galena; or at the windlass waiting for the word "up," and dumping the earth on the down-hill side and keeping an eye out for stray bits which had escaped the eyes below. So passed the summer, with occasional fishing trips with Henry Neaville and his brother Frank, for Guyon cared little for the sportsmanlike methods of fishing, gigging and netting them in quantities was his delight, yet the fun of it was ever uppermost in his mind. He thought fishing with a hook and line was too slow work; his mind was active and required more exciting sport.

In considering what constitutes sport, a question on which the doctors disagree, it might be well to allow a little latitude for individual notions; I was about to say idiosyncrasies, but if Guyon was living he would ask: "What's them?" and so we will let it go at "notions." Please remember that this was forty years ago, and none of us had given thought to the possible exhaustion of a source of fish supply which seemed only to invite the slayer by appearing next year in undiminished numbers. This is the only excuse I have to offer for our destruction of life in those days of its plenty, and an excuse seems necessary to-day. If it is sufficient, well and good; it is all I have, and I throw myself on the mercy of the court. We all needed education in the matter of fish and game preservation in those days, and I hope that I have atoned for the misdeeds of my youth by both precept and example in later years.

In sketching Charles Guyon, who was an honest, sturdy fellow, not averse to a fight if it was forced upon him, but not a quarrelsome man, it is only fair to him to say that, having been reared in a mining town, gambling came as a natural thing, just as luck in mining did, and if his week had been successful Saturday night found him at the keno table staking the last sovereign that he had earned. The smelters sent wagons to weigh and gather the mineral every Saturday afternoon, and the pay was in British sovereigns, which passed for $5, for no miner would accept paper money for his mineral, although he sometimes did in exchange for his gold.

Saturday nights the gambling places and the drunkeries kept open until morning, and the Cornish miners from British Hollow rested from their labors by drinking, gambling and fighting. These were the highest forms of sport known to them, and in fact to the majority of men who work underground all the week in all parts of the world. One night I dropped into Sam Coons's to look on. Here I want to say that I have never won or lost $1 in any form of gambling except at the house of a gentleman in Germany, where a small stake was the custom, and there was no escape. I don't claim any special credit for this because I never had a desire to gamble—was too cowardly to risk my wealth, if you wish to put it in that way. Plenty of good men gamble, and I have other faults, but am not one of those of whom Byron says they

> "Compound for sins they're not inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to."

I have occasionally played cards in a perfunctory way, without caring for them, and have engaged in games to decide who should pay for oysters, cigars and such other goods as an army sutler possessed, but a book always suited me better. Speaking of games in connection with Potosi wakes me up. In the sketch of Gen. Martin Miller, No. XI., the fact was recorded that Herr Driesbach, the great lion tamer, used to come to my father's house to play chess, and to my great surprise Bill Patterson pointed out a finely-built, powerful man whom we had just passed and said: "That's Driesbach, the lion tamer." I hurried after him and the result was that I often went out to his farm of an evening and had a game of chess, the only game that I ever thought worth the candle. Chess players were very scarce in Potosi, and Driesbach and I were out of practice, but if I won one game out of five it was sufficient.

One evening he said: "You aren't one-half the man your father was, he must have been over 6ft."

"Yes, 6ft. 2in. and no spare meat."

"Well, I remember once when we crossed the river to Albany in a small boat and a 'longshoreman was smoking a pipe in the faces of two ladies who sat in the stern. Your father spoke to him about it and got an impudent reply, and he then jerked the pipe from the fellow's mouth and threw it overboard. Then threats of vengeance came when we should get on shore. Your father hurried up and ran up the steps to the dock and waited. Then he said: 'My friend, you were going to lick me when you got on shore. I'm in a hurry to go to business and have only got a few minutes to spare, and I would like you to do it now?' The man looked him over and said: 'Be jabers, it isn't worth while for the likes of us to be foighten' about an ould poipe.' Now, Fred, that 'longshoreman would have cleaned you up in about two seconds. Why, you ain't a bit like the old man." I learn from my old friend, Hon. J. W. Seaton, who still lives in Potosi, that Driesbach died something like fifteen years ago, and the vest made from a pet leopard skin was given by Driesbach to Judge Seaton, who has it now.

There was a feeble game law in Wisconsin at this time, and once when Guyon and I had been up the Grant River looking for a place to sink a shaft where there was a prospect of several lodes, meeting and forming a mine of wealth, we met a party who had killed a deer out of season. It was Sam Coons and a professional gambler called Coachee. "Now, boys," said Coachee, "we killed this over in Iowa, where there is no law against it, but we don't want to have any talk about it. We ain't goin' to sell it; just brought it over for our friends, and if you'll take a quarter home, here it is. We took the quarter, Guyon and I. We knew that the deer was killed in Wisconsin, but—we let it go at that. We would only have made fools of ourselves if we had been Quixotic enough to have complained, and there would have been no venison for us. Put yourself in his place. These things, no doubt, are different in Grant county to-day, but I have not been there since 1857—time enough to bring all the changes in game protection which have been wrought in other parts of the country.

When we went to work in the woods near the river I took my rifle as soon as Sept. 1 came around and it was lawful to use it. This was the one that father gave me. I only remember that the barrel was half round and half octagon, an unusual departure from the general make of rifles, which were generally all octagon, and were stocked to the muzzle, although short stocks were coming into fashion. Caliber was a word little used in connection with hunting rifles, but we reckoned them by the number of round bullets to the pound. Squirrel rifles ran as small as 120 to the pound; mine was thirty to the pound, and that was considered very large. I never used any large bullets in it—"slugs" we called them—for the theory was that they were only good in the open country, and that contact with a twig would deflect them more than it would round bullets. A modern rifleman would not know how to tell the caliber of a rifle by our measure, and I can't inform him. I only know that with such guns, and many smaller, the old-time hunters killed the biggest animals on the continent, often when the first shot must disable a grizzly or a panther, for it took time to measure powder and reload.

I had to go to the village for something, and left the rifle loaded, also the powder horn and box of caps. The bullets and patches were in a leather box on my belt, which I wore. On returning I heard several shots some distance from our shaft. Guyon and the rifle were gone. The shots kept up, and I started at a lively gait until I came in view of the shooting match. There was Guyon in among the branches of a fallen beech tree, crack went the rifle, and a big buck charged into the branches, but could not reach him. His back was toward me and I hailed: "Hello, Charley! What are you doin' to that deer?"

He turned and said: "You are a great fellow to go off with all the bullets. Got any with you? If you have, throw me one. Don't come in here too close or that deer will kill you; he's fightin' mad now."

I did go in on a run and got into the tree top just in time to avoid the charge of the buck, and handed Guyon a bullet, which he rammed down without a patch, and planted it in the deer's frontal bone and dropped him.

Such a looking deer I never did see. Guyon's only bullet had broken one antler close to the head and angered him. The treetop was fortunately at hand and made a natural abattis, behind which the man could carry on the offensive and shift to avoid the enemy as occasion required. But the deer! His head was literally skinned all around his eyes and from his forehead to his nose.

Charles said: "When he came for me and I was safe in this treetop I whittled green beech plugs for bullets, and thought if one took him in the eye it would drop him. Every time a plug hit him he would snort, shake his head and come at me. See how he has wet me. I think I shot more than twenty plugs at him, and I don't know how I would have got out of this brush if you hadn't come."

The story was too good to keep. He didn't hear the last of it for some time.

Bill Patterson said: "Charley, that venison was very good, but there was a taste of beechnuts about it. It isn't late enough for the nuts to drop; how do you suppose it got that flavor?"

Joe Hall hailed him with: "Hey, Charley! That venison tasted as if he had broken into Darcy's shop and had eaten his shoe pegs. What d' ye s'pose he'd been feedin' on?"

The multitude of islands between Wisconsin and Iowa at this point renders it difficult to tell where Grant River ends or loses itself in the Father of Waters. It is several miles from shore to shore, and channels of many depths and widths separate the islands. These waterways, the "kills" of New York and the "bayous" of the lower Mississippi, are here called sloughs, pronounced sloo. One of the beauties of our language is that this word may be pronounced sluff, slouw or sloo, each having a different meaning. In a recent letter from Mr. Seaton he says, in reply to a question, "The inland island waters, most of which go dry in summer, I think, are properly called sloughs, and the name is not a provincialism peculiar to this part of the Mississippi valley. Webster gives the pronunciation 'slou,' and here it is spelled sloo and means a sink or depression in the islands in which the water gathers and in some cases remains all the time, and in others it signifies channels or sluiceways in which part of the waters pass from one stream to the other, i. e., the over-swollen Mississippi to the depressed Grant River and *vice versa*, hence we have 'Swift sloo,' 'Hay sloo' and several others known to the fishers and hunters. They are the natural habitat and breeding places for frogs, reptiles and mosquitoes, as well as a great resort for ducks in the spring and fall. During the spring freshets the fish gather in them in large quantities and are entrapped when the water falls, which is usually in August and September. This year a large number of German carp and black bass were taken in willow woven nets by the boys, although this is prohibited by law. The upper waters of the Mississippi were stocked a few years ago with these fish by the Government. It is in April and May, when the 'spring rise' overflows the banks and spreads over the bottoms, that the fat catfish, buffalo and other fishes are found out of the channels and main streams feeding in the grassy bottoms. Then the boys wade in and have their fun catching them. Sloughs are creations of the great river and are part of it."

The domesticated hog ran wild on these islands and once a man said to me: "Now, you will want some pork, and you ought to buy a claim o' hogs. I've got five marked sows on the islands and I'll sell you a claim in 'em fur a dollar."

On inquiry Charley said: "That's all right. There's about ten claims o' hogs on the islands. It's this a-way: a man turns out a sow with certain ear marks, and all the pigs found with her in the fall are hers if there's a hundred. Give him a dollar and you can kill all the pigs you want, only don't kill an old one with marks in its ears." I bought in and was part owner of all pork on the hoof that had two Vs in the right ear and a round hole in the left.

Guyon, Bill Patterson, Henry Neaville and I went for pork about the middle of September. Charley and Bill skinned theirs, and this was the usual custom, but I agree with Neaville that a properly dressed pig looked best, but "How can we dress them on these islands?" I asked. Henry said, "I'll show you," and we pulled the scow up high and dry, filled it with water, made a roaring fire and heated a lot of stones which had been brought to the island for the purpose, and boiled the water to scald the pigs. How easy it is to do things if you know how! Fresh pork was cheap in those days, and I have seen where a hog had been killed and only one ham taken and

the rest left in the woods, perhaps by some fellow who never paid his $1 to "buy into a claim o' hogs."

Once, while alone going down to the marshes with my rifle to get a duck or two for dinner, for it was the only gun I owned, I went a little way up the side of the bluff to get a view of the overflowed lands, and make a reconnoissance of the flocks of ducks and of such cover as might conceal an approach to them. I sat on a log to view the scene and recover some lost breath. It was early in the afternoon, and the log was so comfortable that I sat some time. Four half-grown foxes were playing in the leaves like kittens, and a move would have spoiled the show. Suddenly there was a shot close by and the foxes vanished; a pig squealed, an old hog grunted and a boy screamed. I jumped at the shot and started slowly to see who was shooting, but ran when I heard the boy. There he was on his back, and a big sow chewing his arm. Quicker than I can tell it I shot and fortunately hit the hog in the eye and she dropped dead. Then I became excited at what might have happened if I had missed the hog or killed the boy. He had fainted, and, having no water, I fanned him until he came to. His arm was badly torn, but no bones were broken and the doctor soon had him repaired. A hog will charge a man any time if he makes a pig squeal, and then they are dangerous animals. On telling this pig scrape to Charley he showed me some great scars on his legs where he was bitten under similar circumstances, only that he seized a hanging limb and drew himself into a tree, and fortunately some strangers heard his yell and came to his rescue, or he would have bled to death.

Charley Guyon inherited the taste of his countrymen for the violin, and he and another noted fiddler named Montpleasure had played with a traveling minstrel troupe which went up through Wisconsin and Iowa, and some of his experiences were laughable. Said he: "We struck a little town in northern Iowa just in time for a late supper and to get to the hall. The box of burnt cork couldn't be found and there wasn't corks enough in the single hotel to make 'paste' for the troupe of ten. Yes, we had ten, all good men too if we did take in small towns, but what was to be done? The hall was filling and we had small boys out looking for corks and coming back saying, 'Mother says she ain't got no corks,' or 'Pap says he'll get you a cork of you'll give him six tickets.' The hall was full and the people began to get uneasy, when in came the landlord to the dressing room with four boxes of shoeblacking and asked if that wouldn't do. Charley French thought it would, and we wet it up and used it and rushed on the stage. The overture went off well and the opening chorus was half through when the boys began to feel uncomfortable. The stuff had stiffened and we felt as if we were varnished, and soon it began to peel off. Such looking niggers you never did see. We got laughing and the audience roared; our tenor tried to sing 'Swanee River,' but it was uphill work; he looked like a darky with the small pox; we shook our sides and the people screamed until he got mad and left the stage. It was well for us that it hit the audience as being funny, but we got through somehow, and as they wanted to dance we played for them until morning, after we washed up. They had never had such dance music, and they wanted us to promise to come again, which we did and had a grand reception."

Once when we were discussing the chances of sinking a shaft in a new place he burst out laughing. I waited to hear what the cause of this hilarity was and as soon as he could pull himself together he tried to say, between shrieks: "Bones asked why this troupe of minstrels was like a gang of burglars which had been discovered. Ha, ha! ho, ho!—O, I can't tell it. But the answer was because we—he, he! O, my!—because—because we're spotted!" And then he couldn't stop. A roll on the ground and a kicking of heels was the only sedative, and it always got in its quieting work if no one started a laugh; if they did it took longer.

I think Charley never tired of this yarn, for he would laugh all the time until he cried; it was the great event in his uneventful life.

He was as happy as that happy race, the French-Canadian, usually is—happy if it rained or if the day was bright; happy in luck of any kind, if he had strings for his fiddle and rheumatism and the toothache kept away. Mr. Seaton does not know the date of his death, but thinks it happened about twenty years ago. It matters little; those who knew him know that he died happy, and if he indulged in any retrospect of life at all, that night when shoe-blacking was substituted for burnt cork took a prominent place, and I can imagine his last words to be: "It was the best thing we could get." FRED MATHER.

For Fly-Fishing only at the Upper Dam.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of the Phillips (Maine) *Phonograph* I find in "Fly Rod's Note Book" the following item: "Great will be the rejoicing among the fly-fishermen to hear that the grand old pools at Upper Dam are not for the plug fisherman after this. The Fish Commissioners held a hearing Sept. 9, when it was asked that 'From the gate-house to open water in Mollychunkamunk Lake should be for artificial fly only,' and there is no doubt but what this will become a law." Now let every fly-fisherman pure and simple, from the Provinces to California, drop on his or her marrow bones and pray (each after his or her fashion) that this petition may be granted. It will be one of the grandest things the Commissioners ever did (and they have done many) and will everlastingly redound to their credit. Just fancy the smiles that will wreath the faces of those 8-pounders when they realize what the Hon. Board is doing for them. Congratulations, please.

J. W. B.

Large Black Bass.

MESSRS. WILLIAM MILLS & SONS show in their window at No. 7 Warren street a mounted small-mouth black bass, caught at Lake Mahopac, in Putnam county, New York, by Reuben Miller. The fish was weighed by proprietor Dean, of the hotel at the lake, and was found to score 8lbs. It measures 24in. in length, 7¼in. depth, spread of tail, 7in. (8in. when taken). The bait was a yellow perch. If you would see a handsome black bass specimen, go and look at this big fish.

James A. Patterson, Jr., of this city, has the credit of another large bass taken in the same waters; it weighed 6¼lbs., and is to be seen in the window of the United States Net and Twine Co., at 316 Broadway.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

More About Minnetonka.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—The more one sees of the great State of Minnesota, the more one becomes impressed with its beauty and extent of resources. No part of the West is to-day more full of interest to the lover of rod and gun, and I repeat that it is sure to be the case within a few years that Minnesota will absorb a great deal of travel which now goes beyond it or stops this side of it.

Minnesota is a land of prairies and of forests, the one intermingling with the other. Up in the north the big pine woods run in a long wilderness into the far cold country, and here there are moose and deer and bear and elk even to-day, and muscallonge fishing such as there is nowhere else in all probability. Yet quite as far to the north the prairie runs also, and the "sand ridge" country of the extreme northwest corner of Minnesota and the northeast corner of Dakota is one of the best grouse grounds left. It would take a world of exploration and a dozen volumes of writing to describe the many grand angling waters of the east and northeastern part of Minnesota, or indeed those of the western side where the lakes lie in prairie or hardwood timber country. Many of these prairie lakes have the rankest growth of wild rice, and are not better for fish than for fowl. No section ever offered finer duck shooting than Minnesota in its prime.

Long years ago, as I imagine a great many readers will remember, the glories of the Kandiyohi Pass and the Coronas country were graphically described in the monthly magazines by that old-time expert, Mr. C. A. Zimmerman. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember Mr. Zimmerman very well by his pictures of duck shooting. "A Side Shot," "A Lost Opportunity," "Stopping an Incomer," "Shooting over Decoys," "A Tight Shell," etc., are more than household words. Mr. Zimmerman—who has led a varied career as soldier, war correspondent, war artist and business man—knew his Minnesota well, and chose as the best part of it the lower end of the "Big Woods"—that great section of hardwood timber which sweeps down the center of the State to the southern edge, acting as a many-fingered clasp to the gems of Minnetonka. Here, on an island in the lake, cut off from the world at will by a drawbridge of his own invention, Mr. Zimmerman has built him a lovely cottage on a commanding site and is spending his riper days as much in the heart of nature as he could ask. He is superintendent of the entire water transportation on Lake Minnetonka, which numbers a goodly fleet of steamers, and has besides the pleasant task of handling a large photograph gallery and studio; for with matters of art Mr. Zimmerman has always been entangled, and besides his use of the brush has never had his hands off from lenses and slides since he was a boy, almost a generation before the amateur photographer of to-day. He made his own cameras and arranged his own lenses, being first a scientist and then an artist and then an experimenter. Naturally an artist, a sportsman, a traveler, an observer and a writer all in one offers interest to the passer-by, and in these ways Mr. Zimmerman belongs to the public and cannot complain if he is rated as one of the attractions of Minnetonka. Mr. Zimmerman's warmth of heart, his rich fund of experience, his deep kindliness of nature, belong only to his family and friends.

It happens that Mr. Carrington Phelps, the host who was struggling to keep up with my Minnetonka appetite at the time, was the old-time friend and shooting companion of Mr. Zimmerman. Mr. Phelps can be recognized in portrait as the figure in one of the shooting scenes, just as Mr. Zimmerman has painted a portrait of himself in another. The two setter dogs, which figure in another picture, were actual and much beloved dogs, and both Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman have shot many ducks over them. Mr. Zimmerman was very fond too of Mr. Phelps's famous old Chesapeake Bay dog Darby, and speaks of him even yet as possessed of human intelligence. Of the same strain is Mr. Phelps's retriever Poule d'Eau (happy name), who besieges every visitor with a chip carried continually about and a beseeching look in the big brown eyes that asks very plainly that one throw the chip in the water for a sample of Poule d'Eau's retrieving. But let not the stranger be wheedled by Poule d'Eau, for she will keep him busy throwing sticks for her all day, and never tires of swimming for chips, diving for stones and disporting in the water so long as she can coax any one to play with her. Poule d'Eau is the only dog I ever really saw that would dive for an inanimate object for the fun of the thing. We often noted her to stay for several seconds under the water. She is a grand duck dog, though both Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman contend she does not equal old Darby. It is one of the pleasant things one likes to remember that these two shooting friends, Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman, both have their homes now on Minnetonka, and continue to live as neighbors at least, though they have both been very remiss of late years about taking their fall hunt for ducks. This fact I pointed out to them for sake of Poule d'Eau, who came always when we three sat on the lake bluff together and held up her chips reproachfully, looking up with soft eye pleadingly and plainly begging to be taken out duck shooting this very fall. At sight of which we all dreamed dreams about loading the old camp outfit into the wagon and taking a trip this very fall to some of the old lakes and having an old-time shoot, with Poule d'Eau as impersonator of Darby and the setters. So strongly did I urge upon them this duty to the dog that I left them both feeling very uncomfortable and promising all kinds of wild things if I would come out in October.

One day, in order that we might see something of Minnetonka and perhaps get a line on some of the fish besides, Mr. Phelps and his son Carrington pulled us out for a cruise among the islands. That was a very pleasant boat ride, and, I imagine, an exceptional one. Mr. Phelps is an old Yale man, and was captain of the Yale boat in 1870. He can show pennants and cups (trophies in the single and double sculls) dating back to his college days, and can, moreover, pull an oar which is its own certificate. His son Carrington has certainly had good training on the inland sea of Minnetonka, and some day maybe he too will pull an oar in the Yale boat—I am sure it will be a good one. Far be it from a scrub oarsman to row in such company as the above, and I did not. I only watched the ease and beauty of perfect rowing as the two, father and son, hit her up with the Yarra-Yarra stroke for a mile or so just for the fun of the thing. A crew like that make a very fine trolling motor, and naturally it was not long before I had a strike on the trolling spoon which we had out. Alas, the line broke and I lost my fish after a brief moment of fun with him, whereat I said: "Oh, dear!" That is what I said. "How unfortunate," said I, "oh, dear!"

The loss of this fish was indeed unfortunate, for we needed a fish for lunch. At length, seeing that the casting rod was not going to do much for us, Mr. Phelps fell back upon his Minnetonka trolling rig, a vast bamboo with no reel, but with a stout linen line as long as the pole, and attached thereto a No. 8 spoon, the latter baited with a big frog. We anchored our boat just at the mouth of one of the deep channels between two arms of the lake, which make a feature of Minnetonka navigation. This channel was 200yds. or so in length, 10 or 15ft. deep, and debouched into a great circular hole, which was over 30ft. deep in the middle. This spot Mr. Phelps had often found good for a pike or so, and we concluded that we must stay there until we caught something to eat, for we were making believe of living chiefly by hunting and fishing. I kept on casting, viewing with amusement the vast sweeps of Mr. Phelps's lure, which was about the size of a dishpan as it swirled and eddied and ripped through the water. It seemed very likely he would scare some fish to death or desperation with it, but it never occurred to me that he would catch anything. But just as I was making a nice little cast with my brass rig I heard an exclamation from Mr. Phelps, who was standing up and working his dishpan from the bow of the anchored boat. "I saw him," he said; and then as he cast again: "I've got him." And sure enough he had a great, lashing whale of a pike, which after long coaxing and maneuvering we discovered to weigh 7¼lbs.

"Well, we've got enough to cook," said Mr. Phelps, "but before we pull up just you try over in there toward the mouth of the channel."

I tried, but got no strike; and then Mr. Phelps tried with his dishpan and got a strike, and missed hooking the fish. "Cast right in, quick," he said, and obeying I got a heavy strike, and soon was at work with my first Minnetonka pike. Much to my delight, he did not prove one of the snake sort of pickerel, but he was a fighter and a stayer. He went out of water like a muscallonge once, and rushed and sounded and sulked for quite a long time, and was so heavy that my wrist tired in holding him up. At last we got him after a fight much longer than the big bamboo had offered, and we found that my fish weighed 6¾lbs. I think I never have seen pickerel (pike these should be called) fight so long and hard as these did. It would be in very bad taste not to call fishing for such fish good sport, whatever may be the habits of the same fish in other waters or at other times.

How to Broil a Pike.

We now went ashore to prepare our fish for cooking, and here again I had my notions about pike changed materially. I had never believed they were really good to eat, but this was simply ignorance on my part. They are good, and mighty good, if you know how to prepare and cook them. In this I had a lesson. Mr. Phelps first skinned the smaller of the pike, leaving a vast white carcass of yellow-white, firm flesh, showing all the interlacing muscles which had been making trouble for the little bass rod an hour before. Then he very deftly cut apart the flesh along the back line—the fins had already been removed—and the first thing we knew there lay two long strips of the flesh, almost entirely boneless, the backbone and nearly all the ribs being left attached to the skeleton, which was attached to the head. These two long strips of pike tenderloin he carefully washed, and taking about one and a half of them—for our fish was almost too large to be eaten outright—he led the way up to a certain grassy knoll that he knew very well, and proceeded to show me still more about the possibilities of the pickerel.

"Get me some wood," he said to us, "and I will show you a broiled fish pretty soon. Don't pick up just any old wet wood or rotten sticks you see lying about, but get me some clean, dry sticks, broken off from a tree that is dead and seasoned, but not lying down on the ground. You will find a dead ironwood tree just yonder, and that is the hardest, heaviest and best wood to burn that grows in these woods. I want my fuel from that tree, because the art of broiling depends first of all upon the fire."

We brought an armful of this stubborn, tough, close-grained hardwood, and Mr. Phelps built a fire of it, and then calmly sat down and waited. In a quarter or half an hour he had a bed of glowing coals several inches deep. The fire had made no smoke and the coals made no smoke, but they were red hot. Over this bed of coals Mr. Phelps adjusted his broiler, with his tenderloin of pike clamped firmly therein. First he seared the surface at the heat, and after the cooking had well begun he put on abundance of pepper and salt, and as the surface began to brown he began to baste it with butter, not poor butter, but good fresh sweet butter. Gradually the color of the tenderloin began to turn brown, dark brown, deep brown, deeper brown. Carrington and I protested that the fish was done, and that he was trying to kill us by such delay; but inexorably he broiled on, never adding a stick to the bed of redhot coals, which held heat enough for all that was demanded of them. Meantime, with one hand, Mr. Phelps had made at the edge of the fire a pot of coffee, which was sending up a most gracious aroma. I recognized in him at once that rare and precious being—a good woods cook. Stern as fate was he about his tenderloin, heeding no importunities. The brown surface began to crack apart and flake open, though never a bit of burning occurred. At length Mr. Phelps sighed and took away his broiler from the fire. We all sighed, and fell upon the tenderloin, exulting. Boneless, flaky, delicious was this tenderloin of pike. Still with one hand Mr. Phelps went on with his cookery, and soon had toasted in the broiler a number of slices of bread, each done to a nicety, and none burned or disfigured. Herewith we ate our tenderloin of pike, our big basket furnishing forth sundry and divers other articles for outdoor lunch made and provided. Let no man scoff more at pike, either upon the rod or upon the table, for by so doing he but proclaims his ignorance, even as I did before this memorable day.

How to Make a Pike Bait.

While upon the subject of pike, let me tell of something else I learned that day on Minnetonka. "I will show you the best pike bait on earth," said Mr. Phelps, when we had finished cleaning our big pike. So saying, he took up the discarded head of the fish and began a careful dissection of the white, pearly, tough skin which covered the

lower jaw. He began at the base of the gills and peeled this white skin off carefully clear to the point of the lower jaw. He then had a forked bit of white substance about 6in. long, dimly suggestive of a frog with its spread legs.

"You put this bait on the hook of a big spoon and troll or cast with it," said he. "I have always found a frog on a spoon hook the best bait I could use for pickerel, and this is equally as good or perhaps better, and has the further merit of being indestructible. I shall take these two baits home with me and pickel them in brine. This will not destroy their brilliance at all, and these two baits will last me all the season. It makes no difference how many fish you take on this bait, it never is hurt by the teeth of the fish, for it is tough as leather."

Of course everybody has used the "throat latch" of the wall-eyed pike as a bait for a trolling spoon, or has used the same bait or a fin for a trout bait on the single hook, but this was not the throat cover of the fish, but the skin of the lower jaw. Mr. Phelps did as he said with his baits, and five days later, when I dropped off at the lake on my way home, he used one of the baits and caught on it the only fish we took on a lazy afternoon of fishing. On the same afternoon that we caught the two big pike he used this bait on his big spoon and had two strikes to my one all the time, I casting with spoon and frog beside him. We took no bass on this bait, as it was probably too large, but for a lure for big pike I doubt if it can be beaten. At the time of our fishing the bass had apparently taken to the deep water and we got but one, which Carrington took, nicely casting frog. This fish weighed 3½lbs. and was a fighter also. It might have been the season of the year, or the depth of the water, or what not, but surely the Minnetonka fish gave us a lot of sport. Without exception they were clean, bright, healthy looking fish, and far superior to fish taken in shallow and weedy waters.

A Double Fireplace.

After our lunch we went over to Mr. Zimmerman's island, effecting a landing without opposition, for the inhabitants were all away. None the less we went into the house and saw all Mr. Zimmerman's pictures, some the originals of his well-known ducking scenes, others of which he keeps at his studio in St. Paul. And we also made open exploration of Mr. Zimmerman's fireplace. When he built this fireplace the stone masons thought Mr. Zimmerman crazy and at first refused to do the work, which they executed at all only with many shakings of the head. In short, this fireplace is a double one and serves for two rooms. It therefore has no back at all, so that if you want to see the back of the fire in one room you can go into the next room, where the back of the fire is the front of the fire in the other room. This is plain, I hope. If there is no fire burning you can go into the next room right through the fireplace, which is only the expansion and cutting away of a wide section of the bottom of the big chimney. Of course, theoretically this sort of an open-faced fireplace must smoke and be troublesome to the last degree, but the perversity of things is shown in the fact that it does nothing of the kind, but is just a great big, smokeless, comfortable camp-fire in the middle of the house. It requires a great deal of courage and insistence to really have an idea which is new, people are so hostile about it. There are so many stone masons in the world.

On another time Mr. Phelps and I rode all over his domain—a couple of miles across, all timbered with the primeval forests and as wild looking as though it were in the wilderness of upper Minnesota instead of at the door the great Twin Cities—and had still further opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beauties of lovely Minnetonka. From the high bluffs along the curving shores, which some day will hold hotels and cottages, I suppose, we could see the great lake stretching away to every point of the compass, arm on arm and wide sea after sea. This seems to be the southernmost of the big Minnesota series of fresh-water lakes, though I am told the Mille Lacs are larger. Minnetonka seems held back by some sort of ledge which dams it back and up from the level of the Mississippi River Valley, its outlet being the Minnehaha Creek, which has to take a big drop to get to the level of the great river. It is a singular fact that the small-mouthed black bass and the wall-eyed pike are not found in Minnetonka—more shame to the fish commission—the game fish there being represented by the pike (*Esox lucius*) and the large-mouth bass. The small-mouth bass, the wall-eyed pike and the muscallonge are all found in the Mississippi waters of that region. I am disposed to think the big-mouth bass and the pike are glacial in their origin like the niggerhead boulder and the church sociable Anyhow, in Indiana, which is glacial in the upper tier of counties, there are no wall-eyes or small-mouthed bass, though many sociables and boulders.

Wild Rice.

All the shallow bays of Minnetonka are filled with the wild rice which makes the great attraction for the myriads of wildfowl in all the great system of lakes over the State. The many ducks which used to make such fine shooting when Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman first moved in on Minnetonka have now gone the way of all flesh, but the wild rice grows as tall and beautiful as ever. On one of the islands of the lake live a half-breed and his family who do a good business in selling the wild rice, which they retail, if memory serves me rightly, at 25 cents a quart, or a pint, or a gallon, I don't know which. But I do know that wild rice is exceedingly good to eat, for Mrs. Phelps had some cooked for us, and it was delicious. It is the correct thing with mallard or teal in a Minnesota duck camp. The Indians knock off the long-bearded heads into their boats as they push through the tall rice, and afterward parch away the beards of the grain. It then is ready for sale or for the cooking pot. It has the shape of long, dark covered cylinders a trifle larger around than a needle and perhaps half an inch or so in length. When cooked these grains swell up even more than those of the domestic rice, though the result is a dish of not pure white, but dirty brownish and white grains. It is very sweet, and far more delicate than the tame rice, and there is no husk to it at all, contrary to appearance. When Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman and I pitch our mallard camp—when dreams come true—we are going to cook wild rice with our mallards every day.

Ways of a Tame Fox.

At Mr. Phelps's home camp on Minnetonka there were of course a number of pets about, including Poule d'Eau, a litter of seven puppies, a rattle-headed retriever called Buffalo and a faithful old pointer called Tige, now almost upon the verge of dissolution after a long life of glory in the open country. Poor old Tige! It is one of the saddest things of sportsmanship to have to see a favorite bird dog grow old and helpless. Tige was so helpless he could not walk far, but was anxious as ever to go when he saw us start out along the woods road. He would walk a little way and then give in, lying down in the road and whining pitifully at realizing that his strength was gone forever.

But most interesting of all the home menagerie was the red fox called Roxie, one of the oddest pets I ever saw. Roxie is about two or three years old, but much smaller than an adult red fox should be, thanks to a life of captivity. In her youth Roxie would bite any hand extended to her, but her owner whipped her so conscientiously that he broke her entirely of that habit; so that she is now harmless. Roxie is, however, too wild by ineradicable nature ever to be on terms of close friendship with many. Mrs. Phelps can pick her up at will as though she were a kitten, but no one else can catch her without pulling her in by the chain to which she is attached. Sometimes I would thus get her up to reaching distance and would scratch her ear, an operation much relished by her, and sometimes she would eat from one's hand; but always she did this under protest, with little whines and grunts of protest and contempt. As nearly as I could tell, that was just the feeling Roxie had for human beings—one of contempt. Sometimes she would stand and look at one with her eyes half closed, in the most unmistakably cynical fashion one ever saw, showing plainly enough what was her estimate of humanity. All day long Roxie was rarely still, but was running full length of the chain most of the time, and very often carrying in her mouth a chip or bit of wood, which was her fashion of play. She would dig holes in the earth to some depth, but preferred to hide in her hollow log, which served as a kennel. With the retriever puppy, a round, curly little fellow a few weeks old, she was on the best of terms, and would play with it by the hour, never hurting it in the least, though often its sharp teeth must have hurt her ears. At night, when shut up in her log house, Roxie would utter a loud wail of protest, a curious indescribable whining howl, blended with a snuffle and cough. None of the dogs about the house ever troubled Roxie, and they seemed included in her general contempt for all things mundane. Roxie was always busy with her own thoughts, and it was impossible to evade the conviction that her constant thought was of freedom. It is curious that this animal was always willing to be taken away from the house into the woods, but never willing to come back again. Mrs. Phelps often took her out in the woods for a walk, or carried her along in her arms; but Mrs. Phelps says that no matter how long the walk or how devious, the fox always knew when the turn was made for home, and would then invariably lie down on the ground and utter a loud and pitiful cry of protest at being taken back.

One night after my visit the fox managed to break away with her chain dragging and escaped into the woods, much to the sorrow of the family, who value the little creature very much. Several hours elapsed before anything was done toward her recovery, and then Mr. Phelps bethought him of a neighbor a few miles away who had a pack of foxhounds. A grand fox hunt was at once put in operation, and the dogs trailed about over the big tract of woodland on Mr. Phelps's peninsula for some time, often apparently running a hot scent. The fox seemed to have made not for the high grounds, but for the meadows and edges of the rice swamps beyond the timber, for here was where the hounds clung. Nothing came of it the first day, and on the second day it was dry and hot and no success was had. At length Mr. Phelps saw a faint trail in the dust of the road which looked like the drag of the chain, and the young foxhounds here took up the running and soon began to bay. Running in to them, Mr. Phelps found Roxie tangled by the chain in the high grass, saved only by the youth and inexperience of the hounds from an ignominious death. Roxie was taken up and carried home, still grinning as contemptuously and cynically as ever.

The Rails n the Rice.

When we were about the lake on our fishing trips at Minnetonka we could always hear the merry voices of myriads of rails in the wild rice, and often would make some sudden noise or rap on the boat for the purpose of hearing the noisy chorus they would set up after the fashion of their kind. "I love to hear those little fellows," said Mr. Phelps, "for they remind me of the old mallard days in the up country. They were there in the wild rice as they are here, and their note is one of the familiar and pleasant sounds always associated with those days. People ask me if these rails could be shot here as they get them in the East, but I don't suppose a boat could be pushed through the rice here, and besides I would not think of shooting these little fellows. I keep them for my orchestra. Hear them chatter, day and night! Always there is a cheery sound to a rail's voice, some way."

It was pleasant to idle about Minnetonka, to row, to sail, to watch boat races, to catch big fish and eat them, to wonder about the big Indian mounds (many of them dotted with trees as thick as a man's body, and all of them to be found upon the highest and most sightly points about the lake), to study geology, and ichthyology, and forestry, and cookery, and natural history and many other useful things; to listen to rail birds in the rice, and to wish you could see Poule d'Eau carrying a mallard instead of a stick. Minnetonka is a sermon and a lesson. All this leisure, all this wealth, all this longing to be with nature in spite of all the hurry and worry of business life, is proof enough of the pleasant dogma of FOREST AND STREAM. The people of America need rest and realize it. Minnetonka is a great resting place for thousands of people. All through the summer thousands of folk come here and rest, to depart when winter comes for the intense struggle of the American business life. At the time of my trip there the season was just drawing to a close. As old Tige lay by the smouldering camp-fire on the morning of my departure, a brown leaf, broken from its stem, whirled and fluttered down like a crippled bird and fell close by his gray muzzle. Evidently the end of things was to come again. But after the end is the beginning, and next year Minnetonka will be there as young and a cheerful as ever, and as openly proclaiming the dogma o FOREST AND STREAM.

E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

Red Mascalonge.

ON my way to the Metabetchouan River, at Lake St. John, for ouananiche, I spent a little time in Montreal, and called on my friend, Dr. W. H. Drummond, president of the St. Maurice Club. He told me that a friend had sent him the day before a red mascalonge, and he wished that I might have seen it before it was cooked. A red mascalonge was something new to me, for I had never even heard of such a fish before, and while we were talking about it the friend who caught it came in. He is Mr. J. Stevenson Brown, of Montreal, and he told me that the fish was caught in a tributary of the Ottawa River called Back River, as it runs back of the city of Montreal. The red mascalonge are uncommon and it is only occasionally that one is taken, although "black mascalonge" are common enough. The red mascalonge has a red tail and red fins, "the red being the color of a maple leaf in autumn or the red of the setting sun." In every other particular except the red coloring they resemble the "black mascalonge," but they are considered a rare fish, and because of its rarity it was presented to his friend. In saying it was a rare fish I was not to get the impression that it was a freak fish, for they were recognized as distinctively a variety of the ordinary mascalonge. All the pike family are inclined to highly colored fins at some seasons, but a mascalonge with pure red tail and fins is new to me.

Black Mascalonge.

The use of the term black mascalonge led me to inquire about the fish, and I found that the ordinary mascalonge of the Ottawa River was unspotted, like the Wisconsin mascalonge and Kentucky pike, although both are structurally the same as the spotted mascalonge of the St. Lawrence. Dr. Drummond and Mr. Brown informed me that the spotted mascalonge was not known in the Ottawa or its tributaries, but the black fish was abundant, probably more abundant than in any tributary of the St. Lawrence. At Isle Perrot, about fifteen miles above the city of Montreal, it is not uncommon to take half a dozen fish per boat in a day, and they run as high as 50lbs. each in weight.

The black mascalonge are probably the same as the unspotted mascalonge of the West and the Kentucky pike. The common pike, the fish that is generally called pickerel in New York State, is caught with the mascalonge, but both the red and black mascalonge have the proportionately shorter upper jaw characteristic of the mascalonge, and their heads are fuller in front of the eyes. This Mr. Brown mentioned to show that the mascalonge had not been confused in any way with the pike, for his catch in one day consisted of red and black muscalonge and pike.

The Red Ibis Fly.

There are times when trout will take the red ibis fly to the exclusion of other artificial flies, and anglers have often wondered what there was in nature that the trout could mistake the red ibis for, as there seems to be no red fly as red as the artificial red ibis. Mr. Brown, who is an entomologist of repute, told me that he had found a beetle that in the water was as red as the red of the red ibis, but when the beetle was taken from the water it assumed a brick-red color. His idea was that this beetle, which is not common, was known to trout in some waters as a rare tidbit, and in such waters when the red ibis was cast on the water it was taken by the trout for the red beetle.

Within two weeks after talking with Mr. Brown in Montreal, I was fishing for trout in Lac des Passes, of the Triton Club's preserve, and for the first time in years I put a red ibis fly on my cast, for I have never been partial to the red ibis for trout, and the trout took it that day in preference to anything else I could or did offer them. Later when I put a Parmachenee-belle and a red ibis on the same cast the belle had the call with the fish. This result was pleasing to me, for I argued that I had not been wrong during all the years that my fly books were barren of red ibis trout flies. But every one with whom I talked, who had fished the Triton Club waters, said that a fly in which red predominated was the more killing fly. To satisfy myself I one day put a Parmachenee-belle and a Marston's fancy, which has no red in it, on the same cast, and the first fish that I hooked were a brace of trout weighing 5lbs., one of 2½lbs. and the other 2½lbs. One had taken the Parmachenee-belle and the other the Marston's fancy, while the third fly, a professor, attracted no attention from the fish. The trout seemed to take both the flies first mentioned impartially and yet the largest trout I hooked was on the professor. Except for one afternoon, when the red ibis was the favorite, no flies that I used were taken so readily as the Parmachenee-belle and the Marston's fancy, and there seemed to be little choice between them; but when these two flies were taken I would sometimes get a third trout on the third fly, whatever it happened to be, until I fished with two flies only.

"The Biggest Fish Gets Away."

It has come to be a saying that the largest fish gets away after it has been hooked. Certainly it is not in the nature of things that the smallest fish should get away. It's natural for the largest fish, if any, to get away, for it has the best right to get away. Never, I believe, have I told in cold type of losing my largest fish, for that is a part of angling that is understood without explanation or diagram, but I will tell of losing one large fish because it was through my own stupidity and it will do me good to confess it, and will explain one cause of losing the biggest fish. One afternoon at the Triton Club, the present month, the lake was smooth as glass, but here and there a trout could be seen breaking the surface. I was using a fine leader, but my flies were rather large for the leader when the lake was so still, being Nos. 3 and 4 old scale hooks, and I changed the two upper flies; one that I put on was a professor on a No. 10 hook, as I had none in my book larger. During the afternoon I caught a number of trout up to 2½lbs. in weight on this fly, as the canoe was paddled around the lake for me to cast wherever I could see a rising fish. I was really killing time until the evening fishing, when the big trout might be expected to come on the shallows to feed. The professor had become somewhat worn, for Tomah did not remove it from the mouth of a fish with the gentlest hand, my chief desire being to put the fish back in the water as quickly as possible uninjured, and I said to him that before the evening fishing

commenced I would take the professor off and put on a fly with heavier gut. About 5 o'clock I came to the mouth of the pass where my friend Mr. Rathbone was fishing, and he said there was nothing there over 1½lbs. and he was going to the next pass for the evening fishing, and I told him I would remain there, for I thought the big trout would be coming in in about an hour, judging from my experience in the same place the evening before. Mr. Rathbone started through the pass and I put my rod down in the canoe to fill my pipe, still talking with Rathbone as his canoe was disappearing in the bend in the pass. The pipe lighted, I took up my rod; I had really no intention of doing any real fishing for an hour, as Rathbone had been on the spot two hours, but with the rod in my hand I made a cast, when there was a boil on the water, and I struck. The next moment the line was disappearing from my reel at a rate which told me I had hooked one monster fish or two big ones, and I thought what an ass I was to leave that professor, with its thin, worn gut, on my cast. With his paddle Tomah backed the canoe toward the middle of the lake in the direction that the fish had already taken. After some good fighting I reeled the fish up near the stern of the canoe and Tomah exclaimed: "Two: one big one—six pounds!"

"Which fly is the big fish on?"

"Can't see; but the big fish is on top."

That was not encouraging, for the stretcher fly was all right, and "on top" might mean the second or third fly, and they were not all right. A moment later Tomah announced to me, "Big fish on middle fly."

Shades of my piscatorial ancestors, who will rise up and call me an angling chump; the middle fly was the professor! I soon got a sight of the fish, and they worked like a well-broken team, swimming together like two souls with but a single thought—to get away together in the same direction. Two or three times I brought them near to the canoe, and Tomah took one hand from the paddle to grasp the landing net. "Don't try to net them until I tell you, and then save only the big fish; let the other fellow go if he will."

I drew them along parallel to the canoe, with their dorsal fins out of water, and saw clearly that one was nearly twice as large as the other, and concluded that Tomah was a good judge of the weight of a fish in the water. The smaller fish turned on its side, and the larger acted as though he had about enough of it, and then in my own mind I determined to save them both. Slowly I reeled and drew them toward the canoe, and they came together so nicely, the big fish, a female, showing her white belly, and the smaller fish dressed in red that the males assume when the autumn leaves begin to fall, and I thought this is too easy! Nearer and nearer they came, and I had to restrain Tomah, who wished to put the net in the water, for I was not cock sure that the trout were ready for it, although both were turning on their sides and righting themselves again 10ft. from my face. I swung them gradually toward the stern of the canoe, yet still prepared for a last run, when suddenly there was a splash and a boil in the water, and two hearts no longer beat as one; for in the last frenzy the trout had darted in an opposite direction, and by sheer force of weight the larger fish had parted the thin gut above the professor and was gone at the very moment I had about decided that she was my fish. The male fish was soon in the net, and when placed on the scales weighed 3¼lbs., and I told Tomah that he made a good guess at the weight of the big one that got away. As a rule, I do not turn a hair at the loss of a big fish, for I have been through the operation too many times, and have become philosophical, or hardened, or indifferent, whichever is the right term, and usually go through it without missing a puff on my pipe; but here was a case where I lost the biggest fish through my own stupidity, when I knew well that disaster was sure to follow the retention of a weak fly on my cast, and ever since that moment when the big trout disappeared with a final flirt of its tail in the direction of my face, while its head pointed toward the bottom of the lake with the broken professor in its jaw, I have been trying to convince myself that I was glad of it. Certainly if any one else should lose a big fish through tackle that he knew was defective when he put it in use, at a time when he had plenty of sound tackle to replace it, he would not get much sympathy from me, and I know of no good reason why, under similar circumstances, I should have any sympathy for myself; and perhaps I am glad that I lost Tomah's 6-pounder, for if I should hook another it will not be on a defective fly of which I have been forewarned by personal examination.

If I wished to excuse myself, which I do not, I might say that I was not expecting a big fish, for my friend had been fishing the place for two hours and he said there were no big fish there, and further, I did not expect any big trout to come in for an hour. The answer to that is that under such circumstances, if I believed what I thought I did, I should have kept the rod and the weak fly in the canoe and not have monkeyed with it on the water where big trout were liable to be at any moment. If a man puts his flies on the water he must put them there in a proper condition to take the kind of fish that are known or supposed to inhabit the water. I knew I was fishing for big fish, knew that big fish were in the lake, and Rathbone and I had agreed to kill no trout under 2lbs. in weight. I knew that I had over and over hooked two and three fish at a time, and knowing all this I deliberately presented a fly that was so weakened that while it would hold a 6lb. trout alone delicately handled, it would not hold such a fish if one of the other flies should be taken by a big fish not in accord with the first one. Any one who will do this sort of thing deserves to lose his big fish.

How Pike Came to Long Lake.

Last summer, when the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission and a special Legislative Committee were going through the Adirondacks to the John Brown farm, which was to be turned over to the keeping of the Commision, the party passed through Long Lake. It was a day's journey from the Sagamore Hotel on Long Lake to Wawbeek Lodge on Upper Saranac, with no hotel between, and it was decided to have a guide's dinner at Racquette River carry. An extra guide was sent down from the Sagamore early in the morning with provisions and cooking utensils, and when my boat reached the carry I found this guide to be Jeremiah Plumley, brother of "Honest John" Plumley, made famous by Murray in his Adirondack Wilderness.

Jerry Plumley was born sixty-two years ago in what was then known as St. John's Clearing, now the town of Long Lake, and he was the first child born in the clearing. He says that when he was a boy Long Lake was like a vast spring hole filled with trout, and in raspberry time no other bait was required for trout than one of the berries on the hook, as the trout took them readily.

I asked Jerry if he could tell me the exact date of the introduction of pike, the so-called pickerel, into Long Lake, and the circumstances surrounding it. He said the pike were brought from Harris Lake in Newcomb, and were brought to Long Lake and planted by Lysander Hall, Robert and William Shaw, but he would send me the date and other particulars when he returned where he could consult some records. I had fished Long Lake and Racquette River, particularly the foot of the rapids above Mother Johnson's, before the advent of the pike, and knew that they must have been planted within the last thirty years. Jerry thinks Hall was instigated by spite against a fishing club that formerly fished near Mother Johnson's, of which David Banks (then David Banks, Jr.) was a prominent member, although he claimed with the two Shaws that trout fishing was no longer of sufficient importance to attract visitors, and it was desirable to have fishing of some kind in the lake. Years ago I talked with David Banks about the Lysander Hall incident, but the particulars have all gone from my memory; still to the best of my recollection Hall was discharged from the employ of the club for cause, and was instrumental in procuring the pike more for the injury they would do the trout fishing than from any good they would do; but I never heard that this was the motive of the Shaw brothers, particularly Robert Shaw, whom I knew as a minister, justice of the peace and all-round pooh bah of Long Lake.

Jerry Plumley writes that he was in error about the pike coming from Harris Lake (by the way, Harris Lake is now a good black bass lake), that they were caught in Woodruff Pond by Richard Parker and by Hall and the Shaws, as stated; they were brought to Long Lake and planted in April, 1867, and this was the beginning of the end of trout fishing in Long Lake and even in adjoining waters, where the pike have found their own way or been transplanted by man through ignorance or malice. Long Lake in its primitive condition must have been a perfect lake for trout, for both the lake and brook trout found therein were noted even in my day for their perfection of quality and their rich red flesh, showing the highest possible food conditions.

This was the case in Indian Lake, now given over to pike, and it is the case still in the Seven Chain of Lakes.

To think that such a lake as Long Lake and tributaries should now be infested with pike, and that the trout should be exterminated, is sufficient to make one execrate those who are responsible for this state of affairs, provided they really did it through malice.

But to this day waters are being stocked with fish wholly unsuitable for them, and it is done with a desire to improve the fishing, not through spite, but errors of this kind are as difficult to undo as the spiteful planting of predaceous fish and the result is the same.

A. N. Cheney.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, who writes to inquire about the food of Lake Winnepesaukee bass, is quite right when he concludes that there is an abundance of natural food in the lake which rather detracts from its attractiveness as an angling resort. The lake has been abundantly stocked with smelt from the Lakeport fish hatchery, and while this is no doubt a good thing for the fish, it is rather a poor thing for the angler. Too much fish food quite often deteriorates angling waters as much as over fishing; however, the first is preferable to the latter, and let us be thankful that it is so instead of being fished out, as some other waters are.

Black bass are fastidious fish under the best of circumstances, and, as every angler knows, there is no lure which is sure to attract them any one day. In Lake Winnepesaukee, however, they seem to have reconciled themselves to a diet of young smelt almost exclusively, and they merely take a fly or spoon occasionally, with the idea of having a romp with it and perhaps to keep "their hand in," as one fisherman expressed it. I have fished this lake quite industriously for the last two years, and my luck on bass has been such that I would be ashamed to have it known how many I didn't catch. Of those which did manage to measure their length on the bottom of my boat I invariably found that their stomachs were filled with smelt about 1 or 2in. long, and there was little, if any, trace of any other food.

The smelt are wonderfully numerous in the lake; in the winter and early spring shoals of thousands and thousands may be seen through the ice on almost any sandy beach along the shore. When the ice goes out in the spring the smelt run up the brooks to spawn, and at such times the natives around the lake go out with dip-nets in the night time and dip them out of the brooks by the bushel. I know of a party of four men who went to the Sandwich Brook last spring and in one night filled six bushel baskets with smelt, and claimed that they would have got as many more if they had had baskets to put the fish into. These smelt are not nearly as large as the salt-water smelt, although I have no doubt that they would grow quite as big if given the chance.

Another fish recently planted in the lake supplies a large amount of food to the lake trout. This is what is locally known as the "shad waiter," but in reality seems to be the whitefish, or whiting, of the great lakes. I have never had a satisfactory explanation of the exact identity of this fish, and perhaps some one else may be able to enlighten me on the subject. They are caught mostly in the winter time, and in deep water, 50 to 70ft. Some of the local fishermen claim that they are not the whitefish, and are not fit to eat—only fit for trout bait—but I know that the contrary is true, as I have relished them on many an occasion.

Winter fishing for lake trout is quite a—I was going to say "industry"—sport on Lake Winnepesaukee. It includes many discomforts and few fish in return, but it gives one a good excuse for an outing at a time when the surrounding mountains are clad in white and crowned with glistening, pearly diadems. A sunrise on a frosty morning on Lake Winnepesaukee is a rare treat.

Ice-fishing for lake trout consists in "bobbing" a piece of cut fish at the end of about 40 or 50ft. of silk line fo an indefinite period or until you have a strike. As soon as a strike is felt up shoots the arm and the line is hauled in hand over hand without a stop until the trout lies floundering on the ice. There is no playing of the fish, and if you average one or two bites a day you are doing well. One man usually has from two to six holes which he fishes at the same time, going from one to the other and bobbing a little while at each. Snow or brush is piled up on the windward side to secure some comfort, but withal it is rather poor sport unless one is endowed with a large share of the virtue of patience and is fond of winter scenery. Most of the fishermen are local parties and few sportsmen have hardihood enough to expose themselves to the rigors of a Winnepesaukee winter, but there are a few who go there regularly every winter and enjoy it. The local men sell their fish almost entirely to the storekeepers, who ship them to the market outside of the State, which is against the New Hampshire law. At one of these stores I once tried to buy a copy of Forest and Stream, when the worthy owner told me that he did not keep it and would "not give it house room." He said that if it was not for that blankety sheet they would not have to be so careful about shipping their trout, and all buying of trout out of season was ruined by the agitation of that blankety sheet. Verily, Mr. Editor, we love you for the enemies you have made.

Matterhorn.

Wells River, Vt.

DELAWARE RIVER SALMON AND OTHER SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the editorial columns of Forest and Stream for Sept. 26 the statement is made that planted salmon are appearing in the Delaware River, and the sentiment is expressed that "it is preposterous that the enterprise should be defeated by the lawlessness of the gang of spearers who infest these waters." I fear that the enterprise will be defeated by the combined forces of the spearers and the shad netters. We are to judge of future history by past history. By consulting past history we learn that each individual salmon is a fine prize easily captured by the stupidest fisherman, with spear or net; and the temptation to catch him is too great to be resisted by the people who live near the streams and who have no difficulty in discovering the resting pools and the shallow-water spawning beds of these great active acrobats. In the European countries, where poachers are promptly and severely dealt with, salmon poaching cannot be stopped. In this country the Province of Quebec has the best salmon regulations, because leases of salmon property give a large annual income to the Government, and yet I have heard natives boast of spearing salmon on the spawning beds in such well-protected streams as the Bay Chaleur waters—and in the streams down east on the Gulf coast nets are set in the resting pools almost without regard for the authorities. The population is small, the people are all loyal to each other in poaching matters, and the Government inspector's approach is heralded long in advance of his coming. There are many rivers which the inspector does not visit anyway.

On the eastern Quebec coast the herring nets capture great quantities of the smolts; and in some places the cod traps, which pay no salmon license, catch many more salmon than the licensed netters. It is said that the cod trappers are allowed to ruin the codfishing and the salmon fishing because they belong to the influential class which has the strongest pull with the politicians. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Cape Breton most of the salmon rivers have been poached until they have become unattractive to the rod fisherman, but the worst poaching at the present time is being done in Newfoundland. Last June I counted eleven salmon nets in the first half mile of one river (Coal River), and four of the eleven nets barred the stream. A very few salmon manage to get by such obstruction by jumping over the nets. The inhabitants on that river told me that a few years ago the stream furnished annually ten barrels of salmon to two short nets, and they could not understand why the fishing this year was a failure and no one caught a barrelful. On two other salmon streams I found nets at the only resting pools, and the big resting pool in the north branch of the Humber River is netted as a matter of course by natives who have no hesitation about telling of their catches. The authorities are not likely to catch any of the poachers, because they go at it in a ponderous way with war ships. One might as well "hunt ducks with a brass band." No sooner does the man-of-war appear at any part of the coast than the nets are expeditiously stowed away by the natives. I have talked with natives from North Labrador to Codroy River and they all say that the salmon resting pools in the rivers are netted and speared as a matter of course. The population is increasing as the salmon are decreasing, and the future for salmon fishing is pretty dark. Almost all of the Newfoundland streams would yield a good income to the Government, but the salmon fisherman who goes up there and looks over the streams decides not to invest his money. The Codroy River is an exception in that its salmon are protected, because there are summer visitors camped on the pool during a greater part of the season.

While there appears to be no doubt that the Atlantic coast rivers from the Delaware to Maine could be restocked with salmon, but in these rivers the white fisherman has shown his superiority over the Indian by his ability to catch the last salmon in the river and thus cut off his supply. If salmon reappear in the Delaware they will be speared on the shallow-water spawning beds as in days of yore, but the greatest obstacle will probably be in the shad nets. Salmon run into shad nets freely because they have confidence in their ability to smash any kind of net, but the gauntlet is too long in our shad rivers. I have known a good many shad fishermen and none of them were strongly addicted to the habit of putting captured salmon back in the river.

Robert T. Morris.

New York.

Black Bass Stocking in New Jersey.

I have received during the past month a considerable number of applications for black bass and pickerel, but investigation shows that in only a very few instances were the waters sought to be stocked adapted for that purpose. The United States Fish Commissioner has complied with the requests of a number of our citizens for black bass in suitable waters. Under the circumstances I would respectfully suggest that no attempt be made this year of transferring fish from one water to another, the number of applications entitled to favorable consideration being

altogether out of proportion to the cost of instituting the work.

As a favorable opportunity presented itself for obtaining small-mouthed bass in Sussex county, 188 of these fish were placed in Culver's Lake, making a total of 236 adult small-mouthed bass placed in that water during the past year.—*Protector Shriner's Report for September.*

"POPSKINNY."

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12 Mr. A. C. Stott, of Stottville, N. Y., kindly corrects my phonetic spelling of the name of the creek where we boys fished, and gives it "Popscheny," as taken from an old map published in 1776 "by act of Parliament." He writes me under date of Sept. 18 as follows: "I have been much interested in looking up the earliest recorded spelling of this word. In the 'History of the City of Albany, New York,' by A. J. Weise, published in Albany in 1884, I find a full account of the early Dutch settlement of that part of our State. * * * Again, quoting Weise's own words: 'In order to possess an extent of land on the east side of the river equal to that which he [Killian Van Rensselaer, the original Patroon] had purchased on the west side, the Patroon instructed Jacob Albertyen Planck, the first sheriff of Rensselaerwyck, to buy from the Indians the tract of land called Papsickenekas, extending southward from a point opposite Swack Island. This additional land was purchased on the 30th of April, 1637.' According to Weise, Castle Island is the one directly in front of Albany, on which the warehouses now stand. This being correct, the distance from a point opposite Castle Island to a point opposite Swack Island, on the east side of the river, covers the present site of East Albany and Greenbush. As Papsickenekas was the name by which this tract of land was then known, is it not more than probable that your 'Popskinny' and the English 'Popscheny' are derived from the original Indian or Dutch name? The name does not appear in the 'Index to Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York.'"

Now enters into the field my lifelong friend Col. David A. Teller, of Greenbush, whose ancestral estate lies upon the banks of the water with the disputed name. He had been invited to look up the old titles and see if any of the lawyers who drew the deeds for his family in the long ago could spell a word of three syllables. His answer was delayed so long that I began to think he would not reply because of a certain transaction in apples some years ago. He claims that John Atwood and I did feloniously and with premeditation despoil his favorite apple tree of its fruit in A. D. 1847. Generously overlooking private animosities, he writes: "I have been so crippled with rheumatism that I could not hold a pen to write you until now. * * * As to that creek, concerning which there has been a discussion about the spelling of its name, I will try to settle the point for all time. You are wrong. You always did march left in front and I am not surprised that you did not get this right.*

"After a thorough and exhaustive search through the old deeds of my farm I find that all who have engaged in this spelling match are wrong. It isn't a creek at all and never was one. It is a 'kill' pure and simple, and this is the way it is spelled in all of our old papers: 'Papskanee Kill.' Paste this in your hat to preserve in case you put your reveries in book form."

There you have it! Who shall decide when doctors disagree? It is safe to say that when Col. Teller's mind is entirely diverted from apples he would pronounce the name "Popskinny," as I have used it; but if he should have that valuable fruit in mind he might say: "The name of that kill—it is not a creek, sir—is Papskanee, sir! Emphasis on the 'pap,' sir."

Here in the hands of these eminent investigators of musty records I will leave the question, only to be renewed when Col. Teller and I fight our battles over in his mansion on the banks of the Popskinny. F. M.

* The apple transaction is evidently in mind.

AT LAKE WEBB, ME.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I reported my luck a few weeks ago, and pretty poor luck it was, too. I now report that of a friend. Mr. J. S. Duncklee, the chairman of the Boston board of assessors, is an expert with both rod and gun, and I have passed many enjoyable days with him following the streams in Maine and New Hampshire. He is one of the few men hereabouts who always get several messes of trout in the early spring from the brooks within a dozen miles of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill. In 1887 he made his trip with me to Ward's camps on the Dead Diamond River, and he liked the region so well that he went there half a dozen successive years. Last year and this, however, he passed his vacation at Lake Webb, 'way down in Maine, taking Mrs. D. along. It is of the trip of this season I propose to speak. The weather was not of the best for camp life in the woods, but he always got trout when he went out for them.

On the last day in camp, however, Sept. 22, he had a short period of excitement that was alone worth the journey. Toward night he and Mr. Chase, the proprietor of the camps, took the little steam launch and went up to one of the favorite pools to try for the speckled beauties. They had hardly got the anchor down before the wind began to blow and a young gale was soon making whitecaps all over the lake. Mr. Duncklee used three flies—a Montreal, a coachman and an Alexandra—with a light bethabara rod of his own make. Of course with a wind such as he encountered casting was difficult, but he soon had a strike and brought a pound trout to the net, and for the next three-quarters of an hour he had more sport than he ever before experienced in double that time. He caught five trout that weighed as follows: 1lb., 2lbs., 2lbs., 3lbs., 3½lbs.; total 11½lbs. He was satisfied, and he ought to have been. During his stay he caught one landlocked salmon that gave him plenty of excitement before he was brought to the net.

By the way, let me say how pleased I was to read in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 25 Mr. Barney's brief account of his trip to Ward's old camp on the Dead Diamond. It brought vividly to mind the many happy days I had spent there with Mr. Duncklee and my old camping partner, Jack Riedell, of Manchester. For eight successive years the latter gentleman and I, with Peter Bennett as guide, boated up the river to that beautiful spot, where we caught all the trout we wanted, and where we found all the enjoyments that any reasonable men could expect or desire. WM. B. SMART.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY Park, N. J., Oct. 3.—It would be a relief to record something of interest in relation to surf fishing. Never has September been so devoid of results. The most experienced have been unable to make any catch worthy of note. The bays and rivers have, however, given good results, particularly is this true of Barnegat. Whenever night fishing has been prosecuted weakfish, kingfish and sheepshead have been plentiful; and now the striped bass are working in from the ocean and are biting freely.

Much the same course should be pursued in taking the bass as I have recommended for night weakfishing, with this difference: the bass is best taken along the sedges where the channel runs close in; pay off to the tide with line but little loaded, and results are nearly certain.

Charles Atkins, proprietor of the Ocean Hotel, has just returned from a week's trip at Harvey's Cedars, a favorite fishing resort along Barnegat, and succeeded in taking four red drum or channel bass, of 24½, 32, 35 and 42lbs. respectively. He reports that fishing for all other varieties is pretty poor yet, as the fish are still in the upper portion of the bay.

The cool evenings have started the pickerel biting, and some good catches are being made from the lakes. This usually lasts until freezing weather and gives good sport with proper tackle. White perch, too, are now at their best and are taking the hook freely. LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.
Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.
Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

C. F. T. C. DERBY ENTRIES.

THE entries to the Continental Field Trials Club's Derby on quail number fifty three, of which twelve are pointers. All were born in 1895:

ROBERT EMMETT—J. P. Green's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Sam Gross—Bess R.).
SARSFIELD—J. P. Green's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Opal).
POTOMAC—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Antonio—Countess Rush).
CAROLINE—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush).
ROWE F.—John T. Mayfield's lem. and w. English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
ANTHONY F.—John T. Mayfield's lem. and w. English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
JOSIE FREEMAN—Mayfield & Gude's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
RODFIELD'S BOY—John T. Mayfield's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).
STELLA HOPE—John T. Mayfield's (agt.) l. and w. English setter bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
BILLY T.—W. R. Holliday's b. and w. English setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).
KENO N.—C. E. Nathurst's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Lucifer—Dashing Mamie).
SARAGOSSA BELLE—P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).
DAVE EARL—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).
ALBERT LANG—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).
TARTAR—S. L. James's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Sylph).
GLEAM'S ROY—J. J. Kinnane's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).
FLORENCE GLADSTONE II.—J. D. Poston's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).
ARDALLA CRESSA—J. B. Turner's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rex—Tinney Kent).
ROD'S PELL—H. R. Edward's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Rodfield—Opel).
MINNIE P.—A. C. Peterson's o. and w. English setter bitch (Antonio—Nelly Bly).
PIN MONEY—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. b. English setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).
SHADOW—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. English setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).
SAHIB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Delhi—Selah).
RUPER—Charlottesville F.T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch (Delhi—Selah).
DEACON—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).
SAM HILL—Dr. Jas. McDowell's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Indiana Belle).
AGNES WICKFIELD—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).
DINGLEY DELL—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).
JENNY WREN—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).
RIPPLE—H. S. Smith's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).
MERRY MAIDEN—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).
LUTA L.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Eugene T.—Beryl).
OLIVETTE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Eugene T.—Beryl).
COUNT GLOSTER—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Eugene T.—Gloster Girl).
MAID'S LAD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).
TYRONE—Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Cincinnatus Pride—Gossip).
ABBOTSFORD MARION—Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Cincinnatus Pride—Gossip).
FIREFLY—Jas. S. Crane's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Chippaway II).
ALICE B.—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).
WALTER GLADSTONE—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Gladstone's Boy—Nat's Queen).
ALLOYSIA—Dr. C. I. Shoop's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).
FAIRY KENT—Paul H. Gotzian's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Lad of Beaufort—Daisy Kent).
ALLIE W.—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. English setter bitch (Prince Lucifer—Clare).
TICK TICK—Del Monte Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lula K.).
MOERLEIN—T. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian).
RED SKIN—T. W. O'Byrne's liv. and w. pointer dog (Louis Kent—Fleety Fay).
RODSTONE—N. B. Nesbitt's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Cinch—Rod's Florence).
HURSTBURN ZIP—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).
COUNT ODUM—D. E. Rose's (agt.) o. and w. English setter dog (Count Gladstone—Marie Avent).
CHRISTINA—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).
GUENN—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter bith (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).
ALABAMA GIRL—D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer bitch (Von Arrow—Lady Mull).
ROD GLADSTONE—Wm. Pollard's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

CHICKEN TRIALS.

WITH the admonitory and expensive experience of the Continental Field Trials Club in giving trials on chickens at Kennedy, Minn., recently—an experience which, it is safe to say, will deter it, and all other clubs whose members are non-residents of the chicken country, from ever giving a trial on chickens again, at least on any financial policy which contemplates guaranteed purses—a lesson may be learnt. The club paid a large deficit out of its treasury in settling the chicken trial accounts.

The guaranteed purse, given so many years and so disastrously by most of the field trial clubs, gave the Continental Club one of the discouraging blows which such purse sooner or later, generally sooner, gives to any club which guarantees it.

Speaking generally, there never was at any time any sound financial reason for giving the large guaranteed purses which have been given. Most of them were the outcome of club rivalries, and the large purses, so engendered, reduced the policy and action of the club to the purely commercial, instead of being an institution for the encouragement of wholesome field sports with dog and gun and the improvement of the dog, as the clubs professed their purposes to be. For when the secretary was confronted with a fixed amount of club liability on the one hand and a vague and erratic support on the other, he had to devote all his energies to securing a revenue. In some successful years the club might have a few hundred dollars to its credit, and after several successful years there might even be a few thousand; but the faultiness of the system in the end was sure to work a harm, and not infrequently ruin.

There is no reason why a body of men should guarantee a fixed amount in purses. The field trial clubs are not money-making concerns, and none of them own any property, so that when a member joins, the assets are simply the enthusiasm and good-fellowship of the members, and a common interest and purpose in sport with dog and gun, and the better improvement of the dog.

FOREST AND STREAM pointed out some years ago the fallacy of the field trial clubs' financial policy, but at that time, as the troubles were not directly at hand, the morrow could care for itself. At present all the great clubs of the United States are confronted with possible deficits, and have faced others to the damage of their treasuries—so much so that there is very little treasury left.

It is folly to ignore such important matters on the assumption that they are but temporary and will soon pass away; on the contrary, the clubs pass away and the trouble is constant.

A few years ago, when there was a boom in field dogs, and the swift-galloping dog was eagerly sought because such a dog was the fashion, and his brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts sold at high figures because they had the same blood and color as the dog which had the swift gallop, a large support was brought in by the commercial possibilities. The dog which ran fast was many times found to be an imitation dog, which had the appearance of seeking wide and fast, when, as a matter of fact, he was running because he felt in high spirits; and moreover those times have passed away. The boom has had its rise, progress and decline, and it is the part of common sense to accept the situation as it is.

Field trials should be encouraged, but it should be done on a sound basis. Make them a sweepstake. The competitors then make their own rewards.

The club under such system gives prestige to the event, conducts the competition under orderly conditions and affords impartial arbitration to the competitors. The club members, having paid their dues, have done all that the sport, its intrinsic value and their own personal enthusiasm should require. There should be no financial policy tolerated which will require an assessment.

Of course it will be difficult for those who have encouraged field trials on a commercial basis, and whose interest is in taking the money instead of contributing it, to see the matter in the light herein presented, but it is better to have field trials on the sweepstake plan than not to have any at all. Every club which disbands is so much loss to those who follow the business professionally, for while the club may be in public action but one week of the year, that week does much in making the year's interest permanent throughout the country.

In the great Northwest, in the chicken country where so many thousand sportsmen live and where so many good dogs are owned, the local sportsmen should organize on the sweepstake policy and make trials of their own. Secretaries can be found who will do the work for the good of the cause free of expense, and local judges would officiate at a reasonable compensation. At all events we feel certain that it will be a long time before a club whose members are non-resident will give a field trial on chickens, and unless a different financial policy is adopted there will be fewer to give them on quail.

Aberrations of Fancy.

NOT having been in either Paris or London for some years, I was somewhat startled to see a paragraph in a daily paper in which the various items of a dog's tailoring bill, amounting to £13 odd, were set down; and still more so when I saw, on reading a magazine article on the subject, that this was no isolated case of folly, but that there were a sufficient number of people, who appear to find a difficulty in spending their incomes on sensible or charitable objects, to support a very fashionable canine toilet club in London, and another, on a still larger scale, I believe, in Paris. Now, sir, England being a free country, of course all have the right to spend their own money as they like within certain limits, but surely those limits are exceeded when, to gratify a stupid desire to be conspicuous, or in mere general inanity, they put a noble animal like the dog to such an amount of suffering and humiliation as this craze must cause those unfortunate members of the canine race who happen to possess masters, or rather mistresses, with more money than brains. I pass over the daily bath, or rather shampoo, as it is called, which certainly cannot be good for the dog, and must be so repugnant to his feelings as to make him regard the entrance to the toilet club with much the same feelings as a lost soul might look on the portals of Dante's Inferno. But what can one say of wedding garments, of theater costumes and, for aught I know, ball dresses. Everyone who has kept dogs knows that they are most keenly alive to ridicule, and the amount of canine chaff which a poor little over-dressed Lulu, in tight boots, must undergo during a walk with its mistress, must be more than enough to embitter the rest of its existence. One can only hope that common sense, not to say humanity, will soon step in, or that some new and harmless eccentricity may create a diversion in favor of the poor lap dogs, who henceforth may be allowed to run about in a natural state and not as dressed-up puppets.—*C. H. W. in Field (London).*

Montreal Show Matters.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me through your widely-read columns to express my sincere thanks to those exhibitors who stood to their guns while a malicious and wholly unwarranted attack was being made upon the management of the Montreal dog show. Because the worthy secretary of this Montreal show neglected sending advertisements and news to certain kennel papers one of the "disappointed" advised exhibitors to not make entries. These same dog owners were also asked to believe that the Association, whose list of officers included the names of Sir Donald A. Smith, Sir Joseph Hickson, Samuel Coulson, Esq., Dr. W. H. Drummond and other esteemed citizens, was not "right." In other words, they were given to understand that a prize winner would be paid with nothing more substantial than blue ribbon. The exhibitors responded by rolling up a splendid entry of nearly 500, which for quality was never equaled in Canada. This entry is the more remarkable because Toronto, which was boomed for months and enriched to the amount of many hundreds of dollars by the specialty clubs, did not succeed in getting 520 entries and had a falling off of over 200 since 1892, as well as a reduction of $1 on each fee for entry.

It is a healthy sign that no kennel paper can judge, report, manage shows, deal in dogs and dictate to exhibitors where they shall exhibit; but I thought this was made clear some years ago, and that there would be no further necessity for illustrating the utter folly of the "killing" process when applied to properly conducted dog shows and their judges.

The exact number of entries at Montreal was 478, of which the following were the largest classes: twenty-one St. Bernards, fourteen wolfhounds, seventeen greyhounds, twenty-three foxhounds, twenty-one Irish setters, fifty-three spaniels, thirty-five collies, thirty-three bull terriers, twenty-seven dachshunde, sixty-three fox terriers, twenty-four Irish terriers, fourteen toy spaniels.

CHAS. H. MASON.

The Monongahela Valley Trials.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the field trials the headquarters will be at the same place as last year, Richard S. Scott's, Khedive, Pa. The drawing will take place at 8 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, Oct. 27, at which time the starting fee of $5 must be paid.

The preserve can be reached by boat to Rice's Landing, and there livery accommodations can be secured at Love's livery stable, or by rail to Waynesburgh, where excellent livery service can be obtained at Ganiear & Sayer's livery stable. The boat leaves the wharf, foot of Smithfield street, at 3 P. M. week days and 9 A. M. Sundays. Trains for Waynesburgh leave the Union station at 7:30 A. M. and 2:55 P. M., city time, arriving at Waynesburgh at 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. There is no Sunday train. I shall leave for the preserve Saturday, Oct. 24. Any communications after that date will reach me by addressing me at Homeville, Green county, Pa.

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A somewhat complicated case was decided recently by General Customs Appraiser Wilkinson, at Philadelphia, the case being an appeal from the decision of the local customs appraisers of that port. All the trouble arose over the invoice, which showed that one dog had been shipped from Germany by ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker, whereas three arrived in port, the bitch having whelped *in transitu*. While in Germany Mr. Wanamaker saw a fox terrier bitch in Hagenbeck's Circus, the bitch in question, whose intelligence and tricks so won his admiration that he bought her for 500 marks. The manager informed him that the bitch was in whelp to a dog of excellent breeding, and that her progeny would be of a kind to swell his bosom with pride. The local appraisers had valued the puppies at a figure which called for a duty of $2 per pup; but as it was apparent that the father was all a mistake, an intruder of irrelevant breeding, the duty was reduced one-half. But it is a strange phase of human nature abroad which will permit men to perpetrate frauds in dog matters.

Blanks for the All-Age Stake of the International Field Trials Club can be obtained of the honorary secretary, W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ontario, Can.

The Aberdeen Coursing Club's Meeting, Aberdeen, S. D., scheduled for Sept. 29, ended on Oct. 2. The judging and slipping were good and the jack rabbits were fast. Glenrosa won the Aberdeen cup. In the last day's coursing there were five puppies left in the Derby, named Cashier, Snowbird, and Lady Aberdeen, belonging to Nichols and Ladd, of Mitchell, S. D.; Moonshine, belonging to A. P. Slocum, of Oakes, N. D.; and Lucky Colors, owned in Aberdeen by R. H. Woods. Lucky Colors, being the odd dog, took the bye course. Moonshine beat Cashier, and Snowbird beat Lady Aberdeen. In the next round Moonshine beat Lucky Colors and Snowbird got the bye. Then in the final course Snowbird beat Moonshine. Nichols and Ladd won $200 in first money with Snowbird, besides fourth and fifth moneys with Cashier and Lady Aberdeen. Mr. Slocum got $100 as second money, and Mr. Woods won $50 with Lucky Colors.

The Brunswick Fur Club has sent out invitations to its eighth annual field trials, to be held at Barre, Mass., beginning on Oct. 19. The club headquarters will be at the Hotel Barre. The trials will be judged by Messrs. S. B. Mills and William Jones, Needham, Mass.; Eugene Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; Nathan Stewart, Gorham, N. H., and Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass. The Derby, open to all hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Entries close on Monday evening, Oct. 19. Fee to start, $2. The All-Age Stake will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21-23. Entries close on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20. Fee to start, $3. The winner of the Derby will hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year. The winner of the All-Age Stake will hold the *American Field* cup for one year and receive the club medal. Silver medals donated by members of the club will be given to the first prize winners in the hunting, trailing, endurance and speed classes of the All-Age Stake. In addition to these special prizes, a percentage of the entry fees will be given to the first, second and third prize winners in the Derby and in the several classes of the All-Age Stake. Comfortable quarters for the hounds will be provided near the hotel. The shooting of foxes during the trials will be prohibited. The trials are open to the world and promise to be unusually interesting.

Mr. T. Farrar Rockham, secretary of the American Pet Dog Club, writes us under date of Sept. 30 that there will be a regular meeting of the club held at the Hoffman House, New York, Oct. 7, at 2 o'clock. He mentions that there is business of much importance to transact, as well as the election of new members, so that it is important for members to be present.

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, informs us that he intended to start for Mississippi on Monday or Tuesday of this week to make arrangements for the club's forthcoming trials on quail.

The *Collie Club Chronicle* reports the following new members elected during the past month: G. G. Haven, John J. James, J. A. Finlayson, all of New York; Felix Flannigan, Providence, R. I.; Louis Fackler, Paterson, N. J.; Fred Holdsworth and Gheub Holdsworth, Westerly, R. I.

In our business columns, P. O. Box 566, Scranton, Pa., offers for sale a broken pointer. Wm. P. Pickett, Brooklyn, offers trained English setter. Forrest W. Forbes, Westboro, Mass., wants broken setter. J. Hope, Philadelphia, offers Russian wolfhound. R. E Smith, Afton, N. Y., offers rabbit dog and beagle. Dr. E. B. Fletcher, Erie, Pa., wants broken bird dog. Jess. M. Whaite, Agricola, Ga., will train dogs.

The second annual sale of the Rancocas Kennel will take place at Durland's Riding Academy, New York. The list includes dogs and bitches of famous blood and performance, young shooting dogs and untried puppies. More particulars are given in the advertisement of this sale in our business columns.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. W. H. Worth claims the name
Lawn Nestle, for Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1896, by Pilot of Lorain—Lawn Nola.
Lawn Bonnie Belle, for Gordon setter bitch, whelped March 3, 1896, by champion Rexmont—Lawn Pretty Belle.
Lawn Button, for Gordon setter dog, whelped Sept. 24, 1896, by champion Rexmont—Lawn Pretty Belle.
Lawn Buoy, for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Blade, for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Brownie, for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Bright Eyes, for Gordon setter bitch, same litter
Lawn Blanche, for Gordon setter bitch, same letter.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Dan's Lady, English setter bitch, Sept. 19, to champion Count Gladstone IV.

WHELPS.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Piedmont, Jr., English setter bitch, whelped, Sept. 21, five (two dogs), by champion Antonio.
Mr. W. H. Worth's
Lawn Nola, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Aug. 10, seven (four dogs), by Pilot of Lorain.
Lawn Pretty Belle, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Sept. 24, nine (six dogs), by champion Rexmont.

SALES.

Mr. W. H. Worth has sold
Lawn Nettie, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. J. T. Trayes.
Lawn Pilot, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. J. T. Trayes.
Lawn Prize, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. E. L. Dunn.
Pilot of Lorain, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. J. C. Crate.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

THE subject of good roads is one that appeals to every wheelman. If he has never before noticed the character of the roads in his neighborhood, he is bound to do so when he rides over them. The bicycle is responsive to almost imperceptible grades, and to the rider the topography of the country assumes a new importance. He is surprised to find how much chance has had to do with the laying out of highways, and how many needless ascents and descents are made where slight detours would have assured an easy grade.

But the character of the roadbed itself is what most interests him. Hard, smooth roads give a sense of pleasure of a high order, while rough, sandy or muddy roads leave an indelible impress of disgust.

Because of his practical experience, the wheelman is quick to appreciate the economic value of good roads. He understands the tremendous handicap a horse labors under in hauling over bad roads to a degree that is incomprehensible to the man who travels on foot or in a carriage, and who has never had the thing impressed upon his physical senses.

But while good roads are desirable for everyone who passes over them on wheels, be he cyclist or horse owner, it is often a very difficult thing to show how they return the money spent for their improvement. Examples where the dollars and cents figure are therefore desirable arguments.

In an article in the *Independent* Professor Fernow gives a very interesting account of the results achieved by road improvements made by the little municipality of Goslar, in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. This old town owns a forest of 7,500 acres which its citizens treasure as one of their best investments, because it not only furnishes them outing grounds and good sport in the way of hunting, but also a sure and constantly increasing revenue. Under conservative management the annual cut is 350,000 cubic feet of wood, from which a net income is derived of $35,000 a year, or $3.50 per acre; a surprising return from soil unfit for agriculture.

The part that good roads has to play in this result is considerable. Previous to 1875 the forest was without good roads, but in that year the manager secured an appropriation for road improvement, and each year since then money has been spent for that purpose.

In 1891 $25,000 had been invested in roads, and the district had 141 miles of good roads. The manager kept an account of the direct influence of this improvement on the cost of his forestry operations, with the result that he was able to show a reduction in the annual cost of logging of $3,450, and in the cost of hauling of $2,520; while owing to the fact that much formerly unsalable material could now be disposed of, his sales were increased by $3,255. From these three sources the annual profit of the forest was increased $8,255, or nearly 33 per cent. of the entire amount invested in road improvements.

One road which was singled out for an example showed the following result: It had been macadamized and maintained one year at a cost of $7,440. Previous to improvement, 4,273 loads of wood measuring 110 cubic feet each were hauled each year at a cost of $3.60 per load, or a total of $15,282 for transportation. On the new road this same bulk of wood was moved in 2,652 loads of 177 cubic feet each. The cost, at the uniform price of $3.60 per load, was $9,547, so that the saving in the item of transportation alone was $5,735, or 75 per cent. of the cost of the road in one year.

THE CARE AND USE OF BICYCLE CHAINS.

IT is perhaps needless to say that the chain is the most important part of a bicycle to have in good order, and after a great deal of experiment I have concluded that my method gives the best results with the least labor.

I have tried various processes, such as boiling in various materials and other operations; all good in their way, but objectionable on account of time required, and general dirt and muss. What is required is an operation that will keep a chain in average good order with the least amount of work and annoyance; not like the usual way of at one time an excess of cleaning, polishing and oiling, succeeded by long periods of neglect.

My method is as follows: Procure a wide-mouthed bottle with a tight stopper or cork, holding say 8 to 12oz.—I use a Vichy salts bottle—put in it a piece of paraffine candle 4 to 6in. long, and fill the bottle with benzine. In a day or two the paraffine will dissolve and remain liquid at a temperature of 60° and over. Take 4oz. castile soap and dissolve in as little boiling water as will thoroughly dissolve it, and while hot stir in an equal bulk of the finest graphite. Put in a tin box with a tight cover; when cold it will be solid. As it dries and becomes too solid, add a little water from time to time. Procure one or two of the cheapest nail brushes, costing 5 or 10 cents each, and a couple of tooth brushes; old ones will do if not too much worn.

This is the outfit. To use it, after each run of say ten or twenty miles, turn the wheel over on its handles and slowly revolve the chain, brushing thoroughly outside and inside, also removing any dirt or dust from the sprockets, using the nail brushes. Then with one of the tooth brushes dip in the paraffine liquid and brush the inside of chain, working the liquid into the joints. It will flow into the joints and lubricate them, and in a few

minutes the benzine evaporates and leaves the paraffine. Any excess that may run through to outside of chain can be removed with a rag. Then with the other tooth brush apply the soap and graphite mixture on inside of chain and sprocket teeth. By inside of chain I mean that portion than runs against the sprockets.

A chain treated in this way does not gather dust, the pins or rivets are lubricated, and the surface of chain and sprocket teeth acquire a glassy surface and do not wear.

The entire operation requires but a few minutes. One of my wheels has run some 4,000 miles under this treatment; the sprockets are not worn, the chain is in good order and has not stretched to an amount to impair its efficiency.

If the soap and graphite mixture is applied to chain and sprocket when new the graphite appears to more readily adhere to the metal.

One word of caution: do not open the paraffine-benzine mixture near a light or fire. Also, it is best to have both chain and mixture at a temperature of 70° or over.

LOW GEAR.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

THERE is much to be said on both sides of the subject of buying a second-hand wheel, and a great deal depends upon the individual requirements of the rider. Second-hand bicycles are often sold for ridiculously low prices, and many people are tempted by this consideration alone to buy them. Such purchases frequently turn out poor bargains, and after a little while it will be found that the wheel is only fit for the junk dealer.

As a general principle it is safe to assume that there is a reason for a bicycle becoming second-hand, which reason if known would not tend to enhance its value. The number of persons who part with good bicycles on account of some whim, or from straitened circumstances, or for any reason other than that the wheel is not up to mark, is not large.

As a rule, the bicycle is very heavy and old-fashioned, or the bearings are worn and the wheel runs hard, or the fork has been bent and is liable to break, which consciousness does not have a soothing effect on the nerves of the rider when going down a bad hill; or the frame is racked and shaky, or none of the nuts will stay in place, and the whole thing is on the verge of disruption. The unsuspicious buyer is sure to learn these facts sooner or later, and he will then wish that he had paid more money and gotten a reliable wheel in the first place.

However, the second-hand bicycle has its uses, provided it has no dangerous defects. It is useful for the rough and tumble struggle of learning to ride, and it is useful to lend to the kind of people who borrow.

It insures more exercise than a new bicycle, and if you want to get good and tired you can do so in half the time it would take on the other.

The second-hand wheel does not require to be cleaned, as does a first-class bicycle, and one need not worry if it is left out over night in the rain, or if the baggage man finds a position for it near a pile of trunks.

While some second-hand wheels go to pieces on the slightest provocation, others are practically indestructible. From time to time one sees old relics of ten or fifteen years ago that have been in hard service constantly.

These old wheels are heavy and hard-running, but they are proof against the thank-you-mams, ruts and stone walls, and point to a moral in bicycle construction that some of the manufacturers of "strictly high grade" bicycles would do well to reflect upon.

The Mather Wheelmen.

BROOKLYN, N Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The very flattering notice of my articles made by a Matherite on page 274 is the cause of the pink tint in this ink; it was so strong that it even made my ink stand. Seriously there is no offense in his speaking of me as "old," for it is a joyful fact that I was born in time to get more fun out of this world than seems possible to be extracted now, unless a boy has a rich father who will shell out the shekels to let him go to the far-off game country which was close to my boyhood door. But as to naming a bicycle club after me, that is a serious matter. I shall insist on knowing how he pronounces my name before consenting. The mail carrier who serves me insists on calling me "Maythe" and the law says I must not kill him. If my young friend will solemnly promise to pronounce the "a" as in "father" or in "fat" in naming his bicycle club, I will be happy to sit on the fence and review the parade; but if he follows the example of the postman he may not have the approval of F. M.

Yachting.

THE last number of *Le Yacht* to hand, that of Sept. 19, contains an interesting article on the 15ft. class in America, by Mr. L. More, the well-known French writer. Following the bad example of *The Yachtsman*, *Le Yacht* neglects to state that the lines of El Heirie which help to illustrate Mr. More's article are reproduced directly from the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 29. We have no objection to such a use of our illustrations, but as we make a custom of crediting to its rightful owners everything which we reproduce from another journal we look for the same courtesy in return.

ONE of the strongest arguments we have yet seen for the Payne bill is the new counter which has been carried through the season by one of the principal steam yachts of the New York fleet. This counter, of which a good deal has been said by the daily papers, was put on during the winter in the laudable attempt to modernize the yacht, in view of the higher standard of taste in such matters now prevailing in this country. The original counter, put on when the yacht was built, a dozen years ago, was of what may be called the Tweedle Dee type, modeled mainly after that homely but useful article, the dish pan. The new and presumably *fin de siècle* counter may be called, to distinguish it from the other, the Tweedle Dum type; further than which, no description of the details is necessary. The only gain is in deck room, and both in design and construction the work calls for only adverse criticism; the joining of the old and new work is visible at a great distance, a careless piece of handiwork, and the sheer is carried out so badly that the taffrail has the appearance of having dropped at its after point.

That such work as this *needs* all the protection from the competition of the Clyde shipyards that a paternal government can bestow upon it, is too plain to be disputed; whether it *deserves* such protection is another question which the yacht owner, who pays the bills, should consider carefully.

THE victory of Quissetta over Amorita is one of the remarkable events of the yach ing year, and from one point of view at least is a matter for congratulation on the part of all old fogies who still cling to the nearly extinct notion that there are certain standards of beauty in naval architecture to which all craft other than car floats and garbage scows may and should conform without undue detriment to speed and other essentials. Though the work of an expert designer with many handsome craft to his credit, as well as a marine artist by profession, Amorita was designed in up-to-date fashion directly counter to this theory. The one end in view was extreme speed under the conditions that prevail on the Sound in summer, and to attain this end under the rule as it stood, the topsides were spread out beyond the under-water body to an extreme degree, especially at the ends. The bow in particular is quite as ugly as anything that even the smaller classes have yet produced.

The winning yacht, a smaller craft than Amorita, is first and foremost a very handsome vessel, in appearance much like her single-stick sister, Norota, one of the handsomest yachts in the fleet.

We have no great love for the type to which both of these schooners belong; a draft of 12ft. on a waterline of 70, or of 11ft. on 66ft., unfits them for all work but racing in the waters where their lives are spent, and they are not of a type for offshore work. At the same time we have a strong preference for the handsomer of the two, and consequently take pleasure in her victory in racing.

IT is now reported that the Emperor of Germany will take up the matter of the Meteor-Isolde collision and push the investigation further, with a view to settling the responsibility on the proper person. From some of the comments on the disaster it might be inferred that the Emperor was personally concerned, and that vital international issues were involved. All this is absurd; the ownership and nationality of the different yachts involved do not affect the matter in the slightest degree, and so far as the Emperor is concerned, as he was in Germany at the time and his yacht in the hands of an expert and properly qualified skipper, no blame whatever can attach to him, even though the responsibility be ultimately fastened on Meteor II. We hope that the report is true, and that the whole matter will be thoroughly and impartially investigated.

ONE of the silly rumors of the silly season is to the effect that Defender is to be purchased and converted into a schooner for the regular racing of next season. Such a use of the yacht is manifestly impossible on account of her great draft, 19ft. as she now is, and even more as a schooner with interior furnishings. With such a draft it would be practically impossible to sail her over the course of the New York, the Larchmont and most of the other yacht clubs; she could find very few safe harbors; she could not haul on any of the yacht railways, but would have to be docked at great expense in the Erie Basin Docks. Colonia is the extreme limit of practicable use, with her 15ft.; another 5ft. in addition is out of the question; and it is equally impossible to lessen Defender's draft without sacrificing her speed.

ONE of the minor incidents of the destructive cyclone which tore up the Atlantic coast on Sept. 29-30 was the destruction of the 15-footer Ethelwyan, at her moorings, off Bath Beach. The yacht had been for three weeks in the charge of the United States Marshal, having been libeled by Thos. Manning for a bill of $56 for storage and fitting out. She was advertised to be sold at auction on the afternoon of Sept. 30. At about 2 o'clock in the morning of that day she parted her mooring lines and went into the wooden pier at Avoca Villa, Bath Beach, where she was very badly smashed up. In the afternoon the wreck was bought in by a junk dealer for the sum of $11.50, and after reserving the sails and gear the hull was resold by him for $5. The report is now in circulation through the American and Canadian papers that she cost last year the magnificent sum of $2,500.

The Niagara Tanks.

DURING the past week the following letter was cabled from London to New York:

"SAVOY HOTEL, London, Sept. 26, 1896.—*To the Council of the Yacht Racing Association:* Gentlemen—The yachting season of 1896 is now at an end, and we are returning to my home in America, but before departing from England I feel it my duty to send you this communication. I had hoped all summer to receive a letter from your Association which would have made this communication unnecessary.

"My yacht Niagara, which has two small water tanks of 30 gallons each for the ordinary supply of her crew, was in 1895 measured by one of the official measurers of the Yacht Racing Association for a racing certificate, and entered in the races of that year, sailing some fifty or more. These tanks were constructed by Herreshoff in accordance with the original plan of the vessel solely for the above mentioned purpose. The manner in which the tanks were constructed was visible to the eye, known to many of the members of your Association, and was no secret. The Niagara was in a like manner measured in 1896. These tanks were not altered.

"After the race of the Royal Thames Y. C., on May 22, 1896, in my absence, without any previous communication with me, without any notice to me—although such notice could easily have been given—and without any prior knowledge on my part, a committee of your Association suddenly boarded the Niagara and made certain examinations. Notice of this visit was made to me five days later in the following letter from the secretary of the Yacht Racing Association:

"'YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 24 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W., May 27, 1896.—Dear Sir: A report was made to the Council of the Yacht Racing Association that your yacht Niagara was fitted with a tank under the seat on each side of the cabin, and that these were connected by a pipe so as to make it possible, by merely turning a cock, to run water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases.

"'Three members of the council were in consequence requested to inspect the tanks, which they did immediately after the race of the Royal Thames Y. C., on May 22, and in your absence were offered every facility by Capt. Barr.

"'The members of the council do not wish to convey any idea on their part that the tanks were used for the purpose indicated. On the contrary, their impression is the other way. But I am requested to suggest, in order to place the matter beyond suspicion, that it is desirable to make impracticable the run of the water from one tank to the other, which could readily be done by a small alteration in the pipes.

"'I should be glad to hear, for the information of the council, that this will be done at once. DIXON KEMP.'

"I repeat that this communication was the first notice I had from the Yacht Racing Association of this extraordinary action on their part. I was never informed who constituted the committee, who failed even to leave their names with my sailing master. I answered this communication on June 2, expressing my sense of the discourtesy shown and implied by such procedure. My answer follows, which was not to my knowledge included in the correspondence given out to the press:

"'NIAGARA, Harwich, June 2, 1896.—Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of May 27 regarding the Niagara's water tanks. I greatly regret not having had the courtesy of notification of the intended visit of the committee, as it would have afforded me much pleasure to have been present and personally shown them over the yacht, but I am pleased to hear from you that the investigation was satisfactory. Any report that the tanks were used for shifting water ballast is absolutely false, and upon reading the Yacht Racing Association's rules carefully, I fail to see that they in any why conflict with them.

"'However, for the sake of harmony I am willing to make any change to meet the approval of the council, providing such change shall not increase the weight to be carried. As it is, she races with every possible pound of weight out of her, and I do not wish any alteration that would make her any heavier. In order that the question cannot again arise, kindly let me know exactly how the council suggest making the change and still leave three days' water carrying capacity for the needs of the crew in making passages. Yours very truly, HOWARD GOULD.'

"I append herewith the reply to the above:

"'YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 24 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W.—Dear Sir: Your letter of June 2 was placed before the committee of the Yacht Racing Association council yesterday. I am directed to state that the committee received with satisfaction your assurances that you will carry out their suggestions These suggestions are that the pipes and cocks connecting the water tanks under the sofas be removed at once, and that a separate supply pipe service be provided for each tank. The change will involve about 10lbs. additional weight. When these are carried out please cause Mr. A. E. Payne to be informed of the same, and he will inspect the tanks and make a formal report that the suggestions of the committee of the Yacht Racing Association's council have been complied with. I am faithfully yours, DIXON KEMP.'

"Had I been communicated with prior to this discourteous and unusual visit I would gladly have established the following facts: First, that the Niagara was measured with her water tanks empty; second, that the water in the tanks had never been used, and was not used in any instance as shifting ballast; and third, that it was impracticable to make advantageous use of the tanks for such a purpose had I desired to do so. The report that the tanks were connected by a pipe so as to make it possible, by merely turning a cock, to run the water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases, conveyed an unjust reflection, and it is not true that advantageous use of the tanks for such a purpose could be made.

"My objection is not to the fact that the examination of the tanks was made, but to the mode of proceeding adopted. Despite this action on the part of your committee, and to prevent further unjust suspicion, and in the interest of harmony, I made certain alterations in severing the pipe connection between the tanks, much to the discomfort of the crew, lessening thereby their water supply. I am surprised that I never received any explanation of the course pursued in boarding the yacht without communicating with me, although I characterized such action as discourteous at the time.

"In the absence of such explanation or disavowal on the part of the Yacht Racing Association, I consider the course pursued not only discourteous, but personally offensive and essentially destructive of the amicable relations which lie at the very foundation of the existence of international contests of this character, which should be founded upon gentlemanly intercourse, fair and open dealing, and high and scrupulous honor.

"Certainly, self-respecting yachtsmen of other countries will not hereafter voluntarily subject themselves to similar treatment if the course pursued toward me is held and declared by the Yacht Racing Association to be according to its ideas of what is proper, fair and just. As the matter has received so much publicity, I am sending a copy of this communication to the press. Faithfully yours,

"HOWARD GOULD."

The following interview with Lieut.-Col. Sir George Archibald Leach, K. C. B., of the council of the Y. R. A., has been cabled from London:

"Mr. Gould's letter is absurd. It really raises a tempest in a teapot.

"I know nothing about the report of the measuring of Niagara in 1895. Anyhow, the rule was changed after 1895.

"I was on the committee's steamer Tilbury, accompanied by other members of the council. Dixon Kemp suggested that inasmuch as it was the first time enough members of the sailing committee had gathered together to form a quorum it would be advisable to hold a meeting to consider matters awaiting the action of the committee.

"Among these matters was the subject of Measurer Payne's report upon the measuring of Niagara, in which details were given in reference to the tanks used. It was decided that a sub-committee of three be appointed to inspect the tanks, as all the members of the committee were unwilling to act simply on the measurer's report, which alleged nothing, but reported the tanks to be unusual in form of construction. Anything unusual concerning the construction of a yacht the measurer is bound by the rules to report.

"Three members of the committee, Dixon Kemp, Col. Wilkinson (who is almost the father of yachting on the Thames), and myself, went on board Niagara as soon as she went into her dock. We supposed Howard Gould was on board, as he was aboard during the race. However, we found him gone. We told Capt. Barr of our official capacity and what we wanted.

"Capt. Barr replied: 'Certainly.' He showed us the tanks, and we measured them. They were 4ft. long and about 1ft. wide at the top and 1ft. deep, doubtless sloping at the bottom. I should say each contained about 7cwt. of water.

"The sub-committee reported to the committee, which decided to send a letter to Howard Gould. This letter was written to Mr. Gould by the secretary. Mr. Gould replied to this letter, and we certainly did not understand that Mr. Gould expressed any displeasure because of our action.

"This is the entire story of what happened.

"Mr. Gould says we ought to have given him notice. That was impossible. We do not do that when inspecting yachts for the purpose of seeing if there is anything which might be unfairly used during the racing. Our inspection had no relation to the fact that Niagara was a stranger yacht.

"We should do the same thing to-morrow if a measurer furnished a similar report concerning any English yacht. In fact, we did precisely that thing a few years ago with an English yacht which we had reason to believe was not sailing with the same ballast as reported on the day of measuring.

"We did not go on Niagara for the purpose of catching Mr. Gould at any trick. We never believed he would do anything of that sort.

"Many hasty rumors were flying about. We did not pay any attention to them whatever, but acted solely on the report of our measurer. The inspection was quite as much for the purpose of protecting Mr. Gould by relieving him of any suspicions of this nature as for the purpose of protecting the Yacht Racing Association.

"Anent the matter of leaving our names when we inspected Niagara, it should be remembered that we inspected the yacht officially, and not personally. Capt. Barr knew Dixon Kemp, if he did not know any of the other members of the sub committee.

"If Mr. Gould considers our letter discourteous, I don't. As to disavowing our action in this matter, the council will do nothing of the sort. At the next meeting of the council we will send Mr. Gould a courteous letter deeply regretting the incident which has given rise to so much feeling, and sincerely deploring the friction caused by these international contests. As for the remarks about cads, etc., that is simply scurrilous. We can afford to ignore discussion of this character."

Without discussing the propriety of the committee's action in visiting Niagara in the absence of her owner and giving him no opportunity whatever to defend himself from some sort of indefinite accusation, we are of the opinion that the committee has acted most foolishly and unfairly in doing anything else than to indorse the whole arrangement of the tanks and connecting pipe as perfectly legitimate and proper. Though not known in British yachts, such tanks and pipes are almost universal on this side, and no case has ever been known where they have been used for shifting ballast. According to Mr. Gould's statement, each of the two tanks is of 30 gallons capacity, or capable of holding when full 300lbs. of water. Any theory of the improper use of the tanks is based on the assumption that one, the lee one, is always empty and the other full, so that the total weight involved cannot be more than 300lbs. It should be evident to expert yachtsmen and intelligent men that this weight of water could not pass through a ¾in. pipe, the size as we understand of the connecting pipe, in such a way as to permit the shifting of the water from the weather to the lee tank in tacking, and that such a use of the tanks and pipe was practically impossible. Further than this, even if the pipe were large enough to admit of an almost instantaneous shifting of the water, the effect of 300lbs. in a vessel of Niagara's size, of a dozen tons displacement, and with more than half this weight disposed in her bulb at a draft of 11ft., would not be worth considering.

If all the circumstances were totally different, if Niagara were a shoal centerboard boat with a moderate weight of ballast and with a large watertank in each bilge connected by a pipe of 2 or 3in. diameter, the committee would have been justified in condemning the arrangement as at least open to suspicion. As the facts are, with two small tanks capable of holding a weight that is insignificant compared with the displacement and ballast of the yacht, connected by a very small pipe, the committee and council have shown themselves in a

most unfavorable light, both as regards their technical knowledge and their ideas of fair play.

If he is reported correctly in the above interview, Sir George Archibald Leach is certainly not qualified to serve on such a committee; according to his own figures he believed that a weight of 7cwt. (nearly 800lbs.) of water could be stowed away in a space very much less than 4cu. ft. in capacity, so that the weight of water per cubic foot would be considerably over 200lbs. According to the figures given by him, 4ft. long and about 1ft. each in height and breadth, the tanks must hold even less than thirty gallons, as they are fitted to the form of the bilge and consequently are more nearly of a triangular than a rectangular section. That the whole affair is a tempest in a teapot is very evident, but we differ from Sir George Archibald Leach as to who raised it.

Miramichi Y. C.

CHATHAM—MIRAMICHI RIVER.

Thursday, Sept. 24.

THE yachting season was closed on Sept. 24 by a race for the Watt cup and club prizes. The entries were Maude, Oriana, Avis and Learig. The course was a triangular one of 5 miles, twice around, but owing to the fact that the river is less than a mile wide at Chatham the triangle was a very obtuse one. It was practically one-half running and one-half windward work, the latter against the tide. The yachts had 4m. to cross the line. A 10-knot westerly breeze was blowing. Avis, Learig and Maude crossed together, and Oriana crossed 2m. 10s. later. She gained 40s. on Learig, the largest boat in the race, in the first leg, 1¼ miles to windward; 60s. on the next leg, a 3-mile run, and 1m. 10s. on the next, a 3-mile beat to windward, passing Learig and rounding the windward mark 40s. ahead. Learig gained on the second run down and ran into Oriana as the latter was swinging around the mark. Her bowsprit tore a big hole in Oriana's mainsail, and it was fully ten minutes before the yachts were separated. It was Oriana's race by over 6m. corrected time when she was fouled. Avis, which had been far behind, went ahead and won the race. Oriana, with a large piece of her mainsail flapping, was second.

Oriana had an allowance of 4m. from Learig and 2m. 40s. from Avis, besides her 2m. 10s. start and her lead. She won the final race of the season in a gale, with double reefs tied down. In the second she was dismasted early in the race while she was within her allowance. The third she won, and the fourth was easily hers when she was fouled. Oriana was designed by H. C. McLeod, now of Chicago, who is widely known as a successful amateur designer and all-round yachtsman. She is a comparatively deep and narrow centerboard; loadline 25ft., beam 7ft. 3in., draft 2ft. 9in. Her lines are round and easy, and her sail plan small. She has 1,000lbs. of lead on her board and 2,000lbs. of iron and cement inside. She was not a success in her first season, but since then has been first in two-thirds of the races and second in the rest. Her owner, Vice Com. Stewart, does a good deal of cruising in her without changing her canvas, and considers her a safe boat in any weather. She is a remarkable all-round yacht, being a safe and handy cruiser, with cabin accommodations for four, and fast in light, moderate and heavy winds.

ETHELWYNN.

(Continued from page 276, Oct. 3.)

BEFORE describing the construction of Ethelwynn, it may be interesting to recall the details of her designing and the manner in which the design was worked out. When the match with Spruce IIII. was first arranged in the spring of 1895, the present 15ft. class was not thought of, and there were neither 15-footers nor half-raters in America. The only boats that could come under the latter designation were two fin-keels: Trust Me, built in 1894 by the Herreshoffs, a duplicate of their successful half-rater Wee Winn; and Sagamore, a handsome half-rater designed by Arthur E. Payne, and carried at the davits of the steam yacht of the same name. Neither had ever raced here, and nothing was known of them. There were many boats in different parts of the country of 15 to 18ft. waterline, built exactly to or close copies of Scarecrow, or La Gloria, as originally published in the FOREST AND STREAM. Although the Scarecrow design was intended for a bulb-fin, some of these boats were, as a matter of convenience, fitted with metal centerboards. Many of them were of fairly good construction, and some were neatly rigged; but none were of real racing construction or rig.

The challenger was at the time new, just sailing her first races, and very little was known about her in this country. The problem set before American designers was to produce a yacht of not over 15ft. racing length as measured by the Seawanhaka rules and special conditions of the match, to meet the new and unknown English boat in certain known waters—that portion of Long Island Sound adjoining Oyster Bay. The crew was limited to two men, a fixed weight of 300lbs. being placed aboard to represent the crew in measurement, and the time limit was five hours over a twelve-mile course.

In the case of Ethelwynn, the question of bulb-fin or centerboard was decided after a brief mental calculation; the bulb-fin involved an added displacement of some 400lbs., for the purpose of carrying something over 200sq. ft. of sail. In a racing canoe one man can carry a sail plan of 150 to 160sq. ft. on a sliding seat of 6ft. length, on an extreme beam of 30in. In the assumed 15 footer, while the sliding seat was barred, the beam was unlimited; and there were two men, or double the live ballast, to carry only about 50 per cent. more sail. With ample beam both for stability of the hull and for a seat for the double crew in hiking, there seemed no good reason for using some 400lbs. of lead to aid in carrying the limited sail plan.

The question of type being disposed of by the selection of the shoal centerboard type of considerable beam, the next point was the displacement, and a rough estimate of weight was made, as follows:

	Pounds.
Crew	300
Hull	350
Rig	75
Board	70
Rudder	10
Total	805

The data for this estimate were very inadequate, no actual weights of hull, spars, rigging or rudder could be had, and there was no guide as to the probable soakage, a very important factor in a close calculation of waterline. It was finally decided to allow about 900lbs. displacement at the designed waterline as a safe figure, provided that no inside ballast should be found necessary.

The question of relative waterline and sail area was then taken up. After due consideration of the lengths of the English half-raters, 15 to 16ft. and over, it was decided to work for a final measured waterline of about 14ft. 6in., with its accompanying sail area of 240sq. ft. as a safe ratio for the average conditions of very light weather, with possibly a hard breeze in the course of the series of five races. At the time there was nothing between the one-man canoe on the one hand and the length class 15-footers, with large crews, on the other, on which to base the comparisons of power for the new class.

By way of guide to the hull dimensions, of beam, freeboard, sheer, etc., there was nothing better available than the design of the 21ft. bulb-fin Koko, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 2, 1896. The original design was made to a scale of 1½in. to the foot, but on inspection it appeared that a scale of 2in. to the foot would reduce the dimensions to fit the 15ft. class. The dimensions were taken off with a 2in. scale, as follows:

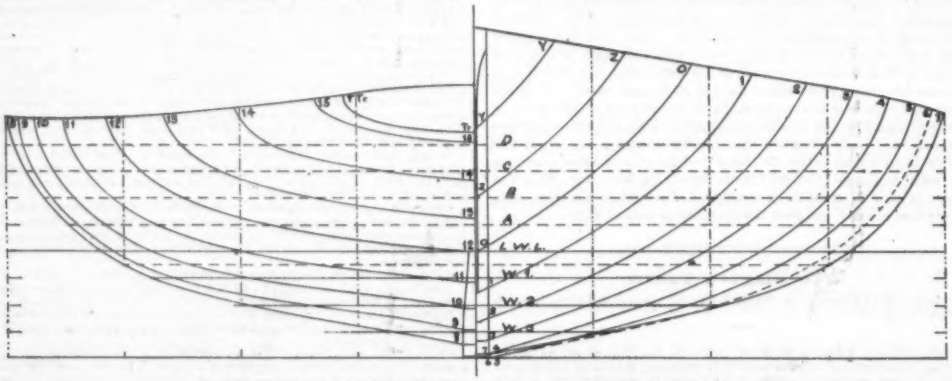
	Koko reduced.
Length over all	21ft. 4½in.
l.w.l.	14ft. 7½in.
Overhang, bow	3ft.
stern	3ft. 9in.
Beam, extreme	4ft. 10½in.
l.w.l.	4ft. 5½in.
Draft of hull	8½in.
Freeboard, lowest	10½in.
Sheer, bow	9in.
stern	8in.
Area of midship section, sq. ft	2.11
Displacement, lbs	1,088

In spite of the difference in size and type, Koko, as a well-proportioned craft in sheer, freeboard, etc., offered the best available guide, and the working sketch of the new craft was started on the basis of her reduced dimensions, as above. The design was started on a waterline of 15ft. as the extreme limit, with 8in. extreme draft, 10in. lowest freeboard, and a displacement of about 1,000lbs. at these maximum figures. The sail plan, of the Scarecrow type, was made by Mr. C. J. Stevens, calling for 7ft. 6in. from the fore side of the mast to the tack of the jib, thus determining about the length of the fore overhang, the mast being located at 3ft. 9in. from the fore end of the l.w.l. With the ends of the waterline located, 15ft. apart, and a depth of 8in. laid off at No. 6 station, a batten was bent to make a fair curve through the three points thus located, this curve being kept rather round and full forward, but flatter and easier aft. The fore end above water was carried up to give a freeboard of 20in. forward, and a sheer line was drawn with a minimum freeboard of 11in., giving a little higher side in proportion than in Koko, but this was reduced after several trials, the final result in the way of a sheer plan being 4ft. forward overhang, 19in. freeboard at bow, 10in. at the lowest point, well abaft the midships and about 12in. aft.

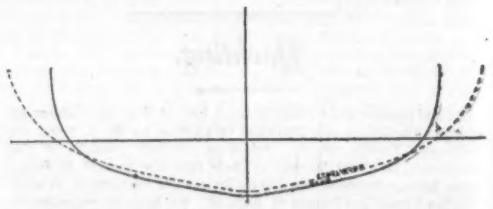
The length and shape of the fore end were easily settled, the only considerations were the length required to dispense with a bowsprit, a reasonable amount of freeboard for such rough water as would certainly be encountered at times, and a fair sweep which would admit of the use of a single length of wood for the keel and stem, without the introduction of a knee at the stemhead.

The length and form of the counter were much more difficult to determine; as the simplest, lightest and easiest construction, involving little chance of a blunder on the part of a careless workman, the ordinary dry goods box stern of so many racing craft, a short, broad counter ended by a square transom made of a single thin plank, either vertical or with a slight rake, as in nearly all the Herreshoff boats, El Chico, Olita, Wenonah and Dacotah, had much to recommend it; however, after some deliberation, it was decided to make some small sacrifice to appearance and to at least the externals of yacht designing, and to carry out a regular yacht's counter with rounded transom and archboard. This part of the work was well executed by the workmen, the result being a counter that, if a little heavier, was certainly far handsomer and more shipshape than on any other of the fleet. The sheer plan as thus completed showed that at a lighter load waterline, of 7in. draft, the length would be reduced to 14ft. 1½in., owing to the small angles between waterline and keel line, especially aft.

The midship section was then taken in hand; that of Koko to the reduced scale being 2.11 sq. ft., with a proportionate displacement of 1,088lbs., or more than desired. A piece of tracing paper was laid over the body plan of Koko and a new midship section was sketched in freehand, of slightly smaller area, retaining the same angle of deadrise, with the flat of the floor about parallel to the water at the assumed sailing angle, but with one very important alteration. The beam at the deck was greatly increased, from 4ft. 10½in. to 5ft. 10in., not for purposes of stability, but as a seat for the crew to windward. The line of the floor was carried up in a fair and easy sweep and a light turn to the bilge, to this point, of 5ft. 10in. beam and 10in. freeboard, giving as a consequence a beam of 4ft. 9in. at the waterline, or an increase of 4in. over Koko. In the final running in of the lines this beam was increased to an even 6ft. The section thus drawn showed when measured by the planimeter an area of 1.92sq. ft. to the 8in. waterline, and an area of 1.52sq. ft. to the 7in. waterline.



ETHELWYNN—BODY PLAN. SCALE, 1 INCH TO THE FOOT.



In all small craft of this general type, with absolutely no deadwood or keel, the cylindrical coefficient of the displacement, or the coefficient as computed from the area of the midship section, is .55 or .56—that is, the actual displacement of a vessel in cubic feet is about 55 per cent. of the contents of a solid of the length of the waterline and of a uniform cross section of an area equal to that of the midship section. This imaginary solid is, for convenience, usually assumed to be a cylinder of the same length as the waterline, its section or end being a circle equal in area to the midship section. In this case the following calculations were made:

To 8in. waterline: 15 × 1.90 × .55 = 15.67 cu. ft. × 64 = 1,014lbs. Dis.
To 7in. waterline: 14.12 × 1.52 × .55 = 11.80 cu. ft. × 64 = 755lbs. Dis

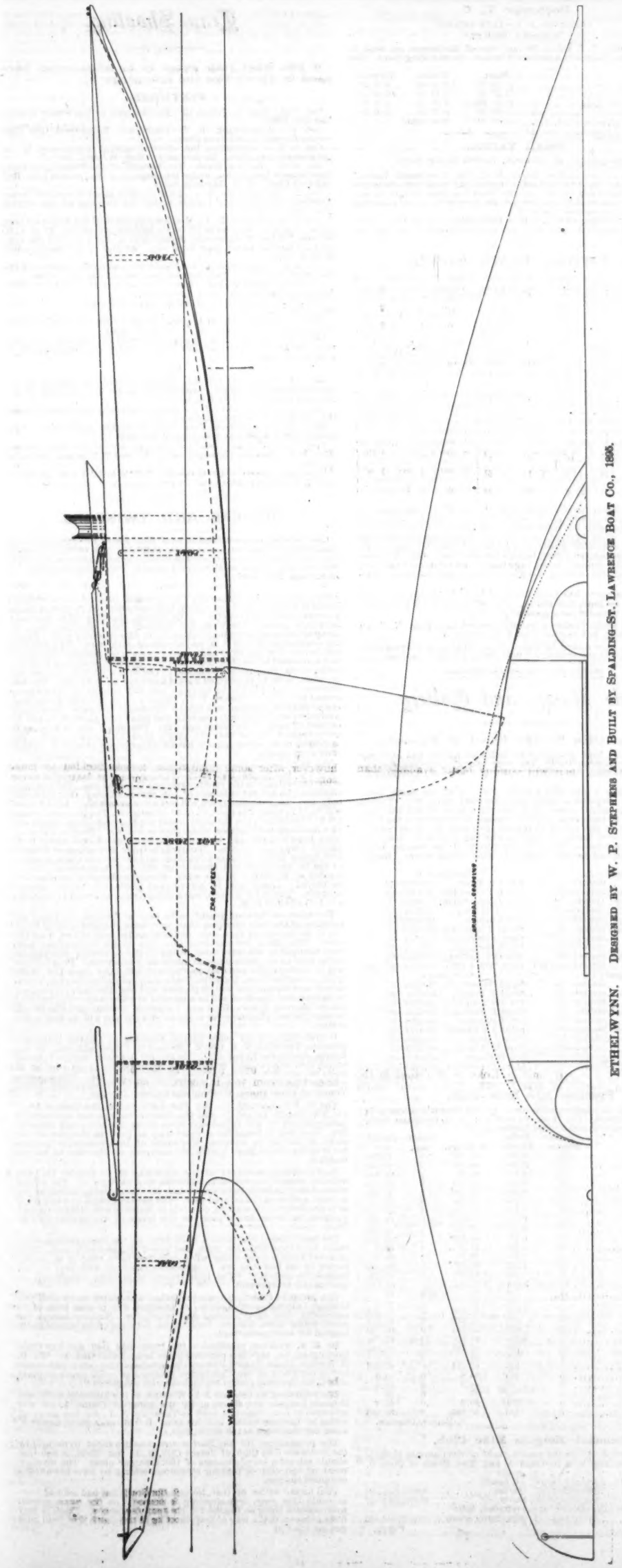
Thus a weight of about 260lbs. would lighten the draft 1in. and lessen the waterline by 10½in.; or a weight of 65lbs would make a difference of ¼in. in the draft. From these figures it seemed that the yacht could be sailed at about the proposed l.w.l. of 14ft. 6in., and with 240sq. ft. of sail.

The next stage of the work, the completing of the lines, was necessarily done very hurriedly, as the builders were writing for the plans and all ready to begin work. While

ETHELWYNN—TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations spaced 1ft. 2in. Level lines spaced 2in. Bow-buttock lines spaced 9in. Dimensions in feet, inches and eights of an inch. All measurements to outside of hull.

Stations.	Heights: Keel. Bottom	Keel. Top.	Rabbet.	Deck. Side	Deck. Center.	Half Breadths: Deck.	Level Lines. D	C	B	A	L.W.L.	W.1	W.2	W.3	Keel. Rabbet	Keel. Bottom
Stem	2 0⁴	2 0⁷	2 0⁷	2 1	2 1	1	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	1	1
Y	1 2⁵	1 6⁶	1 6⁵	1 11⁷	2 0⁵	6									1	0¹
Z	1	1 1⁵	1 0⁵	1 10⁷	2 0⁵	11⁵	5²	2⁷							1	0¹
0	8	9⁵	8⁵	1 10¹	2	1 4⁶	11⁴	9⁵	6⁵	3⁵					1	0¹
1	5	6⁵	5⁵	1 9⁵	1 11⁶	1 9⁵	1 5⁵	1 3⁵	1 0⁷	9⁷	6⁴	2⁴			1	0¹
2	2⁶	4⁵	3	1 6⁴	1 11⁶	2 1⁴	1 10⁵	1 6¹	1 6⁵	1 3⁶	1 0⁴	8⁴	3⁴		1¹	0⁵
3	1⁵	3⁵	1⁵	1 8	1 11	2 5	2 2⁶	2 1¹	1 11⁵	1 8⁵	1 5⁶	1 1⁶	6⁴	2⁶	1⁵	0⁶
4	6⁵	2⁵	0⁴	1 7⁴	1 10⁶	2 7⁵	2 6¹	2 4⁶	2 3¹	2 0⁵	1 9⁶	1 6	1 0⁶	6⁵	1⁵	0⁷
5		2⁴	0¹	1 7¹	1 10⁴	2 9⁵	2 8⁵	2 7⁵	2 5⁷	2 3⁶	2 1	1 9⁵	1 4¹	9⁵	1⁴	1
6		2⁵	0¹	1 6⁵	1 10⁵	2 11¹	2 10¹	2 9¹	2 7⁶	2 6	2 3²	1 11⁶	1 6⁵	10⁴	1⁴	1
7	6⁵	2⁷	0⁴	1 6⁵	1 10	2 11⁷	2 11¹	2 10¹	2 8⁷	2 7¹	2 4⁵	2 0⁷	1 8⁴	9⁴	1⁴	1
8	1¹	3¹	1⁵	1 6¹	1 9⁴	3	2 11⁵	2 10⁴	2 9¹	2 7⁵	2 4⁵	2 0⁷	1 5³	8	1⁴	1
9	2¹	3⁵	2⁵	1 6	1 9⁴	2 11⁵	2 10⁴	2 9⁷	2 8⁴	2 6⁴	2 3⁴	1 11¹	1 0⁴		1⁴	1
10	3⁴	4⁷	3⁴	1 6	1 9⁵	2 9⁷	2 9¹	2 8¹	2 6⁷	2 4⁴	2 0⁷	1 5³	2¹		1⁵	0⁷
11	5⁴	6⁴	5⁴	1 6	1 9¹	2 7⁵	2 7¹	2 5⁴	2 3⁵	2 0⁵	1 6	3²			1⁵	0⁴
12	8	9	8¹	1 6¹	1 8⁷	2 4⁵	2 3⁵	2 1⁵	1 10⁵	1 8⁵					1⁵	0⁴
13	10⁴	11⁵	10⁴	1 6⁵	1 8⁵	2	1 10⁴	1 7⁴	1 0¹						1¹	0⁴
14	1 1⁵	1 3¹	1 1⁵	1 6⁷	1 8⁵	1 6⁴	1 2⁴	6⁵							1	1
15	1 4⁵	1 4⁷	1 4⁵	1 7⁴	1 8⁴	1 0⁵									1	1
Transom	1 5	1 5⁴	1 5	1 7⁵	1 8⁴	10									1	1



ETHELWYNN. DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS AND BUILT BY SPALDING-ST. LAWRENCE BOAT CO., 1896.

the many details of type, form, dimensions, rig, weights, construction, etc., were fully and carefully worked out at odd times while the design was pending; after the main points were settled the lines were quickly drawn, being run in as fairly as possible to suit the eye, particular attention being paid to the buttock lines and to the sections of the bow. The areas of the sections were taken off with the planimeter and the displacement calculated as a check on the first rough estimates, but the curve of areas was not plotted until a long time after; no diagonals were run in, as the bow-buttock lines and the numerous level lines showed the form to be reasonably fair. With a little more time over the final fairing some of the hard spots that show in the lines could have been worked out, but not to an extent that would have improved the boat.

As soon as the lines were completed in pencil and the displacement and position of C. B. ascertained, the final sail plan was begun and worked out in connection with the locating of the centerboard and rudder. The mast was shifted a little from the position first proposed; the centerboard was located in about the only place that it could well go, having in mind the proper balance of sail, various structural necessities and space for the lifting arm to clear the mast and boom. After the sail plan was completed and the board and rudder located, the offsets were measured from the scale drawings and the entire lines were reproduced of actual size on a large sheet of detail paper laid down on the floor of the drafting room. Very little fairing proved necessary, owing to the number of stations and level lines, and the number and accuracy of the offsets. The six sawn frames were shown full size without planking; the rabbet, top of keel, details of transom, and the sizes and positions of frames, head ledges, deck beams and all other beams were drawn to the full scale. As soon as this work was completed and the drawings shipped to Clayton, the sail plan was finished and a number of blue prints made for the sparmaker, sailmaker, etc. The last work of all was the making of a full-size templet for the centerboard plate, of the patterns for the bronze lifting handle, rudder frame and other parts, all of which were made by the designer; and of wooden models, full size, of the hanging gear for the board, the chain plates, deadeyes, and similar details to be made of sheet metal. This was done as the surest and quickest way of having every part so that it would fit when finally assembled at Greenwich, as there was not time to send spars, sails, board, etc., to Clayton to be fitted complete before shipment.

The construction of the hull was decidedly lighter than that of any of the older Scarecrows, and was an experiment; but in no detail was strength sacrificed to lightness. The keel was of clear spruce, sided 4in. amidships and tapering to 2in. at the ends, being moulded to 2¾in. for the length of the trunk amidships and thence tapering quickly, being 1¼in. deep at the fore end, the stem head, and ¾in. at the transom. In working it out the bottom was left flat for a breadth of 2in., forming a corner about ¼in. deep outside the rabbet amidships; then, after the planking was completed, this corner was planed off so that the bottom of the keel faired into the planking for its whole length. The fore edge of the stem was lined out to ¼in. and, with the whole bottom of the keel, was finally shod with a sheet of $\frac{1}{10}$in. brass. The keel was steamed and set on a form shaped from the lines on the floor to the exact keel contour and set up on the stocks. The main frames, six in all, at the fore end of the waterline, abaft the mast, at each bulkhead, abreast the trunk and at the after end of the waterline, were cut from hackmatack knees of the required sweep, being sided ¾in. and moulded 1¼in. at heels, 1in. at bilge, and tapering to ¾in. at heads. Between them, and spaced about 6in., were bent frames of rock elm, ¾×¾in. from end to end. The heels of all the frames were jogged into the keel from below and well fastened, after the fashion of racing shell construction. Cross floors were used fore and aft, and the frame at station 15 was solid, of ¼in. butternut, in one piece with the deck beam.

The planking was double, the inner skin of white cedar ⅛in. thick, running diagonally from the keel to the wale, the upper hood ends being fastened to the clamp or inwale. The outer skin was of $\frac{3}{16}$in. Spanish cedar, running fore and aft, and between the two was a thickness of Union silk, laid in paint.

The two bulkheads were of $\frac{3}{16}$in. cedar, also double, with silk between, the two layers crossing diagonally. Some consideration was given at first to the idea of omitting the bulkheads and building a very light hull, open from end to end, but stiffened by two full-length bilge clamps on each side of the keel; but this was abandoned in favor of the fixed water-tight bulkheads. The question of a high water light floor, as in the Scarecrow, was also considered and dismissed in favor of the deep well, the floor being merely light slats on the frames. Another idea that was discussed and rejected was that of a plate centerboard of rectangular form and of considerable depth, not pivoted, but movable fore and aft, as well as vertically, in the trunk, as has since been done in Vesper, Olita and several other 15 footers. While this plan had much to recommend it in the absence of positive data as to the proper length, breadth and position of the knife centerboard in the new type of boat, and offered inviting opportunities for experiment, it was rejected in favor of the simple, fixed and pivoted board of the Linton Hope pattern. Arrangements were made for shifting the board a certain distance aft if necessary, but they were never used in practice, as the board proved in the proper position.

The deck beams were of butternut, ¾in. by 1in., but made deeper at the ends to meet the clamp. The deck was of $\frac{3}{16}$in. white cedar covered with canvas. The hull was thoroughly braced in many ways, the mast in particular was very strongly stepped, and in all her racing no signs of wringing or weakness were ever visible. The weight of the hull, as already stated, was 355lbs. when put on the cars at Clayton, which included all the woodwork, but no fittings except the brass stem and keel bands, brass plate and eyebolts at stemhead, four chainplates, two for the runners, and the rudder tube. Unfortunately we have never been able to obtain the complete weights of all parts, but when officially measured, after over four weeks' immersion and consequent soakage, she trimmed to an average immersion of about ½in. over the 8in. waterline. The displacement to this waterline was 1,022lbs., and when this measurement was taken she had on board, in addition to the 300lbs. representing the crew, a weight of 100lbs. of lead to be carried as fixed ballast. Allowing 78lbs. for the added displacement due to the immersion below the designed line, the total displacement would be in round numbers 1,100lbs., and deducting the weight of lead ballast there remains 1,000lbs. for the loaded displacement with crew, and 700lbs. for the weight of hull, spars, sails, fittings and gear. We shall give next week the sail plan and some further details of construction.

A Successful One-Design Class.

During the past season the Cohasset Y. C., of Cohasset, Mass., has held a number of races for the one-design class, of which ten boats were built last spring. These boats were built by James McIntyre from the design of the original scarecrow, as published in the Forest and Stream, but were rigged with the gaff mainsail instead of the Scarecrow leg o' mutton. Apart from the actual racing, they have proved most serviceable for sailing. The following account is by W. E. Robinson in the *Boston Globe:*

Although the Cohasset half-raters are not speedy enough to compete successfully with El Heirie, Glencairn, and the fastest of the class, they are still fast and handy little boats, and have admirably served the purpose for which they were built. The racing of the season at Cohasset has been even more interesting than was anticipated when the boats were ordered, and the members of the syndicate which built them are to be congratulated on the successful carrying out of the "one class, one-design" idea.

Club sport has been promoted, no little amateur talent in skillful helmsmanship and handling has been brought out and improved, and a foundation has been laid for even better sport in seasons to come.

Interest in the class and in its racing was not very great at the first of the season, but it increased very rapidly until boats were at a premium and the entire fleet of ten boats were found competing in the races. Since the boats were built from the same set of moulds, and were in every way exactly alike when delivered from the builders' hands, the question of winning has been largely one of good handling and attention to details. And in this fact has largely lain the interest aroused. It has been a contest of skippers as well as boats to more than the ordinary degree, yet the best of feeling has prevailed in the friendly rivalry, while at the same time no racing points have been neglected.

Built from designs by W. P. Stephens, after his well-known Scarecrow model, the boats were first intended for centerboards, but were afterward fitted with fin-keels, making them practically non-capsizable, and better fitting them for use in the frequently rough waters of Cohasset and its vicinity. The fins were made to hoist, so that the boats might lie easily on the flats in the harbor at low tide, but in racing all hoisting of the fins has been barred, so that all have sailed on an equality in the matter of draft, etc.

When fairly in trim the boats proved themselves easily handled, well balanced and decidedly attractive craft to manage, and the sport was in no way lessened by the possession of these and other good qualities.

The racing of the boats, while under club auspices, has been controlled by the association formed by the owners, and special care has been taken that no undue advantage has been given one over another. Thirteen races in all have been sailed, and the accompanying tables show what has been accomplished. The racing has been accompanied by the usual good and bad fortune to individual boats and owners, but the interest has never flagged, and no boat in the class could be reckoned a sure winner in a given kind of weather.

A championship trophy of some kind will be awarded the winning boat, and in the award of that championship the percentage system of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has been adopted by the owners' association. The first table gives the boats in their order under this system, showing starts, percentage, number of times fifth place or better was secured, etc. No boat is recorded as securing a place unless she defeated a competitor. The table speaks for itself:

	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Fourths.	Fifths.	Last place.	Did not finish.	Ruled out.	Per cent.
Swallow	11	6	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	.545
Hoodoo	13	4	3	2	0	1	1	0	0	.461
Mermaid	11	1	3	1	1	0	2	1	1	.250
Scooter	11	1	1	3	1	0	0	1	1	.204
Blink	12	0	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	.166
Seagull	8	1	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	.100
Jap	13	0	1	1	3	1	2	2	1	.075
Honey	6	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	.075
Mungo	8	0	0	2	1	1	0	1	0	.060
Bee	5	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	.050

For a better comparison, however, of the work of the boats, a "cross" table, as used by the writer for several years in the records of the knockabout and other classes, has been prepared. This shows just the number of times each boat has beaten or has been beaten by every other boat in the fleet. A boat's wins over other boats show in the horizontal columns, her losses in the vertical ones. The comparison is thus a very close one, and enables the owner to see just what his boat has done.

In this table the boats are ranked in the order of the number of series won or lost with each of their competitors. The order would be the same on a percentage of wins to losses. The winning, losing or tieing of the various series is as follows:

Swallow won 9; Hoodoo won 7, lost 2; Mermaid won 6, lost 2, tied 1; Scooter won 6, lost 3; Honey won 4, lost 4, tied 1; Bee won 4, lost 5; Blink won 3, lost 4, tied 2; Mungo won 2, lost 6, tied 1; Jap won 1, lost 7, tied 1; Seagull lost 9.

With these explanations the table will speak for itself:

	Swallow.	Hoodoo.	Mermaid.	Scooter.	Bee.	Blink.	Honey.	Mungo.	Jap.	Seagull.
Swallow	..	7	5	9	5	7	4	4	9	6
Hoodoo	4	..	7	5	3	10	5	7	10	6
Mermaid	4	4	..	6	3	5	3	6	8	5
Scooter	1	6	4	..	3	7	3	4	9	6
Bee	0	2	2	2	..	3	2	2	3	2
Blink	3	2	5	3	1	..	3	5	7	6
Honey	1	1	2	1	0	3	..	2	5	3
Mungo	2	1	2	3	3	2	1	..	4	3
Jap	2	3	3	2	2	5	1	4	..	5
Seagull	1	2	2	2	1	2	1	2	3	..

When the racing of the boats has been of so friendly a character, it is perhaps just as well not to institute invidious comparisons. The owners have raced for sport alone, and have taken their chances of good and bad fortune as they came. The racing has not discouraged anyone, but has stimulated ambition to hold a better place in next season's record if possible.

A continuance of the class and of its racing is already assured. Several new boats are in sight, and they will be built after the same style as the others, and probably from the same moulds, which McIntyre still has in his shop.

A different sail plan may indeed be found on the boats next season, but if one has it all will have it. In the last race the owner of Honey tried a mainsail similar to that on Glencairn, Spruce IIII. and other racers, a modification of the lug and a great favorite for small craft in British waters.

With its high peak the sail proved a better one for windward work than the old one, as well as being in several ways a much handier one, and it would not be surprising to see this rig adopted for the class.

For the award of the championship next season, plan has already been proposed which will put a high premium on entering in every race, and this, with other things the owners have in mind, shows that their interest in this class is a genuine one.

Club Elections.

Sodus Bay Y. C., Sodus Bay, N. Y., officers for 1897: Com., Spencer Meade; Vice-Com., Thomas E. Elliott, of Newark, N. Y.; Fleet Capt., W. H. Cook, Sodus Point; Sec'y and Treas., F. J. B. LeFebvre, Sodus Point; Surgeon, Dr. N. E. Landau, Newark, N. Y.; Meas., Dr. F. L. Wilson, Sodus Point; Chaplain, Rev. D. W. Cavanaugh, of Lyons; Trustees: C. H. Perkins, A. C. Bartle, J. M. Pitkin, Jr., C. H. Stuart, C. P. H. Vary, all of Newark. The regatta committee is to be appointed by the commodore, and also a committee of ten to raise $300 for the racing expenses next year. The annual report shows the club in fine financial condition. A new dock has been built and a new flagstaff has been presented to the club by Com. Mott, of the Oswego Y. C., and Com. Meade has decked it with a new 16ft. flag.

Shelter Island Y. C., Shelter Island, N. Y. Officers, 1897: Com., James B. Edson, yacht Palos; Vice-Com., James Weir, Jr., yacht Tigress; Rear-Com., J. N. Kalley, yacht Truant; Sec'y., C. Pliny Brigham; Treas., W. H. Bedford; Meas., C. P. Brigham; Fleet Surgeon, J. Lester Keep. Trustees: J. B. Edson, A. B. Lynch, Rev. J. A. Aspinwall, John Cassidy, J. Lester Keep, W. H. Bradley, Charles Otis, James Weir, Jr., D. P. Hathaway, H. L. Coe and T. A. Schroeder. House Committee: J. Lester Keep, W. H. Bradley and W. H. Bedford. The Regatta Committee will be appointed at a later date.

Oceanic Y. C., Communipaw, N. J. Officers, 1897: Com., E. Henkel; Vice-Com., Frank Van Winkle; Treas., J. Golden; Sec'y, J. Smith; Meas., E. Mesereau; Fleet Surgeon, R. Hawthorne; Steward, George Davidson. House Committee: James Pray, W. Rigmalden, Benjamin Dubois and Daniel Hurlburt.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rochester Y. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, Sept. 26.

The Rochester Y. C. sailed the last race of the season on Sept. 26 over a 12-mile triangle in a moderate breeze, the day being rainy. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nox	11 30 06	2 05 43	2 35 37
Iris	11 31 40	2 31 34	2 49 54
Facile	11 31 09	2 32 14	3 01 05
Carita	11 30 22	2 32 34	3 02 12
Kelpie	11 32 21	Not timed.	

Small Yachts.

From Com. C. H. Rockwell, United States Navy.

U. S. Naval Station, Port Royal, S. C., Oct. 2.—"Small Yachts" came yesterday. It is far and away beyond my most fervent hopes. I am an old-fashioned sailor, and the book is a great delight to me. My daughter says that no one can get an answer from me now until I get through poring over the book.

I am just now engaged in turning a fine sailing launch into a perambulating house-boat and shall get many wrinkles from that admirable book.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The second race of the series between Vencedor and Siren was sailed on Sept. 22, the pair starting in a gale. Vencedor gained a great advantage at the start and at last won by thirty-eight minutes, having outsailed Siren fairly. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vencedor	2 15 00	4 44 30	2 29 30	2 29 30
Siren	2 15 00	5 23 55	3 07 55	3 07 55

Wanda, steam yacht. Henry S. Henry, of Philadelphia, has been libelled by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. for charges of $12,135 for repairs. She is laid up at Manning's Basin, where she was seized on Sept. 24 by a deputy marshal. She has since been libelled by J. R. Hudson for the sum of $319.

The New York Y. C. will in the future have a triangular course off Newport, Lieut. James H. Bull, U. S. N., having at the request of the club just laid off a new course with ten-mile legs. It will probably replace the old Sow and Pigs and Block Island courses of the club, sailed for so many years. It will be known as Course No. 6.

The new name of the steam yacht Unquowa is Buccaneer, given her by her new owner, W. R. Hearst. The yacht is now at Tobo's, under the charge of Chief Heilbron, formerly of Vamoose when Mr. Hearst built and owned her. Buccaneer has been thoroughly refitted and very much improved; the main saloon has been handsomely fitted up in carved oak. The yacht will make a cruise to the West Indies in a short time.

The annual handbook for yachtsmen, "Who Won?" compiled by Capt. J. C. Summers and published by Edward Yeomans Thorp, is now out for 1896, with the usual amount of useful information as to yachts, yacht clubs, signals, records, etc. The yacht list contains dimensions of over 5,000 American yachts, and 2,000 private signals are shown in the colored plates, besides the many club flags. The miscellaneous tables contain much information pertaining to yachting and nautical matters, making a very convenient and valuable reference book.

A new steam yacht has been designed by C. D. Mosher for C. R. Flint, and will be built this winter. She will be 122ft. l.w.l. and 12ft. 6in. beam, and intended for a speed of 38 miles.

Almy, steam yacht, Frederick Gallatin, passed Cape Race, N. F., on Oct. 1, bound west, and reached New York on Oct. 5.

Triton, schr., now owned by Mayor W. A. Wilkins, of Waynesboro, Ga., went ashore in the cyclone of Sept. 26 on the Georgia coast, but will be saved.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

First Battalion Trophy Shoot at Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., Sept. 26.—The First Battalion trophy was shot for to-day at Sall's Haledon Park. The four teams competing for the trophy were Companies A, B and C, from this city, and Company D, from Passaic.

In 1894 Company A won with a score of 267; in '95 the same team won the trophy, but with a higher score, its total being 278. To-day the team of Company C came out ahead with a total of 273, the Passaic (Company D) team crowding the winners so closely that the final result depended on the scores of the last two men on those teams. Company D is one of the latest additions to the regiment. Lieut. A. S. Jones acted as referee; Major Henry Muxsy, of the Second Regiment, was judge, and Sergeant Joseph B. Mills official scorer. Below are the scores:

Company A.		Company B.	
Pvt J W Foster	0458445—23	Pvt J H Twist	2358020—14
Sergt Andrew Hall	3443434—24	Pvt B F Chandler	0335443—21
Pvt W S Newboy	4448445—28	Pvt Joseph Niblo	3534555—28
Pvt T Robson	3344445—27	Pvt W H King	3334444—24
Corp John Early	3454333—25	Pvt Kurpick	2334433—22
Sergt J L Holmes	4444443—27	Sergt C Reynolds	4445552—30
Sergt T Blake	4435444—28	Corp J Reynolds	3444344—26
Pvt F Rebbeck	4544444—29	Pvt E McCarthy	4445444—29
Pvt F Lambrecht	3544344—26	Mus O F Ludwig	3335523—24
Pvt J Fairhurst	4444454—29—266	Corp Wm A Holt	4344444—27—245
Company C.		Company D.	
Pvt J Ranson	4444444—28	Sergt Hubschmitt	3454344—27
Pvt W S Brooks	4444444—28	Sergt F Briggs	4345444—26
Capt J Parker	3343434—23	Pvt J Wickware	4343334—24
Pvt A Drummond	4355434—23	Sergt R Yerberry	2444453—26
Mus J Vonan	5534444—29	Pvt J Malcolm	4444353—26
Pvt R Chankalis	3544554—30	Lieut J T Parker	5344444—28
Corp VanWalrav'n	5334433—24	Corp J Rush	4534445—29
Sergt J Nolan	4454444—29	Capt H M Ross	4444443—27
Corp C Knibbs	4443343—24	Pvt W Hayes	4444454—29
Sergt A Deitrick	4454445—30—273	Lieut J Doremus	4443455—29—271

Dutcher.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Erie, Pa., Sept. 30.—Below is the result of this season's shooting in the medal handicaps. The three winners are: J. G. Germann, first; John Stidham, second, and George Shafer, third:

	Total Scores.	Total Points.	Average.	Handicap.	Grand Av.
J G Germann	127	8,864	69.842	0	69.842
John Stidham	177	11,287	66.005	2	68.005
Geo Shafer	123	8,107	65.829	2	67.829
Dr A C Wheeler	70	4,320	61.714	6	67.714
Capt J Bacon	133	8,303	62.428	5	67.428
Dr R Strangways	25	1,476	59.04	8	67.04
W B Patten	82	4,533	57.719	9	67.719
G C Rahn	126	7,068	57.809	9	67.809
W J Leyer	117	6,981	59.666	6	65.666
W F Treiber	99	6,384	64.515	1	65.515
Chas Van Etten	40	2,460	61.5	4	65.5
Chas Froese	18	1,076	59.77	5	64.77
Chas Curry	23	1,325	57.609	7	64.609
J R Brown	14	851	60.785	3	63.785
J F Leyer	97	5,496	56.042	7	63.042
Dr W R Hunter	14	798	57	6	63
F Lynch	1	63	63	0	63
F Derby	57	3,072	53.895	9	62.895
W Wilkins	11	592	53.818	9	62.818
A Olvette	15	806	53.733	9	62.733
E S Noyes	77	3,289	42.714	14	56.714
G Ormsby	46	1,888	41.043	12	53.043
O G Riblet	6	318	53	0	53
J H Hunt	7	334	47.714	0	47.714
F Sharp	5	223	44.6	0	44.6
J Thomas	2	89	44.2	0	44.2
F Lermmence	1	43	43	0	43
H Thompson	5	201	40.2	0	40.2
C Shenk	3	116	38.666	0	38.666

J. Bacon, Captain.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26.—In the weekly match of the Calumet Heights Rifle Club, Spaulding won in Class A and Miss Ervin in Class B. Scores:

Class A, 200yds., standard target, off-hand:

Spalding	5433443344—37	Harlan	3094334944—29
Paterson	3343455433—37	Davis	0033204344—27

Class B, 100yds., Creedmoor target reduced, rest:

Miss Ervin	5454454444—43	Mrs Chamberlain	4345333343—35

Patty.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 6-10.—East St. Louis, Ill.—Tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

Oct. 10.—Hackensack, N. J.—Team race, Maplewood Gun Club versus Bergen County Gun Club.

Oct. 14-15.—Greensburg, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Targets only. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 16-17.—Tacoma, Wash.—Tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. G. H. Garrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 17.—Hackensack, N. J.—Fifth monthly shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Oritani Field Club.

Oct. 23-24.—Marion, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. Entries in 100-target handicaps close Oct. 22, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 6 Murray street, New York city. Entries to be accompanied by $3 forfeit.

Oct. 27-28.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 28-29.—Liberty, Ind.—Tournament of the Red Owl Gun Club. Live birds and targets. R. A. Creek, Sec'y.

Oct. 28-29.—Ironton, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Nov. 7.—Hackensack, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guesser, etc.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Trap-shooters in Richmond, Va., are said to need some stirring. Below is a brief account of a shoot held there Sept. 26, furnished us by a correspondent in that city: "The biggest shooting event ever held here took place at the West End Baseball Park, Saturday, Sept. 26. Many of the most prominent shooters in this city took part. Shooting commenced at 1:30 P. M. and continued until dark. Two hundred and twenty-five live birds and many targets were released, but only a few succeeded in making their escape. The first event was at 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, 70yds. boundary. The winner of this event scored 22, which must be considered a good score for an amateur. The second event was at 10 live birds, same rise and boundary. The winner scored 10 straight. Messrs. T. W. Tignor's Sons, sporting goods dealers of this city, donated as a prize a handsome gun case. Everybody wanted to win it, but only one man was able to lay claim to it, and he carried off most of the prizes that day. The shoot was a success in every respect except that the public took little interest in it. The managers of the affair hope to have a larger crowd present to witness their next efforts."

The ninth annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will be held Oct. 12-15. The programme for trap-shooters is not extensive, but the rifle programme is a good one. For the trap-shooters who are not members of the club Thursday, Oct. 15, is the only day. On that date there will be twelve events shot; ten of them will be at 15 bluerocks and two at 10 bluerocks. The 10-target events are $1.20 entrance; the 15-target events are $1.50 entrance. There will be a handicap for shooters, which runs as follows: "Class A will shoot from known traps and unknown angles; Class B will shoot from known traps and angles. Shooters in Class B winning or dividing first money will be advanced one class, and shooters in Class A failing to win in one event will shoot from the next lower class. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooters dropping for place will be barred. Lunch will be served, and shells will be for sale on grounds. Trains for Howard leave Union Depot at 10 and 11:40 A. M., and 1:05 and 3:20 P. M.

The dates for the tournament to be held at Ironton, O., under the auspices of the Iron City Gun Club, have been changed to Oct. 28-29. Mr. H. E. Norton, of that club, writes us under date of Oct. 2 as follows: "The dates for the Iron City Gun Club's tournament have been changed to one week later, owing to the Louisville tournament being held on the same dates as those we had chosen. Programmes will be mailed Oct. 8 and the tournament will take place Oct. 28-29. Quite a number from Marietta, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Portsmouth and Huntington will be present, and the club has every reason to believe that the shoot will be a success in every way. The live-bird match between Messrs. West and Verges vs. Stevens and Clarke will be shot the last afternoon for a purse of $400, and will be well worth seeing."

George Cubberly did some capital shooting at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., Oct. 2. He shot in 7 miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, and scored 55 out of 57. He divided 5 of the events, running at one time 40 straight. Winston also did good work; he shot at 41 birds and scored every one of them except the last one. Among those who took part in the sweeps was Jack Brewer, Bland Ballard, James Timmons, Eddie Hill, I. W. Budd and Charlie Zwirlein.

The W. Fred Quimby Co., the New York end of the Hunter Arms Co., the Empire Target Co. and the Hunter bicycle, has removed its headquarters to 300 Broadway, three doors above its old stand at 294. Fred will be found for a short time at least in the rear of the store at the above number. The cause of this removal is the plan for erecting one of New York's sky-scrapers on the site of his old location.

Noel E Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Co., was unlucky enough to run a nail into his foot on Sept. 25. The wound was not only painful, but a severe one, Mr. Money being unable as yet to wear a shoe on the injured foot. The accident came at a bad time, as it has delayed his starting on a trip to Maine to school his foxhound puppies on Maine foxes prior to the trials of the Brunswick Fur Club.

The Rose system was given a good trial at the Pennsylvania State shoot at Harrisburg last week, and stood the test very well. That shooters know a good thing when once they have tried it is plainly shown by the fact that few programmes reach us now that do not include the sentence: "The Rose system of dividing purses will be used at this tournament."

The series of interclub team races that was gotten up by the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, of Chicago, has proved even more successful than its promoters had hoped for. Nothing booms the sport better than friendly team races between clubs conveniently located for such gatherings.

Mr. E. A. Worthen, president of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, Burlington, Vt., says in a personal letter to us, dated Oct. 3: "Mr. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., was here this week and made one of our party at the Cambridge tournament. We made a great effort, but the wind played the dickens with the scores."

The return match between J. L. Winston, of the Austin powder, and Gustave Langen, who shoots under the name of Count, which was arranged to take place last week at Yardville, N. J., did not come off owing to Langen having hurt his arm. It will take place, however, some day this week at the same place.

The programme for the Marion merchandise shoot, to be held by the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 23-24, is one that should attract a lot of shooters of the amateur class. The management of the club is making strenuous efforts to have the affair a complete success.

Paul Litzke writes us that, though the South has had a lot of tournaments this year, trap-shooting is scarcely on the wane, several tournaments being on the list for the next few weeks. There is very little going on in the way of trap-shooting in the South that Paul does not get wind of.

A correspondent writing to us from St. Johnsbury, Vt., under date of Sept. 30, sends us the following interesting item: "Some of the sportsmen of St. Johnsbury have become interested in trap-shooting, and last night formed a temporary organization, with J. W. Titcomb as president, and H. A. Belknap secretary and treasurer. The club has been practicing for some time, but as the interest increased it seemed best to have a permanent organization and adopt a form of constitution and by-laws, which will be presented at a subsequent meeting."

The conditions of the cup contest, offered by the Bergen County Gun Club for competition at its grounds on Nov. 7, have not yet been decided upon. President Bell, of that club, is busily engaged taking a census of the opinion of the local shooters on that point.

Live birds at Baltimore, and targets and live birds at Newburgh, N. Y., will keep the shooters busy in this section this week. It is a pity that Baltimore did not choose next week for its shoot, and thus give shooters a chance of attending both tournaments.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club may decide upon giving one of its old-time tournaments. The Van Gilders, John Connor, Judge Lindsay, etc., are good material to work on when it comes to giving a shoot that the boys like.

Rolla Heikes will be in this city some time time this week. He will make a short stay in the East, but expects to get to Swan Creek, Mich., in time to stop a few snipe and some ducks on their way to spend the winter in the South.

The team race between the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., which takes place Saturday, Oct. 10, on the grounds of the Bergen County Club, will be an interesting affair.

The Red Owl Gun Club, of Liberty, Ind., will hold a tournament at live birds and targets, Oct. 28-29. The secretary, Mr. R. A. Creek, will be pleased to furnish all information desired by inquiring correspondents.

Jim Elliott is not the only person who is wondering where all those people are who seemed so anxious to shoot him a race or two at live birds less than three months ago.

Oct. 6. EDWARD BANKS.

Position of the Gun versus Sportsmanship.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a reader of about all the prominent sporting papers (I should perhaps say "sportsmen's papers") published in the country. I read them as a rule from end to end, advertisements and all. It may be that I do so because I love sport and all that pertains to it, or it may be that I do it because I have plenty of time on hand, or again it may be both of the above reasons. Anyhow I've got some time to spare just now and my bosom needs unburdening, so I'm going to make you my victim.

A few weeks ago I read some letters in a paper urging the adoption of some more "sportsmanlike" method of holding the gun at the trap. It seemed to me when I read those letters that the writers had missed the mark about as badly as they probably would have done had they tried their hands at live birds or targets under the present conditions at shoots of any kind. They did not consider that the two branches of shooting, trap and field shooting, are as widely separated by natural conditions as they possibly can be. The trap, as a means for teaching a man to handle his gun in the field, is useful only in so far as it accustoms a man to handle a gun freely and easily, teaches him what his gun will do, familiarizes him with the use of powders, and above all, and often by bitter experience, teaches him that he must lead crossing birds—something that it takes him some time to learn if he only does a little field shooting each season, and only finds the usual quantity of game our woods are blessed with nowadays.

In the field—that is, both in brush and open meadows—I have done a great deal of shooting in my time. Speaking from experience, I would say that nine-tenths of my game has been killed at distances varying from 15 to 30yds. from my gun; the other one-tenth has been stopped sometimes under 15, but rarely over the 30yds. limit. Quail when pointed by a dog lie close enough at times for one to step on them; occasionally, where they have been shot at much, they rise wild. My position when going up to a dog on a point on quail is this: I grasp the gun easily with both hands, the left hand holding the gun just about the end of the fore end and the right hand just behind the trigger guard, with the first finger ready and itching to feel the trigger; my right forearm lightly touches the comb. If a quail jumps wild my gun comes up easily without loss of time, and my left arm is slightly bent (I do not and cannot believe in the stiff left arm business); in brush, where one has to shoot quick, my position and motions are just the same. In the open, when birds lie well, he is a poor sportsman who snaps his birds. Sneaking up to a dog on a point with an old cock partridge (ruffed grouse) before him, I get my gun a little nearer to my shoulder, for one needs all the time one can get on a gentleman of that kind. The above is how I do it, but I don't say that it necessarily follows that it is the right and the only way. When I learned to shoot I wanted meat, and I chose the way that came naturally to me and which seemed to get me most meat.

Now for the trap. Who has not heard some old-timer say: "Look at that fellow with his gun glued to his cheek! He'd be a pretty sight in the field, wouldn't he, if he acted like that?" That sentence, with variations, has doubtless greeted the ears of many of your trap-shooting readers. My answer invariably is: "Circumstances alter cases." Another remark one hears often is: "Why don't they hold the gun below the elbow like we used to do? That's a sportsmanlike way of shooting." Now I don't believe there is a single man who habitually shot "gun below the elbow" matches who would ever think of putting himself into the ridiculous figure-of-four position assumed at the trap on such occasions if he was walking up to a dog on point. If that is a sportsmanlike position I'm no sportsman, and never will be, I'm afraid. The one-barrel business was cruel, to say the least. Many birds shot at in matches where "one barrel only" was allowed escaped badly maimed, when a second barrel would have put them out of their misery. If we are bound to impose suffering on birds, let us at least put them out of their pain as soon as possible. The skillful use of a second barrel on a hard bird, whether in the field or at the trap, is to my mind the height of skill in shooting. How many men can place their second barrel effectively?

The "gun in any position" rule was probably made not through any sympathy with the birds, but simply because it was impossible for any referee, however good, to decide accurately all the time whether the bird *was* on the wing before the gun was put to the shoulder. It is pretty hard to keep your eye on two things, both of which need watching. With an inefficient or dishonest referee there was plenty of room for trickery, and plenty was practiced.

As trap-shooting is carried on nowadays, the conditions are generally hard enough. Live pigeons are usually liberated from 28 to 30yds. from the shooter. He has to be very quick and accurate to stop his bird within bounds; there is a big difference between 21yds. rise and 28 or 30yds. rise; there is also a big difference between the conditions of game shooting and trap-shooting as at present practiced. Then take shooting at clay targets. Ruffed grouse and quail get up and away very quickly, but none of them get away for the first 20yds. as fast as a bluerock or empire leaves the trap. Experts show us by their work, and as a result of their experience, that the gun to the shoulder is the best position for making good scores, and that is what the boys are after. I have noticed that many thoroughly good sportsmen soon adopt the gun to the shoulder when they start in trap-shooting. They want to excel and they take what they have learned is the best position.

There is also another phase of this matter that needs a little notice. A bird lost in the field through slow work with the gun does not amount to much. Frequently it can be followed and flushed again. A clay target lost, or a pigeon lost at the traps, means dollars out of pocket and ultimate defeat. Don't lose sight of the fact that it is victory and dollars, or dollars and victory, at the traps as a rule. There are exceptions to the rule, but those exceptions occur only at the home shoots of gun clubs, never at tournaments, be they large or small.

Now, gentlemen, I have had my say, and I should like to hear what the other side has got to say. Don't put this in the waste basket and I will be grateful to you, because I rather like it and want to find out whether I am right or not. 48 GRAINS.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 26.—Below are the scores made to-day in the regular weekly shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club. A strong wind blew in from the traps and all targets were hard to get, many sky-scrapers among them. Paterson won in Class A, Metcalfe in Class B and Black in Class C. Scores:

Class A.

Paterson.....1110111111111111111111111—24
Lamphere.....1100111111011111011111101—20
Wescott.....1101101110001111111111111—20
Ferguson.....1000111111011001101110111—17

Class B.

Norcom.....0111110000110001111111111—17
Greely.....0010001011101100101111101—14
Metcalfe.....0110110001111101111111011—18

Class C.

Black.....1111001111100111110111101—19
Harlan.....0001100001011000110111010—12
Davis.....1101111010000001101100111—14

PATTY.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—The eighth and final shoot of the series of interclub matches of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League for the year of 1896 came off at Garfield Club grounds to-day, this finishing a pleasant and important feature of the season's shooting record at this city. The previous dates of these League shoots were April 25, May 16, June 20, July 18, Aug. 5, Sept. 5 and 19, results of which have appeared in these columns. The attendance to-day was hardly what was deserved by so prominent an event. It is likely that the presence of the field shooting season had much to do with the absence of many devotees of the trap who are connected with the League. To-day only two clubs, Eureka and Garfield, filled A Class teams. Eureka B Class was alone. No club filled C Class team, Calumet Heights being nearest with five men. Lack of interest may have perhaps also been due to the fact that the competition was really over before his shoot, and the main places already foregone in conclusion. Eureka Club A Class kept up her strong lead, and lands first on the season club total. As was predicted, Garfield B Class had a cinch on the season club averages, and Calumet Heights landed first in C Class. This is a good club distribution of the League Grand Prizes. The beautiful Mussey Trophy (which was long ago fully described in these columns) offered by the representative sportsman, Mr. W. P. Mussey, goes to Eureka Club, which lucky association will have a bit of silver of which they may justly feel very proud, for there are few more genuinely worthy sporting trophies out in the country than this one. The second grand prize, the Montgomery Ward & Co. silver cup, deserves almost as high praise as can be accorded the capital prize, and shows the enterprise and taste of the well-known and powerful house. The set of Expert Blue Rock traps and pull are standard goods which Calumet Heights Club will use and enjoy every week in the year.

In the season individual averages a surprise was in store. Dr. Shaw had a bit of reserve speed up his sleeve in the homestretch, and landed the first open-to-all individual prize, the L. C. Smith ejector shotgun, which is a joy forever also, because it will last forever, sure. Eddie Steck dropped back to second place and won a split-bamboo fishing rod, with which he can break targets when it is folded up. In third place there was an interesting tie between Stannard, of Eureka, Lanphere, of Calumet, and Kuss and Hicks, of Garfield, who shot even on the season's totals. Really Mr. Steck shot for Mr. Lanphere to-day, the latter being obliged to leave, but the totals at the end of the 25 tie birds showed Hicks in the lead with 22, Stannard next with 21. This tie was shot at the three center traps, traps unknown, fixed angles, 5 down. The prize so pluckily won by Mr. Hicks is a fine big refrigerator, which will come handy this winter. It is a cold refrigerator when Mr. Hicks gets left. The consolation prize for low men in the club at each contest, a keg of Du Pont smokeless powder, was won by J. Church, of Douglas Gun Club. These are the more important prizes, and the only ones on which results can be figured at this date, the club record needing long figuring before all the results can be established by the League secretary. Of these there are six prizes in each class of A, B and C. The first in the A Class is the E. C. challenge cup. The first in B Class is a Remington shotgun. The first in C Class is a Marlin rifle. The other prizes hold out in equal scale of value, the total scale of merchandise prizes being the most uniformly appropriate and valuable one has ever noted offered in a competition at the traps of a nature similar to this. The League shooters may feel themselves very well appreciated and very well rewarded for their faithfulness.

FOREST AND STREAM offers besides to day's scores a table showing the record of every man of the League in the club contests for the entire season, which is really the news of the League's work in a nutshell:

	April 25.	May 16.	June 20.	July 18.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 5.	Sept. 19.	Oct. 3.
Paterson	21	17	17	14	22	23	21	20
Goodrich	20	18	18	13	15	8	17	16
H Carson	20	19	..	17	21	18	18	..
Steck	22	24	21	22	19	24	19	21
Bingham	20	..	..	17	..	..	..	18
F Stannard	23	22	22	20	21	23	22	22
Dr Shaw	24	19	20	14	23	23	23	24
W Palmer	21	19	..	15	..	..	..	..
Dr Hodson	17	19	20	..	18	19	19	20
Bowers	17	..	..	15	21	..	..	..
Hicks	22	24	21	17	22	20	23	19
Von Lengerke	22	21	18	13	17	17	17	21
Dr Meek	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fehrman	19	22	20	17	20	20	21	..
Buchanan	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	..	20	..	..	16	13	21	19
Hinkins	..	14	18	..	..	..	..	..
Morton	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cleaver	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
De Wolf	..	20	14	..	..	12	14	13
Coppernoll	..	..	20	13	21	20	..	..
Steiger	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	17
Kurz	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Carson	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
F E Adams	..	..	21	22	..	20	19	..
Dr Hobbs	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Kimball	..	..	14	..	13	..	..	..
Goldsmith	..	..	14	11	..	..	..	..
Levy	..	..	14	12	17	14	10	6
Cheesman	17	..	..	14	15	..	..	17
Kettlest'ng	16	20	..	22	..	..	..	..
Cutler	15	17	16	..	18	..	..	..
Rexford	13	9	18	19	19	20	21	15
Kemp	21	18	..	..	22	19	11	14
Amberg	21	18	13	18	19	16	..	..
Knowles	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Drake	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	16	18	16	9	19	18	..	11
Metcalf	14	17	20	11	17	20	14	..
Turtle	20	19	16	..	..	..	..	..
Booth	17	18	16	14	21	10	13	20
Lamphere	19	23	20	23	22	24	18	19
F S Lewis	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thacker	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Church	..	17	18	17	..	18	..	13
Johnson	..	12	16	8	17	18	..	..
Matthews	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barnard	14	11	..	7	..	..	..	..
Weed	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lawler	20	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Goetthe	18	18	..	16	..	..	..	..
Cheesman	16	..	..	14	11	..	15	..
Wescott	19	22	14	17	23	..	17	15
Davis	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Black	..	..	..	12	15	15	16	13
Harper	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greeley	16	19	19	14	18	15	14	19
Van Platten	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..

	April 25.	May 16.	June 20.	July 18.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 5.	Sept. 19.	Oct. 3.
S Palmer	12	..	17	9	18	15	14	12
Dr Liddy	18	18	22	19	..	21	17	17
Kuss	17	23	20	20	24	23	16	22
Richards	19	23	20	18	19	21	23	16
J Lewis	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buck	16	20	15	15	..	..	16	..
C W Carson	18	15	15	19	15	..	..	..
Glover	23	16	20	23	19	22	15	20
Sheppard	18	..	..	..	21	..	..	..
Deering	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	15	..	..	15	..	..	16	9
Lourey	18	17	..	9	21	15	17	..
Knott	12	13	..	..	17	17	17	7
E Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Pitz	..	..	..	13	16	..	..	..
J J Smith	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	..	..	..	13	22	19	..	..
J Ruble	..	..	..	23	24	23	22	20
Hart	..	..	..	11	20	..	..	..
Houston	..	..	..	..	16	17	8	..
Norcom	..	..	..	..	13	11	17	9
Harlan	..	..	..	7	..	12	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	2
Halligan	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Ludlow	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
J M Young	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	18
Metcalf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Cooper	12	16	..	16	17	..	..	..
Airey	19	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	23	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
N Stannard	17	23	19	20	19	21	20	19
W A Jones	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
J L Jones	14	15	15	..	..	..	..	..
Carter	24	19	18	12	22	20	..	..
Murphy	20	10	13	..	12	..	..	..
Petrie	16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Maloney	17	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Barto	20	19	23	16	22	20	..	15
Eich	21	19	22	20	22	17	15	19
H Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11
T Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
J Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Spreyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Einfeldt	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Whitman	5	21	15	..	16	21	14	13
Talbot	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
A W Adams	..	23	17	22	19	..	17	19
Wilbur	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
W Morgan	..	23	..	16	19	21	..	22
S Yonng	..	19	14	16	15	20	8	..
Copelin	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bissell	..	18	19	18	16	..	9	..
Antoine	..	20	20	18	21	18	21	13
Vasampaur	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abel	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rochelan	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skinner	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	..

To-day the crowd of non-shooters was better than that of the shooters, a goodly number of spectators being on hand, in spite of the horribly muddy condition of the grounds, due to the late heavy rains. Among the ladies present were Miss Kelley, Mesdames Hicks, Russell, Kuss, Richards and Rowe. Mrs. Hicks acted as cashier, and did it so pleasantly that a man who only drew down 47 cents felt entirely satisfied with the world. Among the visiting sportsmen was Mr. E. S. Rice, of Du Pont shoot fame. All went off very smoothly, including the magautrap, which turned out copy for the entire push with great regularity and ease and with one hand tied behind its back. At the close of the regular events sweepstakes shooting was taken up and followed until pitch dark, the shooters stooping down on their knees at times to catch sight of the birds in the darkness.

It may be said that the season closed with the trap-shooting enthusiasm at as keen a pitch as that which marked the first shoot of the year. The League organization was a grand idea, and has added to the interest in the sport at Chicago to a very great extent. It has been of distinct benefit in increasing the feeling of comradeship among the different clubs, always a most desirable thing. It is certain that next year's record will have an equal and possibly a greater interest to the lovers of the sport of the traps. Following are the scores of to-day's events:

A CLASS.

Eureka.

F P Stannard.....1111011110111111111111011—22
A W Adams.....1110101111101011111111100—19
A C Patterson.....1111110111111111011110001—20
E M Steck.....1111110111101111001111111—21
Wright.....1111111110101101111111111—22
Ed Bingham.....0111011110110111110101101—18—122

Garfield.

T P Hicks.....0111101111011101011111101—19
J M Young.....1100110111110111110110011—18
D Russell.....1000000000010000000000000— 2
O von Lengerke.....1111100101111101111111111—21
Thos A Eaton.....0100100010001100111100000— 9
Dr Liddy.....1001110111111010111100011—17— 86

B CLASS.

Garfield.

S Shaw.....1111111111111011111111111—24
R Kuss.....1011101111111011111111111—22
J P Richards.....0111101111000101110110011—16
S Palmer.....0001010101010111001001110—12
Steiger.....1110111111011111101000010—17— 91

Eureka.

W D Stannard.....1110111101111111110000111—19
J T Glover.....1101011110101111101111111—20
L H Goodrich.....0010101111001111010111110—16
W F De Wolf.....0100100101001001111111100—13
Spreyne.....1111100111101100110010111—17
H P Morgan.....1001001010000110011011010—11— 96

Douglas Gun Club.

B Barto.....0011010110111101111001010—15
J Church.....1100010111100100101010110—13
M J Eich.....0110111101011011111101111—19— 47

Calumet Heights.

Norcom.....1010101110100000010100000— 9
G C Lamphere.....1111101010111011111101011—19
F A Hodson.....0011111111111110011111101—20
C D Wescott.....0111100010001010111111011—15
H A Ferguson.....0011111110111111111101010—19
S M Booth.....1101111011110111111011111—21—103

Garden City.

J Ruble.....1101110111101110111101111—20
O C Kemp.....1011110011010100111010100—14
Antoine.....0010100010110101101111001—13
Rexford.....1101101110110110111000100—15—62

Cicero.

W Cheesman.....1010111111111001100101101—17
Fox.....0101000010100100011011000— 9
Knott.....0011010010010010000000100— 7—33

C CLASS.

Calumet Heights.

Greeley.....1111101111100111111010110—19
Metcalf.....1110101110101011111000000—14
Marshall.....0101001001100111100011000—11
Whitman.....1100111110100001110000110—13
Black.....0101010110001101100011101—13—70

The scores made in the sweeps shot during the day were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	15	15	25
Glover	7	4	7	..	17	..	11	..
Wright	8	6	10	..	16	13	14	20
Kuss	8	9	9	..	17	..	15	23
Bradley	7	6	6	7	11	..	11	..
Hicks	6	..	9	..	16	..	12	..
Bingham	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..
Ruble	..	10	8	10	14	14	13	..
Adams	..	7	7	..	17	..	13	19
Barto	..	9	6	..	15	11	10	..
Cornwall	..	3	..	..	..	7	..	..
Steck	..	9	..	..	..	12	13	23
Young	..	7	..	..	..	8	..	8
Paterson	..	5	..	..	..	11	12	..
Palmer	..	..	..	9	..	..	9	..
Liddy	..	..	..	5	..	10	9	17
Church	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	..
Neal	..	..	..	8	..	10	..	17
Morgan	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	..
Cheesman	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	3
Lockie	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	16
Shaw	..	..	..	8	..	11	..	19
Robbins	..	..	..	7	..	10	..	14
W Stannard	..	..	..	7	..	11	13	22

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	15	15	25
Wescott	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	15
Metcalfe	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Black	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	14
Goodrich	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Steiger	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	11
Booth	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Lamphere	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Rice	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Hodson	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	18
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	14
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Spreyne	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Eich	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
O von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	22
Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Prickett	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	14
Antoine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Sundermeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Buchta	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Copeland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

In New Jersey.

MISS-AND-OUTS AT ZWIRLEIN'S.

Oct. 2.—Nine shooters, all of them top-notchers, had a good day's sport at Yardville to-day. Some excellent shooting was done by some of those present, particularly by George Cubberly and J. L. Winston. Seven miss-and-outs were shot, $5 entrance, the results being as given below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
B Ballard	2222121220	21220	220	21112120
I W Budd	12112212112	222222	0	122220
J L Brewer	2122210	0	220	221220
J Timmons	212110	0	1110	1110
G Cubberly	1111221112	21110	1211	1111121122
C Zwirlein	2212122222221	212221	0	20
Eddie Hill	....	21220	2112	2122211210
147	....	......	....	1221222122

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Ballard	1221112210	212112220	....
Budd	2121122212	21211220	....
Brewer	22220	22222222220	221222122
Timmons	111211220	20	....
Cubberly	1121111111	12222112222	12120
Zwirlein	10	1120	1220
Hill	1212220	1121120	212111121
147	1221222122	121221222222	122222220
Welles	....	2222220	2222220

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Oct. 3.—Twelve members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., took part in the monthly handicap shoot. Eddie Collins shot in great form, breaking 49 out of 50, losing his 28th target. Scores:

Gray (0).....1011111111111111111111111
1111111111111111110111101—46
Adams (0).....1111011110011111011111111
1111111111011111011111111—44
Collins (0).....1111111111111111111111111
1111111111110111111111111—49
Huck (0).....1111111110110111111111011
1111100010111100 w — 22
Jeannerite (0).....1011101111110000001110101
1010111111111011010100010—31
Frank (0).....1011101100111101111110111
1111111111111111111010111—43
Paul (0).....1111011110101111011111101
1111111011101110111111111—42
McAlpin (0).....1110111111111110111101101
1111101111101101100001001—38
Hall (0).....1111011011111111111111001
1111111111110111101111111—44
James (8).....1011011101101101111010001
1010111011010111111011011—34
100111110 — 6—40
Marvin (19).....0101110011001100111010010
0101110110000100111011101—20
0011110101100001 — 9—38
Broshart (15).....0010001100001101010100010
0000000100010300111111011—20
110011100111011 —10—30

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Team Race at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Sept. 21.—Below find scores made to-day in a match between the Dayton and Fort Dodge Gun Clubs. Conditions: five men on each team, 20 live birds per man, five unknown traps, A. S. A. rules. The birds were a fine lot, good flyers and strong. A northwest wind, blowing about forty miles per hour across the traps, carried many birds out which would have been scored on a calm day.

Fort Dodge.

J F Drake.21••2021021202201212—14
R Christen1110221222112••01•2—15
A Reynolds122122112111112•1212—19
C Bryant..21212212•12•222•1022—16
C Minton..0002201021120•2•2001—11

75

Dayton.

C F Cole...222•1222122222222212—19
O Norman.12222122200•212•?122—16
M E Curtis 20201011272001000120—10
F Corey....212122•021•02•2002—13
J B Paxton1110111022203•02222—16

74

C. A. BRYANT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 1.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day, the scores made by those present being as below. No. 3 was the shoot for the Silverthorn badge, Miller winning the badge with a score of 20. Scores:

No. 1:

Terry.....1111101101110111101111010—19
Dornin.....1111111110111111111011111—23
Scott.....1111010110110111100110010—17
Miller.....1110011001101100101011111—16

No. 2:

Terry.....1011101111010011001010111—16
Dornin.....1111011111110011110111101—20
Scott.....1011111010111110111110111—20
Miller.....1001100011111001110011111—16

No. 3:

Terry.....1110111011001110111110111—19
Dornin.....1110011110111010110101111—18
Scott.....1101111111100011010110011—17
Miller.....1111010110111101110111111—20

No. 4:

Terry.....1111111111111101111101111—23
Dornin.....1111011010110001101101011—16
Scott.....1111111101111011110011111—21
Miller.....1110110110110010110011011—16

F. M. D.

Pennsylvania's Sixth Annual.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's sixth annual tournament was held at Harrisburg, Tuesday-Friday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2. The shoot was given under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, one of the most influential organizations of the kind in the State of Pennsylvania. The club is a strong one, and numbers among its members some of the most active and most prominent men in the State Association.

Of this tournament, and of the treatment received by the guests at the hands of its hosts, it would be hard to find anything to cavil at. The tournament was certainly a successful one, although the attendance was not up to what it has been in years past; that, however, is due more to hard times than anything else. Empty pocketbooks are bad things to go to a shoot with, and it's empty pocketbooks that most people have nowadays. The programme could not have been at fault, because the programme of events was so arranged that it did not require a large outlay of money to get along with. The tournament, therefore, must be classed as a success as times are now. As for the treatment of the visitors, surely that was all right. What reception could have been warmer than the one Harrisburg gave her guests on Tuesday? Seven fires and a cyclone don't get around together every day, and it's few cities that can afford such luxuries anyway! That cyclone was a dandy, too. It commenced about half an hour after midnight, what may be said to be the shank of the evening for trap-shooters! Some of the early birds, such as Winston, Justus von Lengerke, Dick Swiveller, etc., had gone to bed and to sleep. When the storm burst on the city the racket it made aroused the three above named, each of whom, we are credibly informed, at once rose up and made for the fire escapes. Our reception in Harrisburg was certainly warm and wet, for if ever rain fell on the earth it fell that Tuesday afternoon. The last two events were shot off that afternoon in a rain that came down in sheets, driving right into the faces of the shooters, wetting them through and through. A glance at the scores in those events will help to tell the tale.

The question as to how far rain drops deflect shot was raised and argued freely. We never remember having seen prior to that afternoon the course of a charge of shot through the rain. The shot cut a swath through the sheets of rain, its course being plainly marked by the scattered rain drops. The dark background of woods probably helped to make the course of the shot plainer than it would have been had there been no such background. It was a curious sight, but it made the wetting none the more pleasant. As to the background, the less said about that the better; the Harrisburg boys know that it is about as bad as it could be, so we will say no more, save to state that at present they can't get any other. The traps faced to the east of north; in front, some 300yds. away, was a rise in the ground that might by a stretch of imagination be called a hill. It was not a high hill, not in the least, but it was clothed with a lavish growth of hardwood trees that made the background about as hard as it could be. To make things worse, the foliage on these trees was turning and taking on the tints of fall; there was just enough yellow in the color of the leaves on the trees to make the paint of the targets about a match for them. But strangely enough the black targets, that is, those without any paint at all, and there were any quantity of such trapped, were worse to see than those that had a little paint on them. It was hard shooting, and only strict attention to business, together with a straining of the eyes, that gave one almost the fixed look that properly belongs to the bicycle face, made good scores possible.

Elmer E. Shaner was in charge of the shoot, and had things very nicely fixed. There was plenty of room for all, had the attendance been twice as big as it was. The cashier's department was in charge of Harry Gough; all shooters who have taken part in previous tournaments of the Harrisburg Shooting Association know Harry Gough and know what he can do in his department. No. 1 set of traps was used for the State events. The officials at this set were: Referee, David McCormick; puller, John Conway; manifold man, Wellington Jones; blackboard, C. C. Fickle. At the open-to-all set of traps the officials were: Referee, J. B. Ready; puller, Harry Stroh; manifold man, Ellwood Barns; blackboard, Joe Braire. B. S. Smith was "extra," and was on hand to do anything there was to be done. The position of referee was not a pleasant one, as it required very earnest attention to his work to enable him to do it properly. As it was, the strain on the eyes must have been very severe, and we are only astonished that there were not more mistakes made and more kicks registered. Both mistakes and kicks were very few and far between—very agreeably so.

Fuller Worden and his brother, Jim Worden, could not both get away from business at the same time, so they took it by turns to be chained to business and shared the days off. Brewster, Sullivan (one of the staunch supporters of Forest and Stream, and one who has been taking it ever since it was first offered to the public), Harry Dill, Wellington, etc., all active members of the home club, were on hand all the time and shot through the programme. The mention of the above six names brings up the question as to whether there are no new shooters of note in Harrisburg? Is there no young blood in such a large city?

From out of town came a strong contingent: Rolla Heikes and B. A. Bartlett, experts, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, of New York, the agents in the United States for Schultze Powder Company, of England; J. L. Winston, representing the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O.; Captain A. W. Money, of the American E C. Powder Company, Oakland, N. J.; Howard and Du Pont Collins, of Baltimore, the latter representing both the Du Pont and Hazard (Blue Ribbon) Powder Companies; J S S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the best young shots in that part of the States; E. H. Kniskern, formerly with the Wilkes-Barre Gun Company, but now a representative of Schoverling, Daly and Gales, shooting a Daly gun and Walsrode powder; W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), of Batavia, N. Y., the Eastern end of the United States Smokeless Powder Company, of San Francisco; etc.

We have omitted purposely all mention in the above paragraph of the representative of King's Smokeless. We did it with malice aforethought, being of the opinion that Mrs. M. F. Lindsley should have a small paragraph all to herself. The King Powder Company is a wise corporation; it keeps Milt Lindsley at home making powder, while Mrs. Lindsley comes East, visits her old friends and makes new ones for the powder her husband compounds in the mills along the banks of that little river in Ohio It is Milt's loss, but it is our gain.

The shooters of the State did not turn out as they should have done, or rather as we hoped they would have done. Among those present were: John Shaaber, Brooke Harrison, John Coldren, John Ritter and Moore, of Reading; John Thurman, Harry Thurman, W. H. (Billy) Wolstencroft, H Landis, David H Ridge, D. Longenecker and Joe Leaming, all members of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia; George Anderson and John Burton, of the Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia; W. H. Stroh, George Addison and George F. Nesbitt, members of the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club; A. L. Hoffmeister, Hartmann, Moyer and J. O'H. Denny, all from Pittsburg; William Brennan, of Hatboro, who shot under the name of Duke; Krueger, Corcoran and W. H. Burnham, of York, the latter the ex-champion of the State at targets; E F. Slear, of Sunbury; J. M. Runk, of Chambersburg; M. M. McMillan, of Mahanoy City, ex-champion of the State at live birds; Anderson, of Lancaster; etc.

The above list causes us to wonder where were the following: the King brothers, Bessemer and John Shafer, of Pittsburg; Bill Clark, Kotty, Killits, Clover and Sands, of Altoona; Millspaugh, Nelse Hughes and Abercrombie, of Williamsport; Billy Fieles, of Christiania; Schmeck, of Reading; Fen Cooper, etc.? There were a lot of them marked absent when it came to roll call.

As regards the running of the shoot, there was nothing left undone that could have added to the smoothness with which everything moved along to a conclusion. The traps worked well, Al. Hebbard, of the Empire Target Co., looking after them in conjunction with Elmer Shaner. The traps used were bluerock expert traps and empire traps, empire targets being thrown during the whole tournament. The rest of the story of the tournament, its ups and its downs, together with a complete record of the scores made in all the events, are given below under separate heads for each day's work.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 29.

The wet weather of to-day was against good work in the late hours of the afternoon. This will be noticed particularly in Nos. 4 and 5 of the open events. Below is a table of the events open only to residents of the State:

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	20	15	50	20	20	Targets:	15	20	15	50	20	20
Fuller	9	12	10	35	11	16	S P Life	14	17	10	..	..	..
Henry	10	15	10	44	14	16	Landis	12	17	12	45	15	17
Sullivan	12	15	13	43	17	17	Hoffmeister	11	11	11	32	..	12
Brewster	12	19	12	41	17	14	Hartman	11	13	9	44	..	13
Duke	10	18	13	..	12	19	Udick	12	10	7	..	..	7
Burnham	12	15	9	35	15	16	W H W	..	17	13	43	20	18
D Longnecker	10	14	..	..	17	13	Moyer	..	..	6	..	..	..
J O'H Denny	12	9	13	35	16	10	Krueger	..	..	8	38	..	..
J A Wilson	14	18	12	37	15	14	Kinzer	..	..	11	..	..	..
Wellington	10	18	13	40	18	18	Runk	..	..	..	..	11	18
G F Nesbitt	14	15	15	47	17	14	Stroh	..	..	..	..	13	10
Thurman	13	17	12	44	19	16	Addison	..	..	..	..	14	..
Leaming	10	11	10	..	16	13	Ritter	..	..	..	..	..	13
H Ridge	4	18	6	..	14	14							

For the open events on this day there was only a limited programme. The list included four 20-target events and a 50-target event, the details of the latter event and its conditions being given elsewhere. The scores of the above five events were as below:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3*	4	5	Events:	1	2	3*	4	5
Targets:	20	20	50	20	20	Targets:	20	20	50	20	20
Moyer	14	13	43	16	13	Landis	19	18	46	19	16
B F Smith	14	13	41	12	14	147	15	14	37	..	..
J A Wilson	17	17	43	15	..	Swiveller	16	14	45	14	..
J O'H Denny	17	19	44	12	..	Duke	16	16	45	15	..
Thurman	19	20	46	19	17	W H W	19	18	48	18	18
Fuller	12	14	42	14	17	Capt Money	15	17	42	12	..
Heikes	20	20	48	17	20	J S S Remsen	16	14	35	..	..
Bartlett	17	17	44	17	17	Coldren	19	16	48	18	17
Edwards	17	18	47	14	15	Leonard	17	15	48	..	..
Howard	18	19	50	18	19	Gagnon	12	9	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	18	19	48	15	19	Henry	..	..	..	13	12
H P Collins	6	18	21	8	15	Burnham	..	..	..	11	..
Brewster	14	14	49	16	17	Shaber	..	..	..	13	..
Sullivan	14	18	49	17	12	Ritter	..	..	..	15	..
Nesbitt	20	19	45	..	..	S P Life	..	..	49	..	..

* The totals in this column include the scores made on the extra targets allowed the shooters.

INDIVIDUAL INANIMATE TARGET STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The main event on the programme for shooters of Pennsylvania only was the individual target State championship trophy donated by Wm. Wolstencroft & Sons. This was shot at 50 targets, known traps and angles. George Nesbitt, the popular shooter from Wilkesbarre, carried off the trophy with 47 breaks. He ran 33 straight before dropping a single target. The detailed scores are as below.

Fuller......11111110110111100100111010101111010100011110111—35
Henry......01111111111111101111111111111111001'1111011111110111—44
Sullivan......11011111111111111111111101110111011101111111010111—43
Brewster......11111111111001111111011110110101111111000111111111—41
Krueger......11110110111111101010111011111100110110101101110110—36
Nesbitt......11111111111111111111111111111111110101111011111111—47
Burnham......11100010000101001111111110111111011111011011110111—35
Denny......01101111111010111101101100110101001101101011111111—35
Wilson......11111110101101011010101011010101110111110111111111—37
Wellington......01111111011111101111011011111010111110110100111111—39
Thurman......11111110111111101111111111111101101101111111111111111—44
Landis......01111111111101101111111111010111111111111111111111—45
W H W......10101111110111100101111111111111111111111111111101—43
Hoffmeister......11100101010110111111101111010011000101101111001011—33
Hartman......11111111011110111111111111111101110111111110101111—44

(This trophy was won at Philadelphia last year by W. H. Burnham, of York.)

THE GOLD DUST EVENT.

This event was a handicap shoot at 50 targets, with extra allowance of targets. The entrance fee for this event was $1.50, with an optional sweep of $2. The United States Smokeless Powder Company donated 20lbs. of Gold Dust powder and $10 in cash; F. R. Leib, of Harrisburg, also donating $15 to this event. Howard shot well and won with 50 out of 54. There were four others close after him with 49 each, Rolla Heikes rolling up the excellent total of 48 out of 50. The detailed scores were as below:

Heikes (0)......1011111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111011—48
Bartlett (0)......1111111111100111111111010111
1111111001111111111111111—44
Edwards (2)......1110111111111111111111101
1111101111111111111111011111
10 —47
Howard (4)......1111111011111111111111111
1111010111110111111111111
1111 —50
Von Lengerke (3)......0011111110111111110111110
1111111111111111111111111
111 —48
H P Collins (10)......1000100001011100001011010
1011010100011010000000100
00110w —21
Moyer (10)......1000000111101011111001111
1111101110111101010111111
1101101111 —43
Smith (6)......1110011111101011011001110
0111111010111111111111111
000101 —41
Fuller (6)......1010100011001101111110011
0011111011111111111101111
111111 —43
Sullivan (4)......1111011111111111111111111
1110111010111111111111111
1011 —49
Thurman (3)......1101101111111111100111111
1111111001110111111111111
111 —46
Landis (3)......1111111111111011101111111
1111111110111111101100111
011 —46
Duke (6)......1101101101101111001100111
0111111011111111111111111
111110 —45
Swiveller (7)......1111111011011111100110000
0111111111100111111111111
1111011 —45
Capt Money (6)......1001011111111101110101011
0010111101011111110101111
111111 —48
J S Remsen (6)......0111101100111110100001101
0110110101111001100111001
110111 —35
Coldren (4)......1111111111111111011101001
1111111111111111110111101
1111 —48
W H W (5)......1111001110001111111111111
1011111111111111111111111
11111 —49
Brewster (5)......1111111111111111011111111
1111111111011010111011111
01111 —49
Sporting Life (6)......1111111101111101011100111
0111111111111111111111011
111111 —49
Greenberg (7)......1011010100001111111011101
1111111110100101111111101
1100100 —39
Winston (3)......1111111011100111110111001
0111110101011111110100111
00 —37
Nesbitt (3)......1110111111111100111111111
1111111111000111111111011
11 —45
Leonard (10)......1110110111110101111111111
1110101111111111111001110
1101110011 —48
Denny (10)......1111111111101111110011111
1001101110101110111010101
1110111011 —44
Wilson (8)......0001011111111110111010101
0101111010111111101111111
10111011 —43
Wellington (5)......1101011110110111110111011
1011111111111110111110111
11001 —44

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 30.

Nos. 4 and 6 in the table below were respectively the team races for the Reading and the Harrisburg trophies, the details of which are given in full elsewhere. Scores:

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	20	15	25	20	25	Targets:	15	20	15	25	20	25
Duke	10	15	14	..	15	..	Landis	14	14	12	22	14	22
Leaming	10	13	11	..	12	..	W H W	13	17	12	23	17	23
Denny	10	17	14	..	12	..	Stroh	13	15	11	..	13	..
Shaaber	11	18	10	22	14	22	Hoffmeister	8	13	7	..	..	..
Burnham	12	18	9	..	17	..	Hartman	9	15	7	..	16	..
Brewster	12	15	11	21	15	21	Runk	12	15	10	..	17	..
Henry	10	16	6	22	12	22	Udick	7	..	..	..	..	..
Longnecker	10	17	13	..	16	25	Harlow	7	14	14	19	13	19
Wade Wilson	12	14	11	21	14	18	Sullivan	11	18	14	22	19	23
Ridge	13	13	15	24	17	24	Moyer	10	..	..	..	..	..
Kinzer	10	11	9	..	10	14	Coldren	11	15	13	24	16	23
W Stevenson	12	15	..	..	16	..	W J N	..	10	8	..	..	..
Wellington	13	17	15	18	17	21	Addison	..	..	14	..	16	..
S P Life	10	15	9	..	19	..	Esterley	..	..	4	..	..	17
Nesbit	13	15	14	..	15	..	Harrison	..	..	..	17	18	24
Anderson	12	19	12	..	16	..	Essick	..	..	..	17	11	16
Burton	11	17	12	..	14	..	A Stevenson	..	..	..	..	16	..
Ritter	12	17	12	22	16	22	Archibald	..	..	..	..	11	..
Thurman	13	16	15	19	17	23	George	..	..	..	..	12	..

READING FIVE-MEN TEAM TROPHY.

The Reading five-men team trophy contest was productive of some close shooting, as will be shown by the scores given below, each man shooting at 25 targets, known traps and angles:

Keystone Shooting League.

W H W......1111111111111111110111011—23
Ridge......1111111110111111101111111—24
Landis......1110111110111111111111110—22
W Wilson......1111111111011111111100101—21
Thurman......1111100111011111111010110—19—109

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

Shaaber......0111111101110111111111111—22
Essick......1010100111111011011011110—17
Ritter......1101110111111111111111011—23
Coldren......1111111111111111011111111—24
Harrison......0100110111011101011011111—17—103

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sullivan......1111111101111111100111111—22
Brewster......1110010111111111101111111—21
Henry......1111110111110110111111111—22
Wellington......1111011101011011111100110—18
Harlow......0111110110111111111010110—19—102

HARRISBURG SIX-MEN TEAM TROPHY.

The scores for the six-men team championship trophy donated by the Harrisburg Shooting Association for annual competition are given below, each man, as in the Reading trophy contest, shooting at 25 targets per man:

Keystone Shooting League.

Longenecker......1111111111111111111111111—25
Landis......1111111111111111010111111—23
W H W......1110111111111111111111110—23
Ridge......1111111111111111111101111—24
Wilson......1110101110110001111111110—18
Thurman......0111111101111111111111111—23—136

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Henry......1111111101111111111011101—22
Wellington......1111101011111111011011111—21
Sullivan......1011111111101111111111111—23
Brewster......0110111111101110111111111—21
Kinzer......0000001010011111111101011—14
Harlow......0111101011101111111101111—19—120

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

Essick......1101011111100011001101101—16
Coldren......1111111111111111111011101—23
Shaaber......1111011111111111011011111—22
Harrison......1111111111111111111011111—23
Ritter......1111111111111111111010011—24
Esterley......0100110111011111110100111—17—124

In the schedule for the open-to-all set of traps there were three 20-target events and one 100-target handicap race for the E. C. cup, donated by the American E. C. Powder Co. The details of this event appear elsewhere, together with an account of the race itself. The scores made in the three other events were as follows:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	3	4	Events:	1	3	4
Targets:	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20
Heikes	18	18	19	Swiveller	16	17	12
Bartlett	18	19	17	Wellington	18	..	..
Edwards	17	18	18	Henry	16	..	..
Howard	19	19	20	Burnham	15	..	18
Von L.	19	17	20	Harlow	16	18	18
Capt Money	18	18	18	Coldren	16	19	16
Duke	17	19	18	Remsen	18	18	19
Brewster	14	19	18	E H K	16	15	17
Denny	18	16	15	Kinzer	14	..	..
Collins	11	7	15	Wanda	..	14	..
Sullivan	16	16	19	Ayres	..	12	..
W N Stevenson	17	..	17	Hoffmeister	..	17	16
Nesbit	15	16	17	Harrison	..	16	15
B F Smith	16	19	17	Ritter	..	15	19
Shaaber	18	14	..	Schultze	..	16	17
Thurman	19	18	15	Leaming	..	17	16
Landis	19	20	19	Runk	..	..	16
W H W	19	18	18	A C Stevenson	..	..	14
147	17	17	18	Moyer	17	..	..

THE E. C. CUP CONTEST.

There were 28 entries in the 100-target handicap race for the cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. The conditions were: 100 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, $3 entrance, optional sweep of $2, $30 added by the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

The highest score made on the first 100 targets, that is, without the handicap allowance, was one of 93 by Howard. Heikes and 147 were next with 92 each. There were a whole lot of 91s, among them Remsen, who proved to be the ultimate winner, with 100 breaks and three more targets to shoot at. He shot to-day in far better style than yesterday; in fact, he shot what we consider to be his true form, as anywhere from 90 to 92 should be his average for four 25-target events. Those who finished close behind him were W. H. Wolstencroft (8), Brewster (12), Hoffmeister (14) and Moyer (16), both of Pittsburg, all the above scoring 98. In the 97 hole came Howard and 147, both with 5 handicap, and Thurman (6); Landis (8) broke 96; Edwards (5), Coldren (8) and Duke (12) broke 95 and managed to secure a portion of fifth money. In the optional sweep the money in the purse was divided on the scores made in the first 100 targets shot at. Howard took first money for his 93; Heikes and 147 second for 92; Bartlett, Edwards, Remsen and Thurman, third, with 91 each. Fourth money went to Justus von Lengerke and W. H. Wolstencroft with 90; fifth to Landis with 89.

The detailed scores given below tell the story of the race. Some idea of the difficulty of the shooting may be gathered from the fact that no straight 25 was made in any but the third round. In that round Bartlett, Landis and Coldren each went straight; 24s and 23s were plentiful all the time, but 25s were hard to get.

Squad No. 1, termed "the awkward squad" by Elmer Shaner, broke just 540 targets out of the 600 shot at in this race. The totals for each string were 131, 136, 135 and 138 respectively out of the 150 targets shot at in each round. In the last round the 138 was composed of two 24s, two 23s and two 22s; this round was shot on the No. 1 set of traps on which the State events had been decided. Scores were:

Heikes (0)......1111101111111111111111111
1101111111111111111110101—46
1111111111101111101110111
1111111111101111111111111—46—92
Bartlett (0)......0011110111111111111111110
1010111111111111111110111—43
1111111111111111111111111
1111110110111111111111111—48—91
Edwards (5)......1111111111111001001111110
1111101111111111111111111—44
1111111111101111111111101
1111111111111111101111111—47
10111 — 4—95
Howard (5)......1111110111111111111111111
1111101111111111111011111—47
1111101111111111110111111
1011101111111111111111111—46
01111 — 4—97
Justus von Lengerke (6)......11111'1111101111111111010
1011111110111111111111101—44
1111111111111111111101111
1011101111111111110111111—46
111100 — 4—94
Capt Money (12)......1111111111101101011110011
1111111011110111111111111—43
0111111111100101101101110
1011111111111111011110111—40
101100001011 — 6—89
J O'H Denny (20)......1111111111111101111110001
1111110111111010110100110—39
1111101111011011111101111
1010011110111110100010101—36
1101111110111111110 —17—92
W H Burnham (10)......1100111111011110101111101
111110 1111111111111111—43
1101111111011111111101110
1111101111010111111110100—40
1111110001 — 7—90
Brewster (12)......1111111100111111111100111
0011110110111011111111111—41
1110111100111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111—46
111111110111 —11—98
H P Collins (20)......0110101111111111101111101
0111111011000001111111001—36
1111000111101110101111101
1101011110001110101111101—35
1110001110111110101 —14—85
Sullivan (7)......1110101111101110111111011
0111111110111111111111111—43
1111101101111101111110111
0011111111111111111110101—42
0111111 — 6 90
B F Smith (13)......1111111110101110111111111
1101110111111111111001111—43
1111011011111111111111111
1010001011101010101111111—39
1101111111111 —12—94

Hy Thurman (6)........1110101111110111111111111
1111111111111010111111111—45
1111101111111111111111101
1111111101111111101111111—46
111111 — 6—97

Landis (8)........0011111110111001110111111
1111111110111011111011111—41
1111111111111111111111111
1111111110110111111111111—48
11110111 — 7—96

W H W (8)........0110111111111111110111111
1111111111111100101110111—43
1111101111111111111111101
1111111111111111111101111—47
1111111 — 8—98

Harlow (14)........0011111111110111110111001
0111101101101111111011011—38
1111111111011111111111111
1101011000101111111111111—48
1111110111011 —12—98

Swiveller (15)........1111101111111111111111111
0110111101100110110011101—39
1001111101001111011100110
1011111111111111101111101—38
11111011101111 —13—90

Duke (12)........0111111101111111111011111
1011000111110111101101110—39
0111011111111011111111111
1111111111111111110101111—45
11111011111 —11—95

Coldren (8)........1110101110111111111101111
1111100011101111111110101—40
1111111111111111111111111
1111111011101111111011111—47
11111111 — 8—95

Remsen (12)........0111111111111110111111011
0111111111111111111111111—46
1111110110111111011110111
1111111111111111111110111—45
111111111w —9—100

147 (5)........1110111111111111111111111
1111111111111001111111111—47
11111101111 0011111111111
1111011101111111111111111—45
11111 — 5—97

Burton (10)........1111111110111011111111010
1111101110101101101111111—41
1011111101111110111011101
0111110111110111101111011—41
111111011 — 8—90

Anderson (10)........0011110111101101110111011
1111010111111111111111111—42
1111101110111110111111111
1111111000111001110111101—40
1011111100 — 7—89

Kinzer (15)........1111101111001110101011101
1111111011111110110101111—39
1111111011111111011101111
0001001111100101001010101—34
1101001111111011 —11—91 *

Moyer (16)........1111111110111101111011111
0111011111011111011110111—42
1111110111111111111111111
1011110100111111111111011—48
111001111111110 —13—98

A L Hoffmeister (14)........1111001111101111111111101
1111101011111110111111111—48
1111111111111111111110010
1111111110110110111101111—44
01100111111111 —11—98

G F Nesbitt (6)........0111111110111101111111111
0011111111111111110111101—48
1111011011111101111101111
1010111011001100101010111—35
111101 — 5—83

Wellington (11)........1111101011111111111111111
1111110101110101110101111—42
1111101111101101101111111
1111111011100110110111011—40
11111111111 —11—93

THIRD DAY, OCT. 1.

This was a day of periods of warm sunshine interspersed with cold and threatening skies that made the target shooting harder than ever. Rolla Heikes's work in the Parker Brothers' event, the 100-target race in which he scored 97, was something that could hardly be duplicated. That event is given special notice below.

In the State events the American Wood Powder trophy for three-men teams was the main event. In the table run below No. 5 was a merchandise event.

The team race is treated of elsewhere. No. 5 was a merchandise prize event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	Targets:	15	20	15	20	25
Duke	13	15	13	19	20	Slear	15	13	11	..	17
Wellington	9	17	11	17	22	Henry	..	15	10	18	24
Corcoran	8	16	11	13	21	Ritter	..	19	12	18	20
Brewster	11	18	14	16	22	Fry	..	13	..	..	20
Leaming	6	15	14	18	15	Denny	..	14	9	17	21
Burnham	11	16	14	14	22	Fuller	..	14	13	10	23
S P Life	12	16	11	14	22	W H W	..	18	13	20	24
Burton	12	14	13	14	19	Stroh	..	..	..	..	23
Nesbit	12	16	12	19	20	Addison	..	..	..	..	21
Anderson	12	16	12	17	20	Conway	..	..	..	..	16
Landis	13	17	12	16	22	Moyer	..	..	..	..	20
Thurman	13	18	14	15	21	Coldren	..	..	..	..	21
Sullivan	12	17	12	20	25						

THE THREE MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contest for the trophy donated by the American Wood Powder Co. for the three-men team championship of the State was a pretty one, four teams entering for the event. The Keystone Shooting League continued its good team work of the previous day and walked off with this trophy also. That young member of the State Sportsmen's Association, the Florist City Gun Club of Philadelphia, went to the score and took second place, being defeated by only 5 breaks for the trophy. The conditions of the event were, 25 singles, known traps and angles, and 5 pairs. Detailed scores were as below:

Keystone Shooting League.

W H Wolstencroft........1111111111111111011111111—24
11 11 11 11 10 — 9—33
Landis........1111111101111111111111111—24
11 11 01 11 11 — 9—33
Hy Thurman........1111101011111101110110111—20
11 11 10 10 01 — 7—27—93

Florist Gun Club.

Anderson........1111110111111111101111101—22
11 11 11 10 11 — 9—31
Burton........1111111110111101111111111—23
10 10 10 10 11 — 6—29
S P Life........1110111111110111001111101—20
11 11 10 10 11 — 8—28—88

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sullivan........1101111011111101111111111—22
11 01 11 11 11 — 9—31
Brewster........1101111111111110111011101—21
11 11 10 10 11 — 8—29
Wellington........0111111011101110110111101—19
11 11 10 10 10 — 7—26—86

Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club.

Stroh........1111101111111011111111111—23
11 11 11 11 10 — 9—32
G F Nesbitt........1111001111111111101110111—21
10 11 10 11 11 — 8—29
Addison........0111100110111100101111011—17
00 01 11 01 11 — 6—23—84

The programme for the open-to-all set of traps was the same as yesterday's. The 100-target race and its special features are mentioned elsewhere. Below is a table of the scores in the

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	10
Heikes	18	18	19	Coldren	20	18	18
Bartlett	18	18	17	Wellington	13	..	..
Edwards	14	16	18	Remsen	19	17	19
Howard	16	15	18	Denny	..	15	14
Von L.	18	19	17	W H W	..	18	19
Money	15	18	17	Ritter	..	15	16
Duke	20	15	14	Wanda	..	10	11
E H K	12	18	..	Fuller	..	19	17
Brewster	18	17	19	Malone	..	15	16
Sullivan	20	17	17	Longnecker	..	16	16
Smith	12	18	18	Henry	..	17	19
Collins	12	12	12	Macbeth	..	15	..
Thurman	18	17	19	Corcoran	..	..	15
Landis	18	19	19	Runk	..	..	16
Swiveller	18	18	15	Stroh	..	..	18
Nesbit	16	15	18	Burnham	..	..	15

THE CONTEST FOR THE PARKER GUN.

The 100-target handicap event for the ownership of the gun donated by the firm of Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., was a special feature of the programme of open events for this, the third day of the shoot. The handicapping committee was the same as that which officiated in a like capacity yesterday and also on Tuesday; it was composed of two members, Jacob Pentz and Elmer E Shaner, both being non contestants. The rule that no shooter could score more than 100 targets was adhered to, and as a result there were four ties for first place and the gun. The shoot-off of the tie was a very pretty piece of target-shooting, the four men breaking the targets in great shape.

The feature of this race was Rolla Heikes's 50 straight on his first 50 targets, and H. P. "Du Pont" Collins's 25 straight in the third round of 25. When Collins broke his last target in the 25, pandemonium reigned for a few minutes, all who were not shooting having come up to witness the finish when it began to be rumored around the grounds that "Collins is going straight down there." His startling change of form was a fruitful source of conversation for the balance of the day and a great part of the night, while his right hand must have ached as a result of the handshaking he had to go through.

Squad No 1, Elmer Shaner's "awkward squad"—Heikes, Bartlett, Edwards, Howard, Von Lengerke and Capt. Money—did some good team work in this race, breaking 544 out of 600 shot at. The squad lost only 10 targets out of the first 150, and only 12 out of the second 150, breaking 278 out of 300. In the second half of the race the squad lost 34 targets of the 300 shot at, breaking 266, an average of 88 6, and making an average for the whole 600 of 90 6. Rolla Heikes's 97 had a good deal to do with it, the rest of the squad finishing their 100 targets as follows: Bartlett and Von Lengerke 91 each, Howard 89, Capt. Money 88, with Edwards low man with 87. Harry Dill (Henry) broke 93 out of his 100, and attributes his ultimate loss of the gun to his having to change loads owing to his running out of shells. Remsen shot well again to-day, and was second to Heikes at the end of the first half with 48 out of 50. He fell down on the last 50 just when he looked like a sure tie man, breaking only 43 and, with his handicap, landing 3 targets short of 100. Fuller Worden made good use of his handicap of 20 targets, and came within 1 of making 100.

The result of the handicap race, in series of 25 targets, unknown angles, is given below, the figures in the column marked "handicap" giving the totals broken out of the handicap allowances:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Hcp.	T'l.
H Landis (8)	23	23	23	25	6*	100
Henry (14)	23	24	24	22	7*	100
Capt Money (14)	24	20	23	21	12	100
Dick Swiveller (18)	23	22	23	21	11*	100
Fuller (20)	20	22	19	20	18	99
J S S Remsen (7)	24	24	22	21	7	98
R O Heikes (0)	25	25	23	24	..	97
J von Lengerke (6)	24	23	22	22	6	97
John Coldren (8)	22	23	21	24	7	97
W H W (8)	23	23	22	20	8	96
Duke (15)	22	23	18	23	10	96
Hy Thurman (6)	21	22	22	24	5	94
Sullivan (7)	23	20	23	22	6	94
Howard (4)	23	24	22	20	4	93
W H Burnham (12)	21	20	21	22	9	93
B F Smith (15)	21	18	19	22	13	93
B A Bartlett (0)	23	24	21	24	..	92
F S Edwards (5)	21	22	23	21	5	92
Wellington (11)	20	20	22	19	11	92
Brewster (11)	21	16	21	20	11	89
J O'H Denny (20)	23	17	17	20	11	88
Burton (11)	22	21	17	20	7	87
Anderson (12)	18	17	21	20	10	86
Fry (20)	20	18	18	16	14	86
H P Collins (20)	17	12	25	20	10	84
Slear (14)	17	16	18	18	13	82

* Landis only shot at 6 of the 8 extra targets, Henry at 9 of the 14 allowed him, and Swiveller at 11 out of the 18 he received as his handicap allowance.

The four men tied with 100 each shot off at 25 targets per man, with no handicap allowance. As will be seen, Henry lost his 25th target, thus tieing again with Landis, the latter winning on the second shoot-off. The scores made in the first shoot make the excellent total of 93 out of 100:

	1st tie.	2d tie.
Landis	1101111111111111111111111—24	1111111001111111011011111—21
Henry	1111111111111111111111110—24	0011111111010110110111101—18
Money	1111011111111111111011111—23	....
Swiveller	0101111111111111111101111—22	....

FOURTH DAY, OCT. 2.

This was the last day of the shoot, and as usual it was devoted to live birds, the two State events—the L. C Smith trophy for three men teams and the Williamsport trophy for the individual championship of the State—being the main features of the programme. On the open set of traps a series of miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, were shot off, the failure in the supply of birds alone putting a stop to the shooting.

It was a lovely day, with a wind that aided the birds. The fine weather tempted a great many people to leave the city and come out to the grounds, the result being that there was one of the largest crowds present that we have ever seen at a shoot. There were not many ladies among the crowd, the comparatively inaccessible location of the grounds having probably a good deal to answer for in that respect.

The contests for the two trophies above mentioned were watched with great interest, the enthusiasm reaching a high pitch in the prolonged shoot-off for the Williamsport badge between J. Thurman and Brewster. The

L. C. SMITH TROPHY FOR THREE-MEN TEAMS

was competed for by four teams, representing respectively the Luzerne County Sportmen's Club, the Harrisburg Shooting Association, the Keystone Shooting League, and the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. The Luzerne County men won the trophy with the score of 39 out of 45, each man shooting at 15 birds; the Harrisburg team and the Philadelphia team tied for second place. W. H. Stroh, of the winning team, was the only man of the twelve who shot in this contest to score his 15 birds. The scores in detail are given below, the flight of each bird being shown by FOREST AND STREAM'S trap score type. We are enabled to show the flight of the birds through the courtesy of G. Wellington Jones, managing editor of the Harrisburg *Call*, who acted in the capacity of official scorer in the State events, and who furnished us with a duplicate of the scores, showing the results as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1898 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Luzerne County Shooting Association.

↖↗←↑↖↖↗↑↗↖↖→↘→↓
W H Stroh........2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1—15

↖↙↑↖↗↙↗↖↗↖↑↗↗→↗
G F Nesbitt........1 1 1 0 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 0—12

↖↑↑↙↖↗↴↑↙↗↖↑↙↑↙
George Addison........1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 1—12—39

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

↘↗↘↙↘↖↙↖↖↓↖↗↖↗←
Harlow........2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—14

↘→↙↓↖↗↙→↘↙→↙↑↗↙
Brewster........2 1 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2—13

↑↶↷↘↗↙↙↘↙↗↗↓↗↘↖
Henry........2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0—11—38

Keystone Shooting League.

↘→↖↘↖↖↖↖↖↖↑↓↙↖↩
W H Wolstencroft........2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2—14

↙↖↑↖↖↗↖↗↖↖↑↘↗↖↗
Landis........2 1 1 1 1 • 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2—13

↘↖↘↖↗↖↑↖↖↑↗←↓→↙
Hy Thurman........2 1 1 2 2 • 2 0 1 2 0 2 1 0 2—11—38

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

↗↖↑↙↘↑↗↖↖↘↘↑↖↖↑
John Coldren........2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2—14

↪→↗↑↓↖↙→↑↙↘↘↗↙↑
B Harrison........0 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2—13

↖↗↗↙↑↘←↘↓↙↙↙↖↙→
Moore........0 0 • 2 0 0 0 0 • 0 0 0 0 • 0— 1—28

Team races do not attract quite as much interest as individual matches do. There is something in a man-to-man contest that is not to be found in a team race, and that something seems to catch the crowd, the contest for the individual championship attracting much more attention than the above race.

Sixteen entries were made for

THE WILLIAMSPORT TROPHY,

and of that 16 two—Joseph Thurman, the father of Harry ("Father Time") Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, and Brewster, of the Harrisburg Shooting Association—were the only ones to make 15 straight. The birds were a good lot as a whole, more than half of them being excellent flyers that made the boys do their best work to score them. At times one came across a crate of birds that were only medium, but as a rule there was nothing to complain about. Under such conditions, therefore, it was somewhat a matter of luck as to what sort of a bird one drew. We noticed instances of the sort more than once. W. H. Burnham, of York, drew a succession of three or four hot ones, chocolate-colored birds that put an extinguisher on his hopes of wearing the diamond badge. E. F Slear, of Sunbury, was another instance of the same kind. He is only a beginner at the sport, as we were informed, but his work was that of a more experienced man. His first loss was caused by a dark-blue bird that was calculated to beat many a crackerjack; he hit it hard with his first barrel, but failed to locate it soon enough with his second barrel to enable him to use his shell effectively. M. M. McMillan, of Mahanoy City, the winner of the badge last year, again shot well, and only fell down on a bird that anybody might have treated just as he did.

The shoot-off was a long one, but was full of exciting incidents. The two shooters were types of different styles of shooting; Mr. Thurman being a slow shot and very effective with his first barrel; Brewster was quicker, and *needed* his second barrel much oftener in the early part of the tie than his sixty-three-year-old opponent. It often happens that people who are interested in a shooter are so deeply engrossed in his work and the birds he draws that they do not form as accurate an opinion of the run of the birds as an impartial spectator might be expected to be able to do. We heard several remarks made that Brewster drew much the hardest birds in the shoot-off, and it is a fact that he drew a larger proportion of outgoing birds than his opponent did. But the difference in the run of the birds was really very slight, and much of the apparent easiness of some of Mr. Thurman's birds was due solely to the deadly effect of his first barrel, which time after time closed up his birds without leaving a kick in them. The score of the shoot-off shows 11 one-barrel kills for Thurman and 10 for Brewster, but Thurman used his second barrel seven or eight times when it was really unnecessary.

The tie was shot off at 5 birds. The first series resulted in a tie, each man killing his 5. The second bird of the next series of 5 that fell to Brewster's lot was an easy one, a circling incomer to the left; much to the surprise of everybody, he lost it, and put Thurman one ahead. The next two rounds resulted in kills for both men, and then Mr. Thurman got up to kill to win. As he rose from the campstool he was sitting on he said: "This settles it." As it turned out he was wrong, his bird getting away from him; Brewster then had to kill to tie, and he did it in good style. The next two series of 5 birds were shot and the score was still a tie, with the destination of the diamond badge an uncertainty. Each man had a narrow escape in those rounds. Brewster had a bird that fell within 15in. of the open boundary, but was safely gathered by the shooter. A few rounds later Thurman had a much narrower escape, his bird dropping almost on the line, where it stood facing outward, with lots of life in it, and its head cutting an imaginary line drawn between the two boundary flags; Thurman walked the bird in a little to make more sure of it, as although its wing was gone, it was a lively pigeon yet; he then gathered it in, and the crowd cheered the veteran as he came back to the score.

Brewster's 22d bird in the ties fell dead out of bounds, and cost him the badge and the title of champion live bird shot of the State of Pennsylvania, both of which are now the property of Joseph Thurman, a member of the almost invincible Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. To win those honors he had to score 39 out of 40 birds, Brewster losing two, one of them dead out of bounds, out of the same number shot at. The scores in this event were as below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↖↖↑↘↖↖←→↖↘↑↗→↗→
J Thurman........1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—15

→←↗→↑↖→↖↖↖↘↗→↖↖
H Brewster........2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—15

↖↗↖↗←→↘←→↑→↖↑→↖
M M McMillan........1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—14

↘↗→↘↗↗↖←↗↙↖→↓↖←
Hy Thurman........1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 • 2 1 1 2 2—14

↗↑↗↙↖↑↖←↖↘↗↖↘↗↘
J M Runk........2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2—14

↗⤴↗→→↗→↙↱↖←↗↑↗→
E F Slear........1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1—14

↘↖↖↗→↘→↖↘↘↖→↗↙↙
John Coldren........2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—14

↱↘↗↘↖↘→↖↘↖↖↗↘↑↓
W H Burnham........2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2—13

↑↖ ↔↓↑←↖↑↙↗↗↘↑
*G F Nesbitt........1 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2—13

↗↖→→→↑↖↘↰↑↗↖↓↱↗
W H Stroh........• 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0—12

→↗↖←↴↑→↑↑↗↓↗↖↗↖
E J Adams........2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 2—12

↙↑↖↙→↗→↑↗→↓↗↙→↓
George Addison........2 1 2 2 • 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0—12

↖↴←↖↖↰↙↓↖↗↗↖←↗↓
J O'H Denny........2 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0—11

↘←↙↗←↙←↘↱↖↗↘↗→
Harlow........2 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 2 2 2—11

⤵↗↖↖←↖↗↰↘↖↖↙←↖↖
Wellington........2 2 2 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 2 2 2—11

↔→→→↑↑↑↖↰↗↘↗↘
B Harrison........2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 2 2— 9

* Nesbitt's 3d bird was lost, owing to the safety catch of his gun not being adjusted properly.

The tie was shot off in series of 5 birds. It took 25 birds per man before the tie was decided. Scores and flight of birds were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
	↗↙↖↓↘	↘↑↗↘↑	↑↗↘↗→	↖↘↘↗↖	↘→↘↗↗
J Thurman	2 1 1 1 1	2 2 1 2 0	2 1 2 2 1	2 1 1 2 2	2 1 2 1 2
	↖↖↑↘↗	↖↰↖↗↗	↗↘↑↖↗	↗→↖↑↓	↖↖↖↑↘
Brewster	2 2 2 2 2	2 0 2 1 1	2 1 1 2 1	2 1 1 1 2	2 • 1 1 2

THE MISS-AND-OUTS.

Some excellent work was done on the upper set of traps, where 28 miss-and-outs were shot all day. The boys would have kept on shooting an hour and a half longer had the supply of birds not been exhausted. Harry Thurman did some good work, running 48 straight on this set. Hayward and Howard, both Baltimoreans, shot well in the morning, while Denny struck a streak in the afternoon:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Duston	110	20	10	1110
Money	0	1221221112220	10	21110
Wellington	1122•	2221111112220	2111112	2111110
Bartlett	211122	1211120	2111111	2•
Henry	0	....	......	......
Harry Thurman	0	1212221111121	......	......
Hayward	12110	2122111121112	1221121	1111110
Macbeth	20	2122221110	......	......
Howard	212112	21211222222	1221110	1122212
Brewster	10	....	......	......
Heikes	222222	22111110	......	22210
Malone	211120	0	......	......
Smith	20	2•	2222220	•
Denny	.....	2•	......	......
J Thurman	.....	1221•	......	......
Du Pont	.....	222220	......	20
Runk	.....	•	......	......
Coldren	.....	212112212212	0	122222
Harrison	.....	222210	......	•
Nesbitt	.....	11110	......	110
Moore	.....	....	0	0
Adams	.....	....	2220	2220
Henry	.....	....	2220	222220
George	.....	....	0	......
Ayres	.....	....	......	•

	No 5.	No 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Money	1120	111120	20	....	....
Duston	120	111211	2211211	10	21111
Denny	20	222122	222222	1220	22222
Coldren	2110	......	......	2122	20
Macbeth	20	211120	......	....	....
Hayward	1222110	120	120	0	....
Smith	122222	2220	222220	....	....
Hy Thurman	1211212	112122	2121211	1121	12121
Moore	20	......	......	10	....
Howard	0	110	1220	2120	....
Burnham	1220	......	......	....	....
Bartlett	21210	......	......	....	....
J Thurman	10	......	......	....	....
Malone	2211121	110	......	....	....

Wellington......112120	......	....	....	.....
Nesbitt	22210	11220	1122	1220
Adams	2120	222222	0	.....
Runk	......	....	2212	.....
Slear	......	....	....	11120

In No. 3 Duston, Coldren, Smith, Moore, Henry and George all missed their first birds and re-entered, with the result shown in the above score.

In No. 4 Hayward, Bartlett and Howard missed their first birds and re-entered, with the result shown above.

Those who missed their first birds and re-entered in No. 5 were Smith, Howard, Burnham, J. Thurman and Wellington.

The re-entries in No. 6 were Money, Duston, Adams and Nesbitt.

Smith re-entered in No. 7, Moore in No. 8, and Denny in No. 9.

A FEW PICKUPS.

The three members of the Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Messrs. Burton, Anderson and Will K. Park, were properly puffed up with pride at the result of the race for the Wood Powder trophy in which they came out second to the Philadelphia champions, from Holmesburg Junction. The Florists are only youthful members of the State organization, having been admitted to membership on Tuesday, Sept. 29. As the name of the club signifies, most of its members are florists by profession.

The Keystone Shooting League didn't do a thing in the way of capturing trophies! It took back with it to Philadelphia the trophies emblematic of the State championships at targets for six, five and three-men teams, while one of its oldest members, Joseph Thurman, carried off the individual live-bird championship.

Luzerne County shooters took back with them all the trophies left by the Keystone Shooting League. George F. Nesbitt, of Wilkesbarre, won the individual championship of the State at targets, and helped his fellow clubmates, W. H. Stroh and George Addison, to win the three-men team championship at live birds.

Oil City was chosen as the location for next year's State shoot. John A. Wilson, of Franklin, secured the shoot for the western part of the State, after having fought for it to cross the Alleghanies at every meeting held during the past three or four years.

It is a pleasure to note that the daily press is awaking to the fact that many of its readers like to see what has been done at the traps. The Philadelphia *Ledger* had a special representative present on each day of the shoot and gave full accounts of every day's work.

G. Wellington Jones, managing editor of the Harrisburg *Call*, acted as official scorer at one set of traps on each day of the shoot and did good work for his paper. The scores appeared in the *Call* in the proper shape, and what is better still, they were absolutely correct, something that cannot always be said about the scores which appear in the columns of the daily press, especially in those of cities much larger than the capital of Pennsylvania.

Where was U. M. C. Thomas? The red caps with long visors used by his company, the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, to advertise its goods, were worn by all the trapper boys, but they only served to make U. M. C.'s absence felt the more severely. H. P. Collins said on Thursday afternoon, a few minutes after he had made 25 straight, that it was perhaps just as well that U. M. C. was not present, as a man of his age would have found it hard to stand such a severe shock to his system!

Brooklyn, N. Y., has good reason to be proud of the showing made at the traps by its representative, J. S. S. Remsen, who, young as he is in the trap-shooting world, showed his heels to most of the older shots in the majority of the events shot on the open set of traps. In both the 100-target handicap events he broke 91 out of his first 100. His work was watched with interest by all present, but by no one more closely than his father, who was congratulated many times on his son's success in the shoot for the E. C. cup.

Justus von Lengerke was tickled at the way Remsen shot. The young man from Brooklyn, N. Y., was shooting Schultze, d'ye see?

Jim Denny (it seems absurd to give him his full title) and Moyer were among the Pittsburgers who showed up at the shoot. It is a shame to couple the name of such a good fellow as Denny with that of a man who makes a public accusation of wrongdoing against a handicap committee, and then runs away when he is about to be brought face to face with the men he has slandered

Captain Money and B. F. Smith shot a small race at live birds on the last day of the shoot; the conditions were 25 birds, $25, A. S. A. rules. Smith won by 1 bird, the Captain losing his last 2 birds. The scores were 23 to 22 in Smith's favor.

Refereeing a live-bird contest is pleasant enough until a close decision or a knotty point comes up. In the contest for the live-bird championship J. Thurman, the ultimate winner, went to the traps to kill his last bird to give him a straight score of 15. The bird flipped up and settled again, the shooter having to kill it with his second barrel to make it a "no bird." Mr. Jacob Pentz was helping the Harrisburg Shooting Association out of a hole by doing some work as referee at the time, and decided it a no bird. In our opinion the decision was absolutely correct, and none other could have been rendered. The silence that followed the killing of the bird on the ground with the second barrel, a silence broken by only a few hand clappings, showed that the vast majority of the spectators were very much in doubt as to the result of the shot.

Three sets of target traps were in position, but only two were used for the programme events. On the last two days for target shooting one trap of the vacant set was kept fully occupied throwing targets, unknown angles, for those who wanted to shoot in 50-cent miss-and-outs. Those who fell down at the other sets would often come down to try and "get even." Sometimes they did, and sometimes they did the other thing.

Altoona seems to be dead to the world of trap-shooting. Not a single representative of the gun club of that city was on hand during the shoot, with the exception of E. J. Adams, and he only put in an appearance on the last day. What has become of the Wopsononocklans?

The handicap on the experts, coupled with the Rose system of dividing purses, is a little too severe. The Rose system in itself is a sort of a handicap, as it reduces both winnings and losings, giving the small fry a show.

B. A. Bartlett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., gave two capital exhibitions of what he can do with the repeating shotgun. Bartlett has introduced some new features in his trick shooting, and does them as neatly as he performs the old ones.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) was present at the tournament and watched with interest the work of those who shot King's Smokeless and Peters's reinforced shells. Mrs. Lindsley says she is fully satisfied with the showing made, the Parker gun and the State championship at live birds being among the many good things credited to the powder made by Milt Lindsley at King's Mills.

Jack Winston was in evidence on the first two days of the shoot, shooting Austin powder, talking matches and making artistic designs out of Winchester shells, Leader and Repeater, loaded with his powder. The boys had lots of fun with him, changing his designs and altering the lettering of some of his "hand-painted" signs, but they never succeeded in ruffling his temper.

W. L. Colville, the Eastern representative of Gold Dust, did some good shooting on the last target day of the tournament. He made a big bid for the Parker Gun, and showed the boys that Dick Swiveller and Gold Dust are not an effete corporation. He tells us that Jack Fanning is back on the Pacific slope, but that we will see him East again next summer in all probability. If a shoring match can be arranged between Fanning and the "Mayor of Sutton, Mass.," Will Park and Charlie Budd will put up the stuff for the Western man. Capt. Money backs the Eastern representative.

George F. Nesbitt, of the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club, who hails from Wilkesbarre, was in great form on the first day of the shoot. He made some excellent runs, and landed the Individual State Championship at targets with 47 out of 50.

Howard is the name under which one of Baltimore's best shots concealed his identity. Howard shot in form that made him decidedly warm company, and stamped him as an A No. 1 man at targets. He was well to the front when it came to miss-and-outs at live birds on the last day.

While his father was hard at it, trying to outshoot Brewster for the live-bird championship of the State, Harry Thurman was busy raking in the profits at the miss-and-out set of traps. He ran something like 46 straight, and only quit when the birds gave out.

H. P. Collins got off a good one on Howard on the first day. He met Howard coming out of the club house and asked him how he was getting on. "Not very well," said Howard. "What have you done so far?" said Collins. "18 and 19 out of 20 and two 23s," said Howard. Collins looked at him and said: "I thought this was a gentleman's shoot; I had no idea that hogs were admitted."

The Harrisburg shooters have a bad case of what may be termed the "*nom de fusil* fever." Fuller, Harlow, Brewster, Sullivan, Wellington and Henry are names which are prefixed to the scores made by H. M. Fuller Worden, J. Harlow Worden, H. Brewster Shoop, W. Breusinger, G. Wellington Hepler and Harry Dill.

Rolla Heikes shot as well as ever he did in his life, and that's saying a great deal. Those who look at his scores may not think they are much out of the way—for Rolla, but then you should see the background, and have shot in the wind and rain that prevailed on the first day, to thoroughly appreciate the work of "the daddy of them all."

The cyclone that struck Harrisburg on Tuesday night just tore things up around the shooting ground. The club house was about all that was left standing when Elmer Shaner got to the scene of the tournament on Wednesday morning. As the street cars could not get out along the line that runs to the shooting grounds, it was rather late before shooting began that morning.

H. P. Collins went in for low average every day; 25 per cent. of the average money fund was his share each evening. He had a cinch on it, and said that it was the only chance he had to get even. When asked why he was losing so many targets, he replied: "So as to win low average, and get on a match with Jack Winston. If I show my form he won't play!"

Heikes, as instructor for the beginner, would be a success if all his efforts resulted as satisfactorily as the short course of instruction he put Du Pont Collins through on Wednesday afternoon. Collins had just succeeded in making three 12s in the three 20-target events, and 26 out of 50 in the first half of the Parker gun handicap. Heikes took him up to the miss-and-out trap, which was idle for a few minutes, and gave him some instructions how to shoot. Collins then went down to No. 1 set of traps to shoot his third string of 25 in the handicap, and didn't do a thing but break 25 straight. He followed that up by making 20 in his last 25, thus scoring 45 out of 50 shot at. And he has only been shooting six months at the longest! EDWARD BANKS.

Annual Meeting of the State Association.

THE annual meeting and election of officers of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held, Sept. 29, at Harrisburg.

The clubs represented by proxy or by delegates were: Harrisburg Shooting Association—M. H. Brensinger, H. A. Dill, H. B. Shoop; Reading Shooting Association—Henry Rambo, John Shaaber, George Ritter; Pittsburg Gun Club—E. E. Shaner, J. O'H. Denny, John A. Wilson; Keystone Shooting League—J. R. Leaming, W. H. Wolstencroft, David Longenecker; York City Gun Club, W. H. Burnham; Germantown Gun Club, Harry Thurman; Spring City Gun Club, Harry Thurman (by proxy); Independent Gun Club, of Reading—J. Shaaber, Henry Ritter, Henry Rambo; North Side Gun Club, E. E. Shaner (by proxy); Franklin Gun Club, John A. Wilson; Independent Gun Club, of Philadelphia—W. H. Wolstencroft, J. Wolstencroft, H. L. David; Wilkes-Barre Gun Club—G. F. Nesbitt, J. F. O'Neill, Geo. Anderson; Herron Hill Gun Club, J. O'H. Denny; Springfield Gun Club, H. Thurman (by proxy); Iroquois Gun Club—H. S. Hartman, W. J. Udick, A. C. L. Hoffmeister; Farmers' Gun Club—M. M. McMillan, M. T. O'Conner, Harrison Bell; Huntingdon Gun Club—Isaac Greenburg, G. G. Harman, M.D.; Oil City Gun Club, J. A. Wilson; Florist Gun Club—John Burton, Geo. Anderson, W. K. Park.

The following clubs were elected: Oil City Gun Club, an organization of sixty-eight members; Huntingdon Gun Club, Carbon County Game and Fish Protective Association, of Mauch Chunk; Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

The legislative committee reported progress. Mr. John A. Wilson stated that there were several important questions now before the legislative committee, and it would be unwise to make public just at present certain matters now in its hands.

The choice of a location for next year's annual meeting brought forth a contest. John A. Wilson spoke earnestly in behalf of the interests of sportsmen in the northwestern part of the State, and said that it would be for the best interests of the Association to hold the annual meeting and tournament of 1897 across the Alleghanies. He nominated Oil City as the place for the meeting and the Oil City Gun Club as the club in whose hands next year's shoot should be placed. Elmer E. Shaner seconded the nomination.

John Ritter asked on behalf of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, that the year's shoot be held there.

J. F. O'Neill placed in nomination the city of Wilkesbarre.

Oil City was chosen, the ballot cast being: Oil City 27, Reading 6, Wilkesbarre 5.

Harry Thurman moved and John A. Wilson seconded, that the representatives of the sporting press be made honorary members of the Association. The motion was carried without a single nay.

The election of officers resulted: President, J. O'H. Denny; Vice-President, Harry Thurman; Recording Secretary, John A. Wilson; Corresponding Secretary, Harry Reeser; Treasurer, James H. Wolstencroft (sixth consecutive term); Board of Directors: George F. Nesbitt, H. M. F. Worden, John Shaaber, W. H. Wolstencroft, Elmer E. Shaner and W. H. Burnham.

The report of the treasurer showed a cash balance in hand of $194.

On motion of Elmer Shaner the chair appointed the following committee to revise the shooting rules of the Association: Elmer E. Shaner, chairman; J. O'H. Denny and W. H. Wolstencroft.

Fall Tournaments in the South.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 1.—Notwithstanding that this has already been the most successful tournament season in the history of the sport, a number of tournaments are yet to be held this fall. While none of them can be classed with the large tournaments held earlier in the season, at all of them substantial inducements are offered, and doubtless all of them will be well attended.

ROGERS GUN CLUB.

The Rogers, Ark., Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15. This will be a target shoot exclusively, and the club will add $100 to the purses, $45 on the first day and $55 on the last day. The programme calls for 8 events each day; the first 7 events each day are 20-bird races, $2 entrance and $5 added, 4 moneys. The eighth event on the first day will be a 25-bird event, $2.50 entrance, $10 added. The same event on the last day will be a two-men team race, 50 targets per team, entrance $5 and $20 added; in each of these events there will be 5 moneys.

Mr. W. J. Bryant, one of the club officials, writes me that they have already received assurance from sportsmen at Galena and Weir City, Kan.; Joplin and Springfield, Mo., and Fort Smith, Ark., who express their intentions of attending this shoot. Altogether it should prove quite an interesting little tournament.

KENTUCKY GUN CLUB, OF LOUISVILLE.

The Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., will hold its regular fall tournament on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-24. The first day targets only will be shot; the remaining two days will be devoted to live birds exclusively. The principal event on the second day will be the Kentucky Handicap, 15 live birds, entrance $10, birds extra. On the final day the championship of Kentucky will be decided. This will be a 25-bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra. The trophy emblematic of the championship also goes to the winner of this event, which is a handsome silver cup valued at $200, and at present held by Mr. W. W. Watson, of Louisville, who won it last year. Additional information concerning this event can be obtained from the club secretary, Mr. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

HILL CITY GUN CLUB, OF VICKSBURG.

The Hill City Gun Club, of Vicksburg, Miss., also announces a tournament for this fall, and the dates chosen are Nov. 4-5. As an inducement the club will add $300 to the purses. This will be a target tournament. Although this shoot will not be under the auspices of the Interstate Association, I understand that Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will have charge of the affair. This should prove an additional drawing card, as Mr. Shaner knows how to manage a shoot if any one does. The weather during the month of November is most delightful in Mississippi, while quail are reported exceptionally numerous in that State this fall.

Therefore those who attend the tournament could also spend a few days in the field. I can assure them the customary Southern hospitality and a delightful time, should they visit Vicksburg at this season of the year. Mr. J. J. Bradfield, the secretary, will cheerfully furnish any information to those who contemplate attending.

MEMPHIS ALSO IN LINE.

Memphis too will hold a tournament this fall, a two days' affair: one day targets, and one day live birds. The feature of this shoot will be a live-bird handicap at 25 birds, and the shoot will be for amateurs only, while the purses will be divided by the Rose system. Particulars will be announced as soon as the dates have been definitely settled on, which will be some time in November. PAUL R. LITZKE.

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 3.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held a shoot at live birds this afternoon on its old grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. The traps and pulling apparatus have been put in shape, but the members have to be contented with a tent for a club house, their house having been destroyed a few weeks ago by fire, which was started by lightning. New grounds have been selected near the old ones and a club house will be erected in a short time. Until those grounds are ready for occupation shoots will be held every two weeks at Woodlawn. Dr. Wynn and C. Furguesson, Jr., tied in the club shoot for the class A badge, Furguesson winning on the shoot-off. Morfey and Conny Furguesson tied for the E. C. cup, Morfey winning on the shoot-off. Scores:

	Club Shoot.		E. C. Cup Shoot.
L T Davenport (A, 31)	0212121220—8	(AA, 30)	2122021022—8
T W Morfey (A, 31)	2000221222—7	(AA, 30)	2122222222—10
C Furguesson, Jr (A, 30)	22222222e2—9	(AA, 30)	222e202222—8
W Wynn (A, 29)	0221222221—9	(A, 29)	2222122102—9
Dr Littlefield (A, 28)	0222202122—8	(A, 29)	0212212222—9
247½ (A, 28)	0220222200w	(A, 29)	2200w
Conny Furguesson (B, 27)	222e022222—8	(B, 29)	2222222222—10
J E Jones (B, 29)	22222e2222—9	(B, 29)	2e22220220—7
J Gaughen (B, 28)	2001100201—5	(B, 29)	0010110221—6
W S Allen (B, 28)	222e1210w	(B, 29)	210w
A Eddy (B, 29)	21e11121w	(B, 29)	121w
D Deacon	....	(A, 28)	1202211112—9

Cambridge Gun Club Tournament.

CAMBRIDGE, Vt., Sept. 30.—Cambridge held her first tournament to-day. Our grounds were ready for practice Aug. 20. The Burlington Rod and Gun Club kindly came up and gave us points and encouragement. Later came the Interstate Association aid and now we hope with our favorite guns and nitro powders to be pounding down our share of the bluerocks with the rest of them in the near future. Clubs were not very well represented here to-day owing to the terrific storm of last night, which abated late this morning. The Burlington Rod and Gun Club, Jeffersonville and Johnson clubs were our only visiting clubs. Mr. Norton, the representative of Blue Ribbon, was with us distributing circulars, mirth and good-fellowship.

The contest was for 50 targets, divided into three events (2, 3 and 4), and were won, first, silver water set, by Ellsworth; second, silver fruit dish, by Spear; third, sole leather ammunition box, by Pease; fourth, silver napkin ring, by Morgan; fifth, gun cleaning set, by Hatch; sixth, silver souvenir spoon of Cambridge, by Partlow. The Burlington Club put up a very nice pipe to be contested for by Cambridge boys, which was won in event No. 5 by Ellsworth. Other events followed for practice: Event No. 1, known angles; 6, unknown angles; 7, 5 pairs; 8, unknown angles, unknown traps; 9, unknown anles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			Per
Targets:	*10*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Ellsworth	8	17	10	12	8	5	..	..	..	80	60	75
Spear	5	16	10	12	..	9	4	7	8	100	71	71
Pease	8	13	13	10	6	7	6	..	7	100	70	70
Morgan	5	16	9	9	..	6	6	8	6	100	65	65
Worthen	6	13	11	9	..	10	3	5	4	100	55	55
Hatch	6	15	11	7	5	5	3	6	5	110	63	57
Flemings	..	15	9	8	6	5	..	..	..	70	43	61
Kittell	..	11	11	9	7	7	4	..	7	90	56	62
Dr Colvin	3	13	9	7	..	8	..	7	7	90	54	60
Norton	5	15	7	7	..	3	3	6	3	100	49	49
Brown	..	11	8	7	6	5	..	..	..	70	37	53
Dr Briggs	4	9	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	60	32	53
Backum	3	7	5	9	1	..	..	..	..	60	25	41
Nathen	4	8	5	8	5	..	..	..	..	60	30	50
Gray	2	4	8	8	2	..	..	..	..	60	24	40
Thomas	..	7	4	6	4	6	..	..	..	60	27	45
Simonds	..	7	4	5	5	4	..	..	..	60	25	41
Bartlett	..	6	1	9	..	..	..	..	..	50	16	32
Jones	..	5	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	16	32
Partlow	..	6	2	3	..	2	..	..	..	60	13	21
Horner	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	5	50
Monett	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3	30
Cutting	..	12	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	30	17	56
Flentom	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	10	1	10
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3	30

E. C. ELLSWORTH, Sec'y.

North Greece Rod and Gun Club.

GREECE, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Inclosed are the scores made at a shoot held by the North Greece Rod and Gun Club on Sept. 25:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.
L V Byer	9	10	15	15	9	12	14	10	10	15	10	135	129
Sim Glover	9	10	14	15	9	14	15	9	10	14	9	135	128
C Lane	10	8	14	14	9	15	14	10	9	15	9	135	127
L W Davis	9	8	13	12	8	14	15	10	9	13	9	135	120
Dr Weller	8	9	11	11	10	10	13	10	9	15	7	135	113
A Rickman	7	8	12	13	8	12	13	8	..	12	..	115	93
Geo Borst	8	7	10	13	10	14	10	7	9	..	10	120	98
Wm Richmond	7	9	10	11	7	12	14	10	10	..	9	120	99
B East	6	7	10	..	..	10	12	8	9	..	..	80	62
J M Londen	..	..	13	11	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	50	40
Theo Lane	..	..	4	9	4	9	13	..	9	..	..	80	48
J Hogan	..	..	13	..	7	..	..	..	6	..	..	35	26
B Stowell	..	..	..	12	8	..	..	8	8	..	..	45	36
J Burns	..	..	..	9	..	13	..	8	9	..	..	50	39
J Hadlock	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	8	14	..	50	43
J Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	15	11

BERT RICKMAN, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

New Pullman Service to Texas, Mexico and the Pacific Coast.

COMMENCING Oct. 1, the Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line" will inaugurate a new Pullman buffet sleeping car line between New York, Birmingham, Alabama and Washington, and Galveston, Texas. Connecting at New Orleans with the trains of the Southern Pacific R. R., carrying Pullman buffet sleeping cars, New Orleans to San Francisco and City of Mexico. The new sleeping car service will be operated on the "United States Fast Mail," leaving New York 12:15 midnight, and Washington, D. C., 11:15 A. M. The famous Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited continues to leave New York daily at 4:30 P. M., carrying dining cars and Pullman drawing-room sleeping car, New York to New Orleans, Memphis, Tampa and Hot Springs, N. C. For further information call on or address General Eastern Office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Game Pictures.

WE have received from Mr. Edwin Hawley, E. P. A. Southern Pacific, 349 Broadway, New York, a handsome little book of 64 pages, called "California Game Marked Down."

The book describes some famous Western game covers, and contains a valuable collection of fish and game pictures. It will be sent free on application to Mr. Hawley.—*Adv.*

All about Texas.

IF you wish to receive a 200-page handsomely illustrated book telling all about Texas and her advantages, send 7 cents postage to D. C. Price, A. G. P. A., I & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, and the book will be sent to you by return mail. Texas is now attracting a great number of settlers by reason of her cheap lands and mild climate. You will not regret the amount. When writing mention this paper.—*Adv.*

The Latest in Winchesters.

THE Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., issues a four-page illustrated folder of new goods, dealing with smokeless cartridges, the "Repeater" shot shell, model of 1895 rifle, etc.—*Adv.*

Wild Rice Seed.

CHARLES GILCHRIST, Port Hope, Ontario, writes that after several poor seasons he has at last been able to secure a good supply of wild rice seed, and is now prepared to fill all orders.—*Adv.*

Sporting Goods Catalogue.

JOHN WOOD, JR., publishes a handsome hundred-page catalogue of guns, fishing tackle, and sportsmen's goods in general. His line is very complete, and the catalogue well worth having.—*Adv.*

Wild Rice and Celery.

NORTHRUP, KING & CO., Minneapolis, Minn., seedsmen, are prepared to fill promptly large or small orders for wild rice and wild celery. Notice prices in another column.—*Adv.*

U. M. C. Price List.

THE Union Metallic Cartridge Co. has issued a new price list of cartridges, shot shells, gun wads, primers, etc., dated Sept. 1.—*Adv.*

TO LEASE.—Good shooting grounds, New Jersey. See advertisement.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L., Milwaukee, Wis.—I own a Newfoundland puppy eight months old. He seems to be very weak and does not eat much. His eyes are running constantly and his coat is very thin and rough. All the hair on his back came out, and his skin is covered with scabs. I gave him some medicine for distemper, but without effect. What kind of illness is it, and what will cure it? Ans. Give 10grs. four times a day of "Reed & Carnrick's special protonuclein." Bathe the eyes three or four times a day with a saturated solution of boracic acid. Feed dog well; give raw meat, milk, cream, fish et